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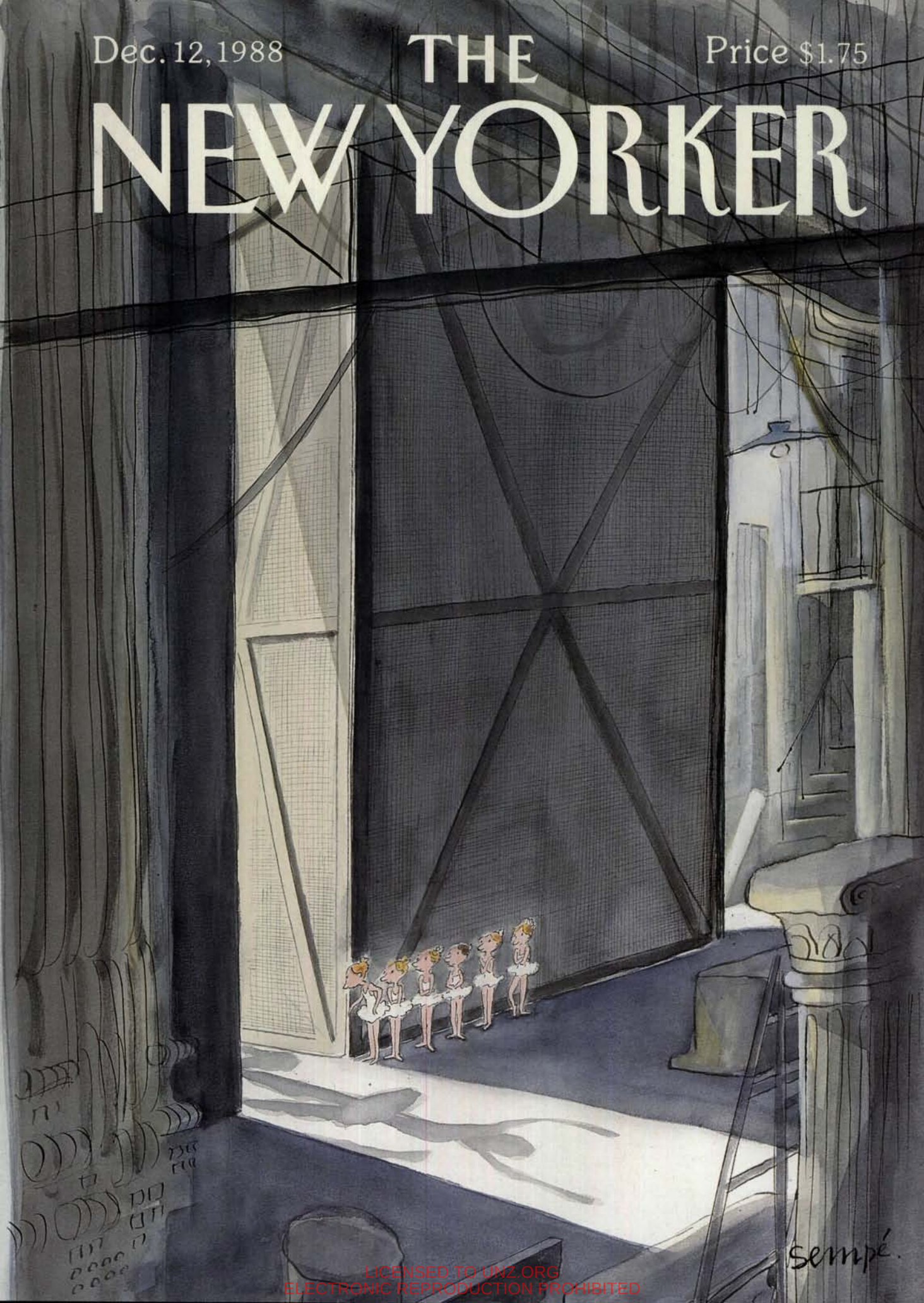

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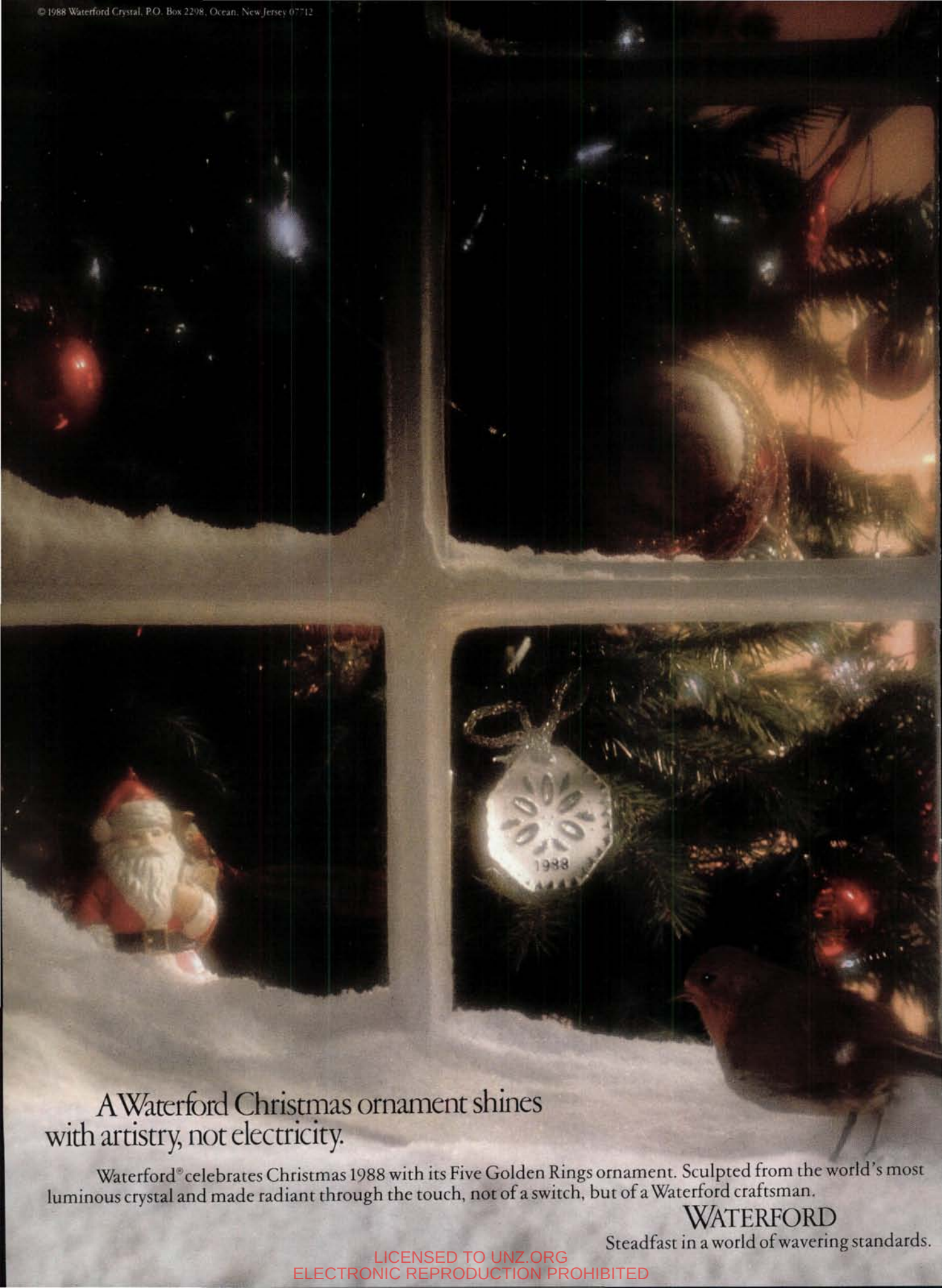

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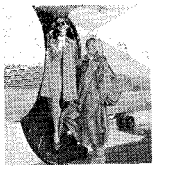

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ain't Misbehavin'—A revival, after ten years, of this celebration of the music and the comic spirit of Fats Waller, in all its beauty and variety, as conceived and directed by Richard Maltby, Jr. The members of the original company are present and just as dynamic as they were the first time around. They are Nell Carter, Andre De Shields, Armelia McQueen, Ken Page, and Charlaine Woodard. The invaluable (and protean) Luther Henderson, conductor and arranger, again presides at the piano. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/5/88.) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)

Cafe Crown—A revival of the late Hy Kraft's mash note to the Café Royal, a onetime Mecca for Yiddish actors, writers, and intellectuals on the Lower East Side. The play, first produced in 1942, is filled with jokes, most of which pay off. Eli Wallach, as a former star, and Bob Dishy, as a busy, bossy waiter, play the leading roles in this agreeable production. Santo Loquasto designed the gorgeous setting. (11/14/88) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 3. Closes Dec. 11.)

Checkmates—Ron Milner's "domestic comedy," about an older couple who lease the apartment above them to a recently married young couple, should be more entertaining than it is. There are some funny moments, though, and the performances are distinguished. The actors are Ruby Dee and Paul Winfield (downstairs) and Denzel Washington and Marsha Jackson (upstairs). Woodie King, Jr., directed. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Cocktail Hour—A dramatist returns to his native city in upstate New York to break the news to his prosperous family that he has written a play about them and to ask their permission to have it produced. More easily said than done. A. R. Gurney's humor has never been more sparkling, his characters never more convincing or engaging. The play is as sensitive as it is funny, and the actors do it full justice, under Jack O'Brien's direction. Nancy Marchand gives a marvellous performance as the hero's mother, and Holland Taylor, Bruce Davison, and Keene Curtis are fine, too. (11/7/88) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

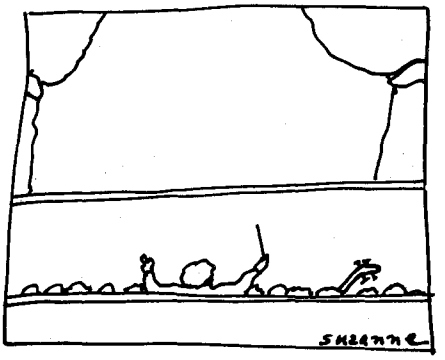
Coriolanus—The sixth entry in the Public's Shakespeare Marathon, with Irene Worth and Christopher Walken. Directed by Steven Berkoff. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Dec. 24.)

The Devil's Disciple—A tame production of Shaw's dashing melodrama. (11/28/88) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Emerald City—A comedy by the Australian writer David Williamson. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Dec. 18.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of **peg o' my heart**, the 1912 comedy by J. Hartley Manners, is the third in this season's series of eight productions. (103rd Street and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028. Closes Dec. 18.)

Forbidden Broadway 1988—A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard



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Alessandrini conceived and directed it and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. The performers are Toni DiBuono, Roxie Lucas, David B. McDonald, and Michael McGrath—inspired mimics all. (9/26/88) (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

Godspell—A revival of the 1971 musical by Stephen Schwartz and John-Michael Tebelak. (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Hired Man—A musical import from London that is based on Melvyn Bragg's novel of the same name. The score and lyrics are by Howard Goodall and the book is by Mr. Bragg. (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 279-4200. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Italian American Reconciliation—The latest offbeat comedy about love and loneliness in Little Italy from John Patrick Shanley, the author of "Moonstruck." The play, which marks Shanley's directorial début, is not as wise or as psychologically complex as some of his earlier plays have been—or as charmingly ingenious as its set, designed by Santo Loquasto—but it is full of eloquent laughs and provides the occasion for a masterly performance by John Turturro as the girl-shy young man who tries to do good by seducing his best friend's fierce ex-wife. (11/14/88) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Dec. 18.)

The Lady in Question—A "wartime tale of romance and courage," written by and starring Charles Busch. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Friday and Sunday at 8, and Saturday at 8 and 11. Closes Dec. 11.)

Lambs Theatre Company—The fifth annual presentation of **the gifts of the magi**, a musical adapted from two short stories by O. Henry. Randy Courts composed the music and lyrics, and Mark St. Germain provided the book and additional lyrics. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Victor Herbert's **babes in toyland**. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

The Majestic Kid—A new play by Mark Medoff. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 307-7171. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Middle of Nowhere—A musical revue of Randy Newman songs conceived and directed by Tracy Friedman. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players—Presenting **h.m.s. pinafore.** (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Dec. 11.)

Our Town—Spalding Gray, Penelope Ann Miller, and Eric Stoltz star in the Thornton Wilder play. Gregory Mosher is the director. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Promise—A play by José Rivera. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. 247-3405. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Dec. 18.)

Reckless—This new play by Craig Lucas, about a woman whose husband has taken a contract out on her life, has slightly absurdist tendencies and pretensions but nothing to say. Only the sprightly performances, from a cast led by Robin Bartlett, keep it from being unwatchable. (10/10/88) (Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

The Rimers of Eldritch—A revival of Lanford Wilson's 1967 play. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Romance/Romance—A pair of charming one-act musicals, with Alison Fraser and Barry Williams in the leading roles. Barry Harman wrote the clever books and lyrics, and Keith Herrmann wrote the engaging scores. Mr. Harman directed. (5/16/88) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Mondays through Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Rosmersholm—John Shea and Suzanne Bertish in Ibsen's 1866 play. Previews Dec. 8-9. Opens officially on Dec. 10, and will run through Dec. 23. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesdays, except Dec. 7, through Sundays at 7:30.)

Rumors—This farce about a party to celebrate a couple's tenth anniversary (the host and hostess are mysteriously absent) may well be the funniest play that Neil Simon has ever written. It is acted to perfection by Christine Baranski, André Gregory, Mark Nelson, Ron Leibman, Ken Howard, Lisa Banes, Joyce Van Patten, Charles Brown, and Cynthia Darlow, under the impeccable direction of Gene Saks. (11/28/88) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Speed-the-Plow—David Mamet's satire on Hollywood is just as scathing, just as acute as his "Glengarry Glen Ross," and even funnier, if that can be imagined. With David Rasche, Bob Balaban, and Felicity Huffman; directed by Gregory Mosher. (5/16/88) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6277. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Spoils of War—Michael Weller's play about the efforts of a prep-school boy to reunite his divorced parents has been much revised since last season, but it is still scattered and boring. Kate Nelligan and Jeffrey De Munn, two strong actors, appear in the leading roles. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sweethearts—Antoinette Mille and Walter Adkins in a musical tribute to Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. Preview Dec. 6. Opens officially on Dec. 7. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE—Cont'd

personating a group of singing sisters, perform hits from the fifties. The show, conceived by Rick Lewis as a live broadcast from the early days of television, represents yet another trip down memory lane. Still, for what it is, it's very well done. With Jody Abrahams, Karen Curlee, Melanie Mitchell, and Tia Speros. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE THREE SISTERS—The Chekhov play, in a translation by Randall Jarrell. Presented by the Pan Asian Repertory Theatre. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Dec. 17.)

VILLAGE LIGHT OPERA GROUP—Presenting Offenbach's **ORPHEUS IN THE UNDERWORLD.** (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. 279-4200. Dec. 8-10 at 8, and Dec. 11 at 2.)

LONG RUNS—ANYTHING GOES: This exuberant revival is primarily a celebration of Cole Porter himself. The company, which includes Bill McCutcheon, Howard McGillin, and Patti LuPone, does more than justice to the words and score. Miss LuPone will be on vacation Dec. 11-27. Linda Hart will fill in for her. (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays, except Dec. 6, through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DRIVING MISS DAISY:** Frances Sternhagen and Earle Hyman star in Alfred Uhry's play, which tells of the growing attachment of a cranky old woman in Atlanta to her black chauffeur. Directed by Ron Lagomarsino. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest long run turned twenty-eight last May. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie, and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **FRANKIE AND JOHNNY IN THE CLAIR DE LUNE:** Bonnie Franklin and Tony Musante in Terrence McNally's enchanting comedy about sex and the sudden onset of love in an apartment on Tenth Avenue. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **INTO THE WOODS:** This musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine is an attempt to show what lurks beneath the surface of conventional fairy tales. The songs are beautiful or funny—sometimes both. Directed by Mr. Lapine. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **JACKIE MASON'S "THE WORLD ACCORDING TO ME!":** The comedian's one-man show. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **M. BUTTERFLY:** David Henry Hwang's funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play, with David Dukes and B. D. Wong. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **ME AND MY GIRL:** An infelicitously rehabilitated British musical out of the thirties, with Jim Dale. (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 246-0102. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Tim Shew and Norman Large star in the musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel, but the real standouts of the production are the settings, by John Napier, and the lighting, by David Hersey. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OIL CITY SYMPHONY:** Mike Craver, Mark Hardwick, Michelle Horman, and Mary Murfitt, gifted and sophisticated singers and instrumentalists, appear as a quartet of dedicated hicks reuniting at their small-town high school in this very funny musical. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the sets (by Maria Björnson), everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SARAFINA!:** This South African musical, an explosion of talent, was conceived, written, and directed by Mbongeni Ngema, who also, with Hugh Masekela, composed and arranged the score. The acting, dancing, and singing, to a local form of popular music called Mbaqanga, are a wonder. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A SHAYNA MAIDEL:** A well-wrought and deeply moving play by Barbara Lebow about a Polish-Jewish family torn apart by the events of the Hitler éra. The production is beautifully directed by Mary B. Robinson. Bring lots of Kleenex to this one, but expect to leave uplifted. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STARLIGHT EXPRESS:** A bore on roller skates. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **STEEL MAGNOLIAS:** This first play by Robert Harling is set in a beauty shop in a small town in Louisiana and consists mainly of the often amusing, wisecracking chatter of the proprietress, her assistant, and four steady customers. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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MISCELLANY

NEXT WAVE FESTIVAL—A new music-theatre piece by Robert Wilson and David Byrne, **"THE FOREST."** Dec. 6 at 7, and Dec. 7-10 at 8. . . . **SUSAN MARSHALL & COMPANY** in "Interior with Seven Figures," a new full-length work. Dec. 6 at 7; Dec. 7-10 at 8; and Dec. 11 at 3. . . . **M-BASE,** a group of young Brooklyn-based jazz musicians, including Geri Allen, Steve Coleman, Greg Osby, Vernon Reid, and Cassandra Wilson. Dec. 9-10 at 8. . . . ¶ The American début of **D V 8 PHYSICAL THEATRE,** a London dance company. Dec. 13 at 7, and Dec. 14 at 8. Through Dec. 18. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. The festival continues through Dec. 18.)

BIG APPLE CIRCUS—A one-ring tent circus. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Through Jan. 2. For information about show times and tickets, call 874-6770.)

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—Performances of the "Christmas Spectacular," with the Rockettes, of course. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. Through Jan. 4. For information about show times and tickets, call 757-3100.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Performances of "The Nutcracker" are being presented through Dec. 31. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Dec. 6-8 at 6; Dec. 9 at 8; Dec. 10 at 2 and 8; Dec. 11 at 1 and 5; and Dec. 13-14 at 6. The season continues through Feb. 26.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—Opening performances of a four-week engagement. Dec. 7 at 7:30: A benefit program of excerpts from the repertory, with guest artist Judith Jamison and others. . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 8: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Masekela Langage," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 8: "Streams," "Love Songs," "Opus McShann" (New York première), and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 2: "Night Creature," "Treading," "Bad Blood," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 8: "Streams," "Love Songs," "Masekela Langage," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 3: "Divining," "Cry," "Bad Blood," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 8: "Blues Suite," "Opus McShann," and "Memoria." . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 8: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Suite Otis," and "Revelations." . . . ¶ Dec. 14 at 8: "Opus McShann," "Shards" (New York première), and "Caverna Magica." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Jan. 1.)

ERICK HAWKINS DANCE COMPANY—A one-week engagement. Dec. 6 at 7:30: "Summer-Clouds People," "God the Reveller," and "Cantilever Two" (première). . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 8: "Early Floating," "Black Lake," and "Cantilever Two." . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 8: "Lords of Persia," "Plains Daybreak," and "Heyoka." . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 8: "Summer-Clouds People," "God the Reveller," and "Agathlon." . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 2: "Early Floating," "God the Reveller," and "Heyoka." . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 8: "Early Floating," "Black Lake," and "Cantilever Two." . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 2: "Lords of Persia," "God the Reveller," and "Agathlon." . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 7:30: "Lords of Persia," "God the Reveller," and "Cantilever Two." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

STEPHEN PETRONIO COMPANY—In "AnAmnesia" (New York première) and "Simulacrum Reels." (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. Thursdays through Sundays at 8:30. Through Dec. 18.)

PILOBOLUS—A four-week engagement opens on Dec. 13 at 7 with "Carmina Burana, Side II," "Bonsai," "Pseudopodia," and the New York première of "I'm Left, You're Right, She's Gone." The program on Dec. 14 at 8: "Molly's Not Dead," "Return to Maria La Baja," and the New York première of "Début C." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Through Jan. 8.)

DANCE VIDEOS—Kit Fitzgerald and Stephanie

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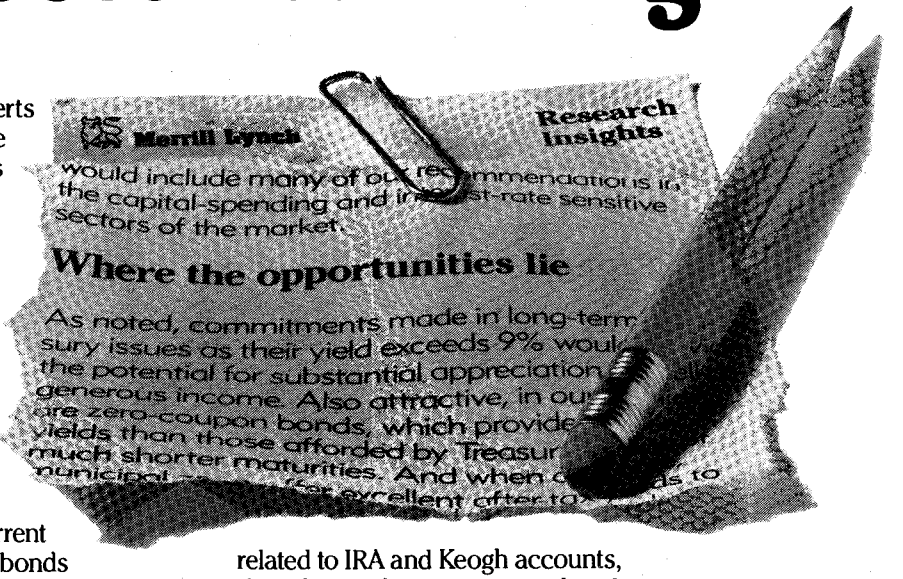
Take advantage of our bond market foresight before it becomes hindsight.



Merrill Lynch research experts believe that interest rates will be well below current levels by this time next year.

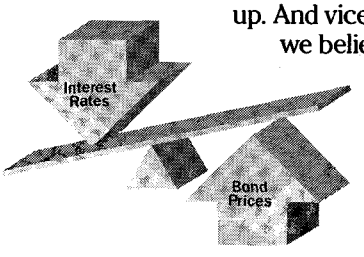
That opens up substantial opportunities in the bond market that investors should consider taking advantage of while they are available.

A window of opportunity for high yields.

Investors seeking to maintain a high income level over time should lock in the current market yields now available on bonds before a substantial portion of the decline we expect in interest rates occurs. Those who keep a disproportionate share of their funds in short-term assets risk having to reinvest them later on when rates could be much less favorable than they are today.

And for capital gains.

Investors interested in achieving an attractive total return should consider the capital gains possibilities that the current market offers. People often overlook an important principle of the financial marketplace: when interest rates fall, bond prices go up. And vice versa. That's why we believe now is the time to acquire bonds for capital appreciation. Any near-term rise in interest rates, if one should temporarily occur, would be a further opportunity to increase one's bond holdings.



What kind of opportunities are available?

The specific types of bonds you choose will depend on your particular investment goals.

Those interested in a great measure of safety as well as substantial yields may opt for U.S. Treasury bonds.

Investors with long-term goals, like those related to IRA and Keogh accounts, should consider zero coupon bonds.

And there are selected opportunities that shouldn't be overlooked in high-quality corporate bonds and interest-rate-sensitive stocks, such as those issued by some utilities and insurance companies.

Investors seeking tax-exempt income would do well to consider municipal bonds, which are free of federal income taxes and in some cases, state and/or local taxes as well.

Of course, before you make any decision to invest, you should carefully consider such factors as call protection and marketability that affect different kinds of bonds.

The key is timing.

At Merrill Lynch, we believe that the time to take advantage of these opportunities is now. For more information, ask for our research report titled, "An Investment Opportunity in Bonds." Call 1-800-637-7455, ext. 7092.

Better still, contact one of our Merrill Lynch Financial Consultants. They can review the characteristics of various kinds of bonds and help you find those best suited to your needs. Their goal is to give you useful information while there's still time to act on it.

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A tradition of trust.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

DANCE–Cont'd

Woodard's "Live Video Dance" and Eiko & Koma's "Undertow" are two of six videos being shown in a program that also includes a solo performance by Ann Carlson. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Dec. 12 at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—In the lobby, people come and go talking of the Forty-fourth Street Marching and Chowder Club, which used to meet here, and of Lerner and Loewe, who knocked out "My Fair Lady" here, and of **Montgomery, Plant & Stritch,** who sing and patter in close harmony in the woody space known as the Oak Room. Shows at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A big, soigné cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, in the heart of the fur and fashion-student districts. You have four more nights to hear **Blossom Dearie** sing "Peel Me a Grape" and "I'm Shadowing You" and her other miniature hits; she does a Houdini on Dec. 10. Six-thirty is her starting time.

Birdland, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—A fledgling jazz operation that takes its name from the long-gone midtown pleasure dome (1949-65). It's a cool person's kind of habitat: it has pastel walls, tile floors, a high ceiling, and is lightly forested. The schedule: Dec. 7, singer **Lodi Carr,** with pianist **Duke Jordan's** trio; Dec. 8, trumpeter **Valery Ponomarev's** quartet; and Dec. 9-10, a sextet led by vibraphonists **Warren Chiasson** and Ray Alexander. Music from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from nine-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A really blue but not really New York jazz club; the idea for the brass plaques that are engraved with the names of visiting jazz stars and embedded in the blue tables appears to have been borrowed from Hollywood. Alto saxophonist **Phil Woods,** a hard-blowing, true-blue follower of Charlie Parker, leads a quintet Dec. 6-11; **Gary Burton,** a vibraphonist who uses a handful of mallets to lay down plush carpets of sound, is also here with his quintet. First set at nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—On the east side of the building, behind a dusty display window, there's a New York *Post* review of a Santana concert that took place here circa 1978; curatorial neglect seems to have made it a permanent exhibit. Inside, a bunch of local bands and solo acts who travel the downtown rock-performance art circuit sound off one by one Dec. 7-8. (All of them, including the expatriate Cajun band **Loup Garou** and the monologuist Frank Maya, can be heard on an Invasion/Virgin recording called "Downtown NYC.") **Christine Lavin,** a New York folkie whose songs deal with such things as dentistry ("Cavity Blues"), unicellular life ("Amoeba Hop"), and Princess Di's mate ("Prince Charles"), performs Dec. 10. Melissa Etheridge, a folk-rock torch singer, cries a river on Dec. 12. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A Village bar, tucked between a D'Agostino's and a greengrocery. In 1969, when Bradley Cunningham and a partner bought it, it was called the Stirrup. (Mr. Cunningham died late last month.) Its light is distinctive, something between dim generic tavern light and refined haze; its patrons are famously gabby; its piano, which Paul Desmond bequeathed to the proprietor, has been played by many crack musicians, including Jimmy Rowles, Hank Jones, Tommy Flanagan, and Dave McKenna. **Kenny Barron,** a regular since the mid-seventies, works with bassist **David Williams** through Dec. 10, and

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with bassist **Rufus Reid** and drummer **Ben Riley** starting Dec. 12. On Dec. 11, baritone saxophonist **Charles Davis** leads a trio. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

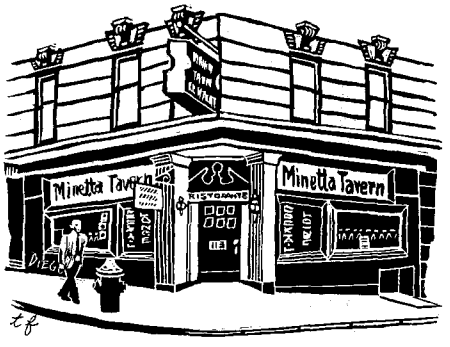
Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—The "great savory *pot au feu* called New York" (in the words of the great romantic Duke Ellington) has loads of West Indian restaurants, but not too many that feature name-brand jazz bands. **Jon Faddis,** a trumpeter who can often be found in the upper register, blowing in the sunny style of his mentor Dizzy Gillespie, will be here with a quartet for six nights starting Dec. 6. **Ahmad Jamal** brings in a foursome on Dec. 13. Jamal is a pianist whose effusions are meant to be seen—even his silences are florid. He hops from one end of the piano bench to the other, leaving piles of notes in his wake; he turns sideways to the piano and plays something delicate; he leans back, crosses his feet, and shows you what a piece of cake concertizing is; he mops himself off with a towel and rises from the bench to admire the efforts of his sidemen. Music from nine-thirty.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a small, well-upholstered room decorated with quaint Marcel Vertès murals (a nude at her easel, a leaping poodle), is a place where time pretty much stands still. **Bobby Short,** who has come here for twenty years to sing from his collection of Porter and Gershwin and Ellington, takes his seat at the piano at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in a bar whose pillars and walls are decorated with Ludwig Bemelmans park scenes (a man and his bulldog, rabbity creatures at play, schoolchildren and a nun), Frank Owens is at the piano from nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Cat Club, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—This room, which caters to thrash-metal buffs and cooler heads on weeknights, opens its doors on Sundays to swing-music fans, most of whom come to Lindy. The dancers are young, old, semi-pro, strictly amateur, happy, earnest, in love; shoe styles (men's) run from white bucks to clodhoppers to streamlined patent-leather jobs. On Dec. 11, **Vince Giordano,** a young, smooth-haired devotee of music before bebop, takes his tuxedoed big band, the **Nighthawks,** through "Blue Lou" and "Air Mail Special" and "Tuxedo Junction." Music from eight.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—An Irish bar, way out on the Western edge of town, where some of the men look like stevedores and all of the women look very good. The back room, trimmed with seaworthy things, has bluegrass and old-timey music on Fridays and Irish folk music on Saturdays. The Jumbo String Band is here on Dec. 9, and **Robbie O'Connell** picks and sings on Dec. 10. Acivity from nine.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—There's not a lot of elbow- or head-room in this downstairs jazz club, but the musicians sometimes make you forget all about it. **Benny Golson,** a tenor saxophonist and the composer of "Whisper Not" and



other hard-bop standards, is in charge of a quartet Dec. 6-11. **Scott Hamilton,** a thirty-four-year-old tenor saxophonist whose big, breathy sound has led people to imagine that they are hearing Ben Webster or some other Swing Era ghost, arrives with his quintet on Dec. 13. Music from eight. Dining.

Fortune Garden Pavilion, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—A satisfying combination of Chinese food and homegrown music. Rubberneckers may see the moon wheeling by the greenhouse roof on its regular tour of romantic Manhattan. The pianists who pass through here are among New York's finest. **Dick Hyman,** the discreetest of virtuoso pianists, makes a one-night stand on Dec. 5; **Barry Harris,** a Detroit-born pianist who has Parker and Powell and Monk at his fingertips, comes in for six nights starting Dec. 6; **Tommy Flanagan,** who shares a home town and elements of the bebop style with Barry Harris, goes to work on Dec. 13. Music from nine-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

Jan Wallman's, 49 W. 44th St. (764-8930)—A cozy room for singers and their followers, cheek by jowl with the Iroquois Hotel. The singers: **Daryl Sherman** (with guitarist **Howard Alden** and bassist **Frank Tate**) on Dec. 8 and 12; **Barbara Lea** on Dec. 9; **Judy Kreston** (with pianist **David Lahm**) on Dec. 10; and **Al Carmines** and **David Vaughan** on Dec. 13-14. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy corner bar and restaurant that looks as if it might also be an outlet for vintage theatre and newspaper posters. A Steinway sits near the center of things, though there are nights when it might as well be out on the street, for all you can hear of it. **John Bunch** and **Phil Flanigan,** who hold down the piano and bass chairs in Scott Hamilton's quintet, will be around Dec. 6-10. **Roger Kellaway,** a pianist for whom two hands are not always enough (he sometimes uses an elbow to splatter the keyboard and punctuate one of his flying tours around it), works with bassist **Jay Leonhart** starting Dec. 13. Music from nine-thirty.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A second-floor retreat that features avant-garde jazz, advanced and unadvanced rock, medicinal teas, medicinal beer, and space to think your thoughts in. The lineup: Dec. 5 and 12, Peter Gordon's big band; Dec. 8, tenor saxophonist and former Ornette Coleman collaborator **Dewey Redman,** with a trio; Dec. 9-10, drummer and former Ornette Coleman collaborator **Ronald Shannon Jackson,** with his band, the **Decoding Society;** and starting Dec. 14, British guitarist-noisemaker **Derek Bailey.** Music after nine.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—This hangout for homesick Texans, French tourists, and local yokels brags that it's "the biggest and best honky-tonk north of Abilene." Big it ain't, but it does feature some genuine honky-tonk music, a souvenir stand, and TV monitors (which permit you to watch the action onstage in case your view of it is obscured by a cowboy or, perhaps, an escapee from a fraternity house). **Johnny Copeland,** a gritty-voiced Texas bluesman, holds forth on Dec. 9; the **Sun Rhythm Section,** a band made up of some graying, dawn-of-rock, Memphis studio musicians, performs on Dec. 10; the **Cucumbers,** a Hoboken rock quartet whose singer (Deena Shoshkes) has a little, flirty, cutie-pie voice, come in on Dec. 12. Music after nine. Hot vittles.

Lone Star Café Roadhouse, 240 W. 52nd St. (245-2950)—The midtown branch of the aforementioned establishment. The façade is a Silver Eagle bus, the kind your itinerant musician cat tools around in. The inside features some stuff you probably wouldn't find in a county-line roadhouse—like a wallful of de-luxe Gibson guitars—and some you might expect to find: beer, neon beer signs, and men wearing dozer caps. **Kate & Anna McGarrigle,** the charming Montreal folksisters, sing their handmade songs on Dec. 8-9; **Stanley (Buckwheat) Dural's** zydeco band plays bon-temps music on Dec. 10. Music after nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A mid-Manhattan pub for well-heeled gents and their high-heeled foxes. **Walt Levinsky,** a clarinettist who settled for the alto-sax chair when he worked with Benny Goodman, leads

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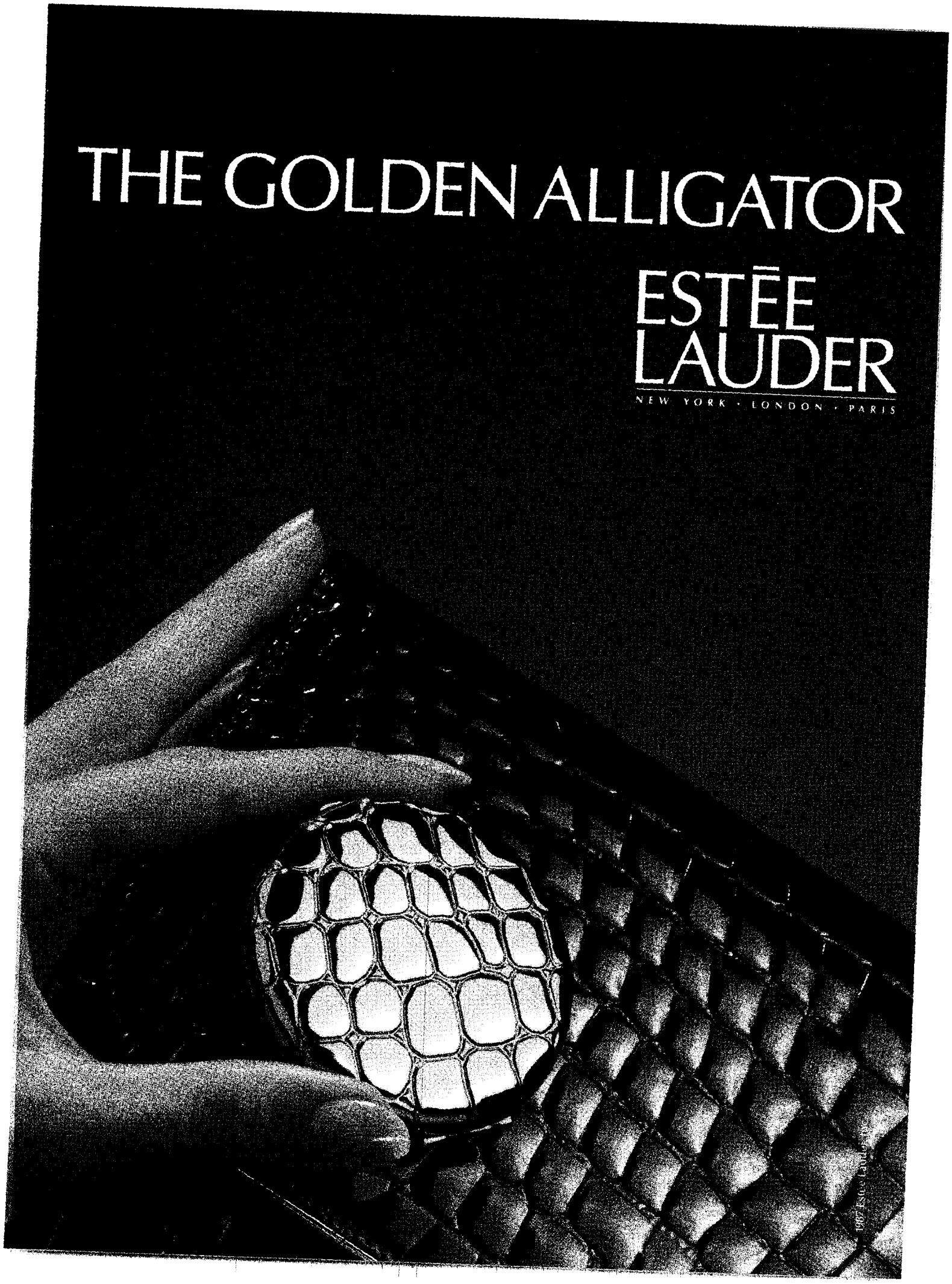

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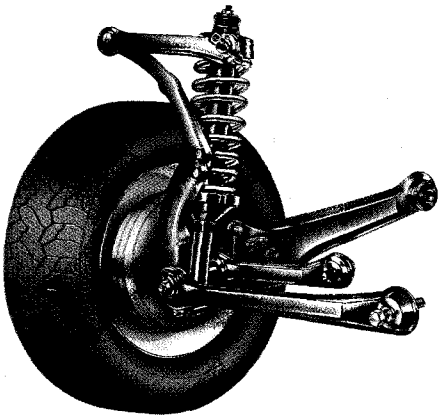
To make it we had to tw

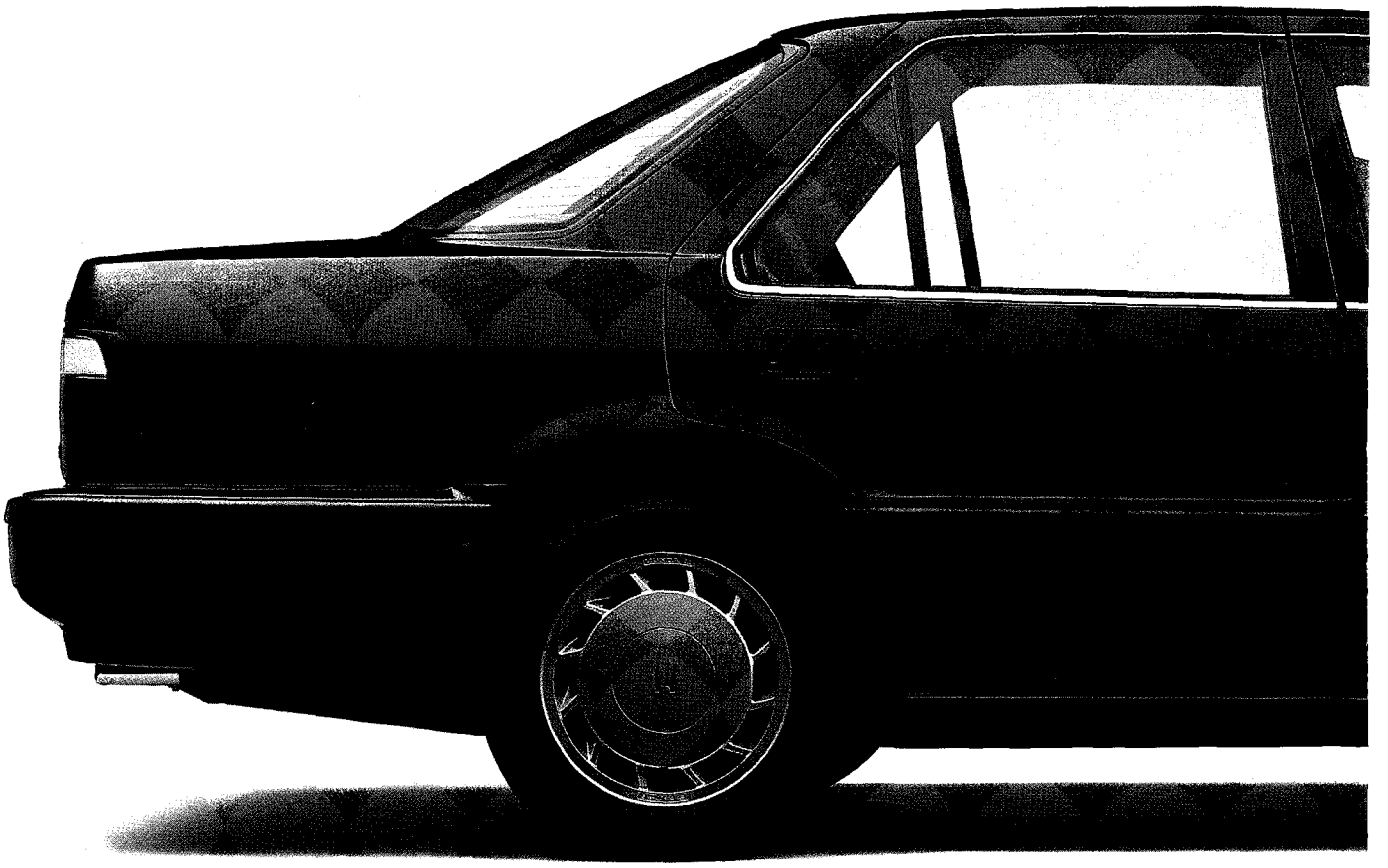


They said it couldn't be done.

That it would be impossible to create a suspension system that combined handling and ride without compromising either one. Then put it on a car that didn't cost a small fortune.

But the engineers at Honda ignored the naysayers. And found the answer: Arms.

The upper and lower arms keep all four tires virtually perpendicular to the road for outstanding handling and stability. Which frees up the springs and shock absorbers to do exactly what they were designed to do: absorb road shock. That way, you don't have to.



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ride so well, st a few arms.

You'll find this advanced double wishbone design on the Honda Accord. (And to your left). It was inspired by the double A-arms used on race cars. Honda was first to use them on all four wheels of a front-wheel-drive car. With a slight twist.

What all this means is that you will enjoy a comfortable, smooth ride as you put the responsive, 2.0 liter, fuel-injected 120 horsepower LXi engine through its paces.

And you'll appreciate the spacious interior, with standard air conditioning, full-logic AM/FM stereo cassette, power moonroof and driver's seat with adjustable lumbar support.

In the meantime, Honda engineers will keep looking for other innovative ideas.

It is a challenge they welcome with open arms.

HONDA

The Accord LXi

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Thousands of pinpoint bubbles, an exquisite taste and the unmistakable character of a fine, world class champagne—these are the hallmarks of Korbel Natural. Bottled in limited quantities, this delightfully dry champagne of Pinot Noir and Chardonnay grapes defines California style. It is made only by the "méthode champenoise," the magical process which creates the champagne in the very bottle you buy. So uncork the magic of Korbel Natural, the perfect way to make any moment special.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

NIGHT LIFE–Cont'd

a sextet through some Goodman small-band material. Shows at nine and eleven Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Fifty years ago, people practiced the jitterbug and the foxtrot in this ballroom; today's patrons listen mainly to rock, which issues from speakers the size of mobile homes, and sometimes engage in a combination of exercise and intimacy known as slam dancing. **WAS (NOT WAS),** an arty funk duo out of Detroit whose name was chosen by the group's divided Committee on Wasness (or something like that), will be here on Dec. 9. David (Weiss) Was and Don (Fagenson) Was write dance music (and soul ballads and, for a change of pace, fractured-jazz numbers) for club-hopping smarties who want more (or less) than a beat and a ton of synthesizer—people who will appreciate lines like "It was a night like this forty million years ago/I lit a cigarette, picked up a monkey skull to go" (from "Walk the Dinosaur") and "Bobby Maggot was a big attorney/Through the courtroom down to/Hell he'd journey" (from "Out Come the Freaks"). The **GIPSY KINGS,** a gypsy guitar ensemble from Arles that plays explosive rock-tinged flamenco, perform on Dec. 14. Shows begin at nine Sundays through Thursdays, and at eleven Fridays and Saturdays.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A big, cheerful room, painted a light tropical blue, where you can pick 'em up and set 'em down to sounds from Brazil, Africa, the Caribbean, and elsewhere. Ample seating for the contemplative. Poncho Sanchez's salsa band performs Dec. 7-8; Abeti, a purveyor of Zairian soukous (up-tempo, guitar-driven dance music), has the floor Dec. 9-10. Music from nine Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SPEAKEASY, 107 Macdougal St. (598-9670)—A mid-Village lounge for folkies and others who practice low-decibel (but not necessarily low-voltage) music. Garnet Rogers, a Canadian folksinger with a deep, earnest voice, holds forth Dec. 8, along with Jeff Wilkinson. **WILLIE NININGER,** a local hero who wrote "I'm Proud to Be a Moose" for Captain Kangaroo's Mr. Moose, has the floor on Dec. 9. Shows nightly from about eight-thirty. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A septet led by **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM,** a South Africa pianist and composer, will be in this Village temple of jazz (pressed-tin ceiling, grainy b. & w. photos of your favorite demigods, knee-to-knee seating) every night but Monday. Ibrahim, who was known as Dollar Brand when Duke Ellington took him under his wing in the early sixties and whose early work is full of Afro-gospel high spirits, has lately taken to writing meditative, somewhat melancholy music; he himself is a picture of quiet on the bandstand. Mondays are set aside for the jazz-rock orchestra created by wizard arranger Gil Evans (who died last spring) and now run by his son, trumpeter Miles Evans. Shows from ten. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—A twofold operation. Follow the "Live at the Gate" LP covers downstairs to a gym-size room, where the Either/Orchestra, an eleven-piece new-jazz band, holds forth on Dec. 7 at nine and eleven. . . . ¶ Back upstairs, in the airy space known as the Terrace Bar, cornettist **RICHARD SUDHALTER** and pianist **CAROL BRITTO** collaborate from ten Tuesdays through Sundays. On Tuesdays, they trade sets with jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** string trio.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world descend the stairs to this ancient jazz club; many of them later emerge from it in an excited condition. A three-star trio—pianist **STEVE KUHN,** bassist **RON CARTER,** and drummer **AL FOSTER**—holds forth Dec. 6-11. **DAVID MURRAY,** a thirty-three-year-old tenor saxophonist in whose playing you can hear traces of the now old New Musical Left (Albert Ayler, Archie Shepp) and something of the swagger and drive of Sonny Rollins, comes in with a quartet on Dec. 13. Mondays are prime time for **MEL LEWIS'S** big band. Music from ten.

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ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—If you like pictures of cows, there's a good one here, by the British painter Malcolm Morley, of some Holsteins adrift in a Turneresque landscape. There's also jazz, which flows peaceably from a passageway between the front-room bar and the back-room restaurant. Pianist **JANE JARVIS** and bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** are on duty nightly except Sundays, when **GENE BERTONCINI** and **MICHAEL MOORE** play guitar-bass duets. Music weeknights from eight, and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / ROCK / PERSONAL APPEARANCES / PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

JAZZ CONCERT—With Lee Ritenour, Tom Scott, Omar Hakim, Dave Grusin, Diane Schuur, Marcus Miller, and Special EFX. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Dec. 6-7 at 8.)

GEORGE WINSTON—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Dec. 7 at 8.

AIN GORDON—Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Dec. 7-10 at 8, and Dec. 11 at 3.

GEORG OSTERMAN—La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Dec. 8-11 at 8. Through Dec. 18.

WARREN ZEVON—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Dec. 9 at 8.

EMMYLOU HARRIS—Beacon Theatre. Dec. 10 at 8.

FRANCES BECKER—Ethnic Folk Arts Center, 179 Varick St. Dec. 10-12 at 8. Tickets at the door on the nights of the performances.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

PETER AGOSTINI—Unpainted plaster sculptures by an artist who casts from bottles, balloons, and other found objects. Through Dec. 17. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

EDDIE ARNING—Oil-pastel and wax-crayon drawings by this naïf. Through Jan. 7. (Hirschl & Adler Folk, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

JOSEPH BEUYS (1921-86)—Objects, drawings, and multiples—more than seventy works in all. Through Dec. 10. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Open Mondays.)

CAMILLE BOMBOIS (1883-1970)—Circus figures, rural folk, and narrow streets, by a French primitive. Through Dec. 24. (Soufer, 1015 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

STUART DAVIS (1892-1964)—Eggbeaters and all, in more than fifty paintings that span the artist's career. Through Dec. 23. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

JOHAN LAURENTZ JENSEN (1800-56)—Paintings of lilacs, lilies, chickweed, and double hollyhocks by a Danish artist who held the title Royal Flower Painter. Through Jan. 7. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

JACKSON POLLOCK (1912-56)—Paintings and works on paper. Through Dec. 17. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG—Large paintings on enamelled aluminum. Through Dec. 8. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

LEONARD STOKES—Collages. Through Dec. 17. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

WAYNE THIEBAUD—Recent paintings and works on paper. Through Dec. 21. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

JAMIE WYETH—Paintings from the past three years. Through Dec. 22. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BABCOCK,** 20 E. 67th St.: American paintings from Hudson River School artists, from early modernists, from contemporary artists—Asher B. Durand, Stephanie Adam, Marsden Hartley, and Joel Corcos Levy, among others. Through Jan. 5. (Closes at 4 on Saturdays.) . . . **BERRY-HILL,** 11 E. 70th St.: A show of classics in the money-painting genre. The artists include William M. Harnett, John Frederick Peto, and Otis Kaye. Through Dec. 17. (Open Mondays.) . . . **COLNAGHI,** 21 E. 67th St.: "Gothic to Renaissance," a show of European paintings, including a small panel from Sassetta's Borgo San Sepolcro altarpiece of 1444. Other artists include Altdorfer, Bellini, Vanni, and Wertinger. Through Jan. 28. (Open Mondays; closes at 4 on Saturdays.) . . . **LAFAYETTE PARKE,** 58 E. 79th St.: Works by early-twentieth-century German artists, including Nolde, Jawlensky, and Beckmann. Through Dec. 17.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

WARREN BRANDT / DAVID HENDRICKS—Recent still-life paintings and works on paper. / Drawings of landscapes and cityscapes. Through Dec. 28. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

ALBERTO BURRI—Thirteen primarily black paintings by a seventy-three-year-old member of the Italian avant-garde. Through Jan. 7. (Rayburn Foundation, 41 E. 57th St.)

MEL CHIN—In a show entitled "Selected Weapons" this sculptor uses such materials as forged steel, olivewood, velvet, and bamboo to build crude axes, saws, and a monumental hammer and sickle. Through Dec. 31. (Frumkin-Adams, 50 W. 57th St.)

DAN CHRISTENSEN—Spray paintings of the color-field variety. Through Dec. 31. (Drake, 50 W. 57th St.)

CRASH—New spray-painted canvases, many incorporating metal, plywood, and Masonite. Through Dec. 24. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

LADDIE JOHN DILL—Monoprints. Through Dec. 10. (Prats, 24 W. 57th St.)

WILLIAM GLACKENS (1870-1938)—Drawings done as studies for paintings and as illustrations for such magazines as *Collier's* and the *Saturday Evening Post.* Through Jan. 7. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

MAURICE GOLUBOV (1905-87)—A retrospective of miniatures. Through Dec. 13. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

MENASHE KADISHMAN—Three monumental sculptures and one painting. Through Dec. 23. (Haime, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

WILLIAM KING—Two shows. Figurative wood and ceramic sculptures from the past three decades or so. Through Dec. 28. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ New figures in sand-and-plaster, along with bronzes from various periods. Through Dec. 8. (Pearl, 420 West Broadway.)

ROBERT M. KULICKE—Oils and monotypes, plus jewelry designed by Mr. Kulicke and Bessie Jamieson. Through Dec. 23. (Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St.)

MALCOLM MORLEY—New paintings, drawings, and prints. Through Jan. 14. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

KENZO OKADA—Abstract paintings dating from 1960 to 1982. Through Dec. 10. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

JULES OLITSKI—New paintings. Through Dec. 31. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

MAN RAY (1890-1976)—Works in a variety of mediums spanning the years from 1913 to 1921, and tracing the Dada artist's modernist roots. Through Jan. 6. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

MILTON RESNICK / ROBERT MAPPLETHORPE—Recent paintings. / New photographs. Through Dec. 31. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

MEDARDO ROSSO (1858-1928)—Sculptures in

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ART–Cont'd

wax, terra-cotta, and bronze. Through Dec. 14. (Kent, 41 E. 57th St.)

Peter Saari—Trompe-l'oeil wall constructions in which the artist uses plaster and paint to recreate ancient Roman wall decorations, with felicitous cracks and faded colors. Through Dec. 21. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **krugier**, 41 E. 57th St.: "The Presence of Ingres" as seen in seventy-five paintings and drawings by Balthus, Matisse, Degas, Picasso, and Chassériau, not to mention Ingres himself. Through Dec. 23. . . . **ruth siegel**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures painted gold or gold-leafed. The work is by David Smith, Mary Obering, and Hunt Slonem, among others. Through Jan. 11.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Alice Aycock / Joe Breidel—Recent sculptures, several of which incorporate mirrors. / New sculptures. Through Dec. 24. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Jean-Michel Basquiat (1960-88)—A memorial exhibition of paintings. Through Jan. 14. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Mel Bochner—Recent works by an artist whose "drawings" consist of irregularly arranged sheets of colored paper. Through Dec. 10. (Nolan, 560 Broadway.)

Peter Brown—Recent painted-wood wall sculptures. Through Dec. 31. (M-13, at 72 Greene St.)

Jerry Buchanan—Paintings from the past five years. Through Dec. 24. (Walls, 137 Greene St.)

Tom Butter—Sculptures in fibreglass. Through Dec. 30. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

Wendell Castle—A ten-year retrospective of his furniture. Through Dec. 23. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Dale Chihuly—A group of blown-glass vases entitled "The Venetian Pieces." Through Dec. 30. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Cora Cohen—Nonobjective paintings. Through Dec. 17. (Wolff, 560 Broadway.)

Oscar de Mejo—Naïve paintings. Through Dec. 24. (Nahan, 380 West Broadway. Open daily.)

Jane Dickson—Drawings. Through Dec. 24. (Fawbush, 568 Broadway.)

Phyllis Gaughran—Painted natsume-paper collages. Through Dec. 18. (Pindar, 127 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Paul Georges—New paintings. Through Dec. 23. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

Leon Golub—Four new ten-by-twelve-foot paintings, three of which portray sphinxes. Through Dec. 23. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Keith Haring—New paintings. Through Jan. 14. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Claudia Hart—Paintings, sculptures, and photographs in the artist's first solo exhibition. Through Dec. 31. (Hearn, 39 Wooster St.)

Raoul Hague—New sculptures that began as tree trunks. Through Jan. 7. (Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway.)

Ronald Jones—An installation. Through Dec. 10. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Jerome Kirk / Alan Dworkowitz—Mobiles. / Drawings of racecars by an artist who works from scale models. Through Dec. 23. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Per Kirkeby—Abstract paintings. Through Dec. 23. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Jeff Koons—Porcelain, polychromed wood, and mirrors are used in these new works. Through Dec. 23. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Sol LeWitt and Susana Solano—Two sculptures by each artist. Those by the former are recent geometric works; the latter's are executed in rough, hammered metal. Through Dec. 30. (Cervera, a new gallery, at 470 Broome St.)

Michael Malpass / Lowell Tolstedt—Recent sculptures by an artist who welds bolts, screws, and machine parts into perfect spheres. / Still-life drawings on paper, one of which includes pebbles, gum wrappers, loose change, and a light bulb. Through Dec. 17. (Zarre, 379 West Broadway.)

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Joan Miró (1893-1983)—Three works on paper and seven bronzes. Through Dec. 31. (Silberberg, now located at 382 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Frank Owen—New abstract paintings, including a fifty-canvas installation. Through Dec. 14. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Joseph Piccillo / Barton Lidicé Beneš—New paintings in mixed mediums with the artist's familiar combination of portraiture and figures in action. / Found objects and other works embellished with shredded cash. Through Dec. 10. (Fendrick, 568 Broadway, entrance on Prince St.)

Joyce Robins—Bright-colored freestanding ceramic sculptures. Through Dec. 17. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Jonathan Scoville—Realist paintings. Through Dec. 10. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Robert Therrien—Wall reliefs, sculptures, and paintings. Through Dec. 17. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Lee Tribe—Abstract welded-steel sculptures. Through Dec. 10. (Munroe, 415 West Broadway.)

Alan Uglow—Geometric abstractions. Through Dec. 22. (Lorence-Monk, 568 Broadway.)

Martin Wong—Two shows of new paintings. At Exit Art, 578 Broadway (through Dec. 23), and at Bernarducci, 560 Broadway (through Dec. 10).

Group Material—Presenting the third installation in a series of four, this one posing the question "Are we a multicultural society or just a diverse set of demographic market statistics?" The works are by Vikky Alexander, Don Celender, Barbara Kruger, Haim Steinbach, and others. Through Dec. 10. (Dia Art Foundation, 77 Wooster St. Opens at noon.)

Group Shows—At the **gorney**, 100 Greene St.: Photographs, paintings, and sculptures by Joseph Kosuth, Barbara Bloom, Tim Rollins and K.O.S., and others. Through Dec. 23. . . . **penson**, 149 Wooster St.: The photographer Gianfranco Gorgoni printed portraits of thirteen artists (Chia, Christo, Rauschenberg, Lichtenstein) on canvases, and gave the canvases to the artists to alter as they saw fit. The results are on view. Through Dec. 10.

Sculpture—At the **esman**, 70 Greene St.: Small-scale works by William Anastasi, Eva Hesse, Win Knowlton, and Carol Hepper, among others. Through Dec. 31. . . . **trabia-mac afee**, 54 Greene St.: "Metaphysical Insights" in pieces by such artists as Petah Coyne, Creighton Michael, and Ellen Driscoll. Through Dec. 23.

OTHER GALLERIES

Sara Garden Armstrong—A sculptural installation of giant papier-mâché leaves that rustle in a computer-generated breeze. Through Dec. 24. (Yi, 249 Centre St.)

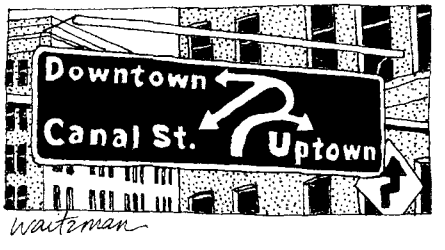
Chris Britz—Paintings. Through Dec. 22. (Neo Persona, 51 Hudson St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

George Condo—Works on paper. Through Dec. 31. (Baghoomian, 611 Broadway.)

Beauford Delaney (1901-79)—Paintings done in New York, Paris, and Knoxville. Through Dec. 22. (Briet, 377 Broome St., between Mott and Mulberry Sts. Open Sundays.)

John Franklin—Assemblages described, tongue in cheek, by the artist as in the "conceptual-folk-art tradition." Through Dec. 22. (Loughelton, 19 Second Ave., at 1st St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

James Nares—Abstract wall constructions. Through Dec. 22. (Klein, 611 Broadway.)



PHOTOGRAPHY

Kathryn Abbe and Frances McLaughlin-Gill—These twin sisters photographed Brooke Shields, the Kienast Quintuplets, and others as children and as adults, and have mounted the photographs side by side. Through Dec. 23. (Washburn, 41 E. 57th St.)

Irving Penn—Photographs of animal skulls. Through Jan. 14. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

Artists' Portraits—**timothy greenfield-sanders** exhibiting color portraits of, for instance, Robert Rauschenberg, Barbara Kruger, and Sherrie Levine. Through Dec. 31. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.) . . . **hans namuth** takes on Jasper Johns, Andrew Wyeth, and others. Also, a series on American "tribes" like the Boy Scouts, and another on villagers in Guatemala. Through Dec. 23. (Castelli, 578 Broadway.) . . . **neil winokur** photographs people with their possessions—Chuck Close with his Gehry chair, for instance. The show also includes still-lifes. Through Jan. 14. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Group Shows—At the **feldman**, 31 Mercer St.: Photographs taken by issue-conscious freelance photojournalists, including Patt Blue, Catherine Allport, and Jim Lerager. The subjects run from acid rain to the rain forests, and from Howard Beach to South Africa. Through Dec. 30. . . . **international center of photography**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Marie Cosindas, Irving Penn, Ansel Adams, and Henri Cartier-Bresson, among others, are represented in an exhibit of more than two hundred prints. Through Jan. 8. (Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The exhaustive Degas exhibit has been mounted in spacious new galleries, *comme il faut*. Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ More than a hundred works by Georgia O'Keeffe. Through Feb. 5. . . . ¶ A retrospective of works by Umberto Boccioni, an Italian Futurist painter and the only sculptor in that movement. Through Jan. 8. . . . ¶ Collages and other works by Anne Ryan. Through Jan. 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of works by the German painter Anselm Kiefer. Through Jan. 3. . . . ¶ A large show of works on paper by Richard Diebenkorn. Through Jan. 10. A complementary show of new monotypes by Diebenkorn is at the Pamela Auchincloss Gallery, 558 Broadway. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—By combining works in the permanent collections with strategic loans, the museum has pulled together a show of paintings and sculptures which represents all the major art movements since the forties, from Abstract Expressionism to Neo-Expressionism. Some of the borrowed works are by Jenny Holzer and Susan Rothenberg; some of the acquired are by James Turrell, Peter Halley, Jannis Kounellis, and Donald Sultan. Starts Dec. 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 7:45, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A twenty-five-year retrospective of Donald Judd's œuvre: paintings, sculptures, and furniture. Through Dec. 31. . . . ¶ An exhibit of paintings by David Park, which reflects his figurative style of the fifties. Through Jan. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Cleopatra and other rulers of ancient Egypt's Ptolemaic

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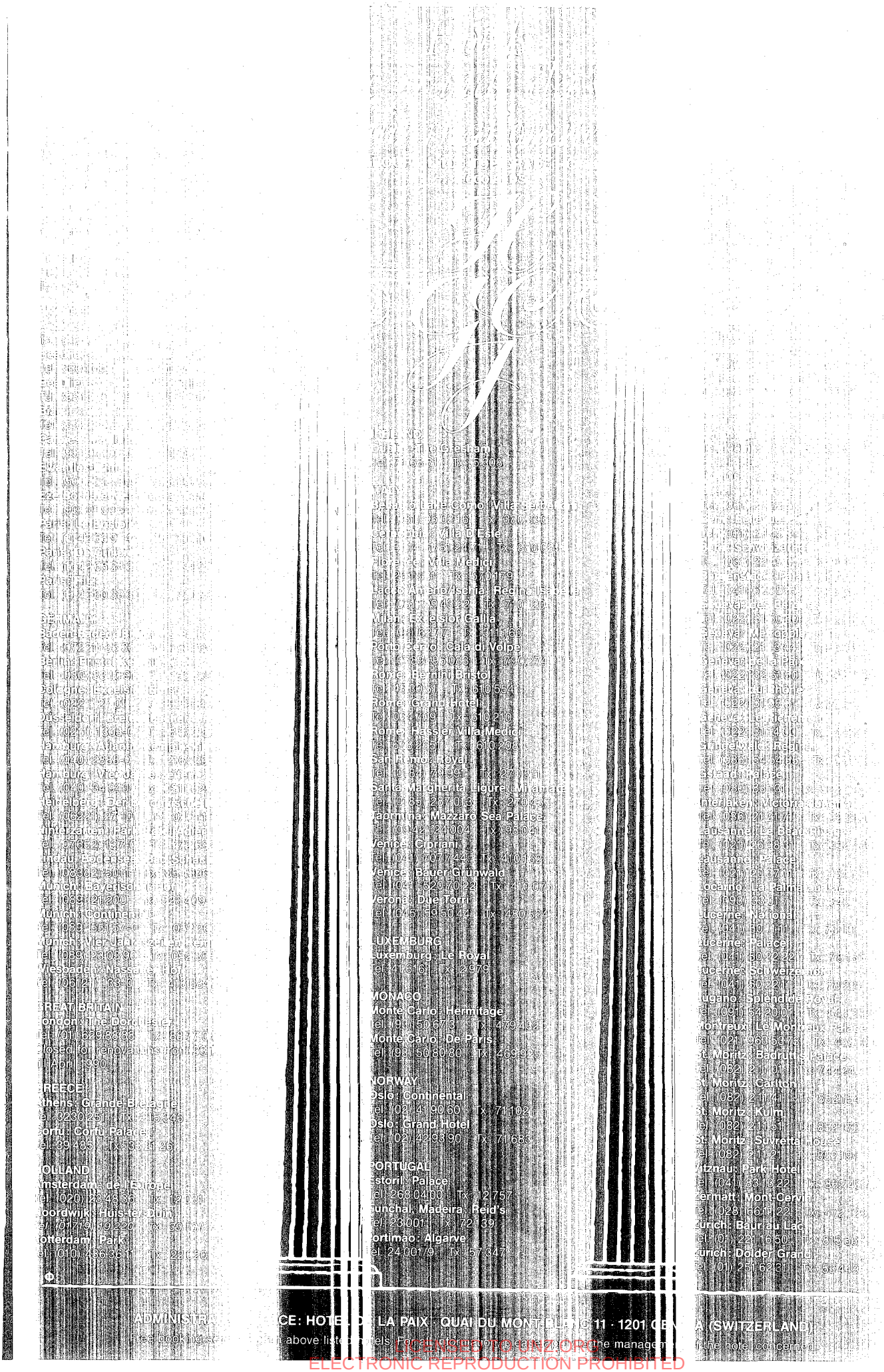

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ART—Cont'd

dynasty (305-30 B.C.) are seen in a show of stone statuary and portrait heads. Also from the period are reliefs, gold jewelry, and other objects. Through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Nearly ninety paintings by Gustave Courbet. Through Jan. 16. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 10 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibition re-creating the events of a four-year (1838-42) American naval expedition to the South Seas and Antarctica and displaying a wealth of materials brought back from the voyage, including charts and maps and flora and fauna. Through Jan. 1. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—In what is likely to be a frustrating exhibit for some, the museum has put on view—and view only—a collection of confectionery wonders, including a six-foot jelly-bean mosaic of the Statue of Liberty and a number of "whimsical chocolate sculptures." "The Confectioner's Art" also features antique and contemporary tools of the trade. Through Jan. 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Just in time for the spending season, here's a show called "Purses, Pockets, Pouches," which includes examples of the netted and the knitted, the drawstring and the throttleneck. The articles on view date from the late sixteenth century right up to 1988. Starts Dec. 6. . . . ¶ An exhibit of furniture and decorative arts in the William and Mary style on loan from numerous collections, chiefly those of Windsor Castle; the Rijksmuseum, in Amsterdam; the Bibliothèque Nationale of France; and the Winterthur Museum. Through Feb. 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—Celebrated in art circles in nineteenth-century France, François-Marius Granet—painter, curator at the Louvre and Versailles, subject of a famous portrait by Ingres—is just now receiving his first one-man show in this country. It includes sixty landscape watercolors, plus an oil painting that is a version of his "Choir of the Capuchin Church, Rome," a work so popular that the artist made sixteen copies. The Ingres portrait and two portrait studies are also on view. Through Jan. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—The golem—a figure in Jewish folklore comparable to Frankenstein's monster—has appealed to artists and writers since at least the sixteenth century and, as this survey makes clear, continues to fascinate contemporary painters, sculptors, and illustrators, among them Saul Steinberg, Charles Simonds, and Louise Fishman. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of drawings and watercolors that cover the whole range of subjects (landscape, portraiture, genre scenes) favored by German Romanticism, which flourished between 1780 and 1850. Caspar David Friedrich, Philipp O. Runge, and Adolph Menzel are among the artists. Through Jan. 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Manuscripts of plays written by Eugene O'Neill, along with other artifacts, have been put on display in recognition of the author's centenary. Through Jan. 8. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—A survey of works by Christian Boltanski, a French artist

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whose sculptures are like time capsules from childhood. Some of the installations will be mounted in darkened galleries, evoking the dimness of the past; one is lighted only by six small clamp-on lamps, which focus directly on photographic portraits of the artist's high-school classmates at the Lycée Chases in 1931. Starts Dec. 9. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A historical survey of Hebrew books and manuscripts; Bibles, a seventeenth-century parchment scroll of the Book of Esther, the *Tripartite Mahzor,* and volumes on science, law, and literature. Through Jan. 14. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall. Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Collage paintings by Benny Andrews, dating from the fifties through the seventies. Through Feb. 26. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719; for the 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St., 840-2824. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

New York Pops—Skitch Henderson conducting "Peter and the Wolf," excerpts from "The Sound of Music," and Christmas carols. With Susan Saint James and the Dallas Symphony Orchestra Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 9 at 8 and Dec. 10 at 2.)

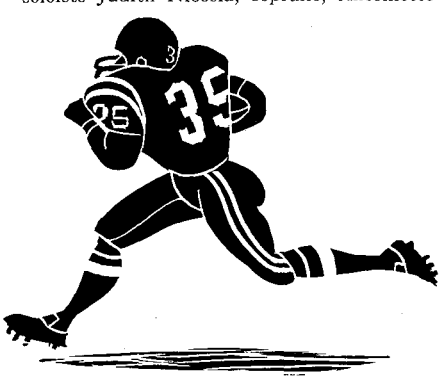
Waverly Consort—In a program of music of the Middle Ages. (Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Dec. 11 at 1:30 and 3:30. For tickets, call 923-3700.)

Manhattan Vocal Ensemble—Nelly Vuksic directing music from Latin America and Spain. (El Museo del Barrio, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Dec. 11 at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

New Amsterdam Singers—Performing music from England. Directed by Clara Longstreth. (St. Ignatius Episcopal Church, West End Ave. at 87th St. Dec. 11 at 4 and Dec. 13 at 8. Tickets at the door at the time of the performances.)

I Cantori di New York—Bart Folse directing. (House of the Redeemer, 7 E. 95th St. Dec. 14-15 at 8. For information about tickets, call 410-7899.)

Handel's "Messiah"—masterwork chorus and orchestra: David Randolph directing, with soloists Judith Nicosia, soprano; Antoinette



Hardin, mezzo-soprano; Michael Best, tenor; and Michael Burt, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 10 at 8.) . . . **music before 1800:** Johannes Somary directing the Amor Artis Chamber Choir & Baroque Ensemble. With soloists Julianne Baird, soprano; Jeffrey Dooley, countertenor; Patrick Romano, tenor; and Glenn Billingsley, bass. (Corpus Christi Church, W. 121st St., just east of Broadway. Dec. 11 at 4. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.) . . . **canterbury choral society:** Charles Dodsley Walker directing, with Jennifer Barron, soprano; Martha Dunn, mezzo-soprano; Jim Fredericks, tenor; Ara Berberian, bass; and an orchestra. The audience is invited to sing along. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Dec. 11 at 4. For information about tickets, call 289-3400.) . . . **riverside church sing-along:** Sherrill Milnes and James Simms will take turns directing the chorus and soloists, and J. David Williams and John Walker will take turns at the organ. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. and 120th St. Dec. 11 at 4. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.) . . . **musica sacra chorus and orchestra:** Richard Westenburg directing, with Marvis Martin, soprano; Paul Esswood, countertenor; Vinson Cole, tenor; and Jan Opalach, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. Dec. 12 at 8.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Dec. 5 at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Ghena Dimitrova, Ermanno Mauro, and Alain Fondary; and "Pagliacci," with Diana Soviero, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Juan Pons. Alessandro Siciliani conducting both. . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 8: "Carmen," with Marilyn Horne, Ilona Tokody, Veriano Luchetti, and Jean-Philippe Lafont; Placido Domingo. . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Yoko Watanabe, Brenda Boozer, Giorgio Lamberti, and Brian Schexnayder; Myung-Whun Chung. . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 7: A new production of "Aida," with Leona Mitchell, Fiorenza Cossotto, Placido Domingo, and Sherrill Milnes; James Levine. . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 8: "Carmen," with Marilyn Horne, Mietta Sighele, Veriano Luchetti, and Justino Díaz; Placido Domingo. . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 1:30: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Ghena Dimitrova, Ermanno Mauro, and Alain Fondary; and "Pagliacci," with Diana Soviero, Giuseppe Giacomini, and Juan Pons. Alessandro Siciliani conducting both. . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 8: "Madame Butterfly" (a nonsubscription performance), with Yoko Watanabe, Brenda Boozer, Allan Glassman, and Brian Schexnayder; Myung-Whun Chung. . . . ¶ Dec. 12 at 8: "Aida," with Leona Mitchell, Fiorenza Cossotto, Placido Domingo, and Sherrill Milnes; James Levine. . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Ghena Dimitrova, Ermanno Mauro, and Alain Fondary; and "Pagliacci," with Diana Soviero, Ermanno Mauro, and Juan Pons. Alessandro Siciliani conducting both. . . . ¶ Dec. 14 at 8: "Carmen," with Marilyn Horne, Mirella Freni, Veriano Luchetti, and Samuel Ramey; Placido Domingo.

Juilliard American Opera Center—Presenting Robert Ward's adaptation of "The Crucible," conducted by John DeMain. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Dec. 7 and 9 at 8, and Dec. 11 at 3. For information about tickets, call 874-7515.)

John Brownlee Opera Theatre—Presenting performances of Busoni's "Arlecchino" and Stravinsky's "Nightingale." David Gilbert conducting; both works are in English. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, Broadway at 122nd St. Dec. 7 and 9 at 8, and Dec. 11 at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 749-2802.)

Amato Opera Company—Presenting "Falstaff." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturdays at 7:30 and Sundays at 2:30. Through Sunday, Jan. 8.)

Golden Fleece Ltd.—Lou Rodgers conducting one-act operas by Jack Gottlieb, Memrie Innerarity, John David Earnest, and herself. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Dec. 13 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting. Dec. 6 at 7:30: With Krystian Zimerman, piano. . . . ¶ Dec.

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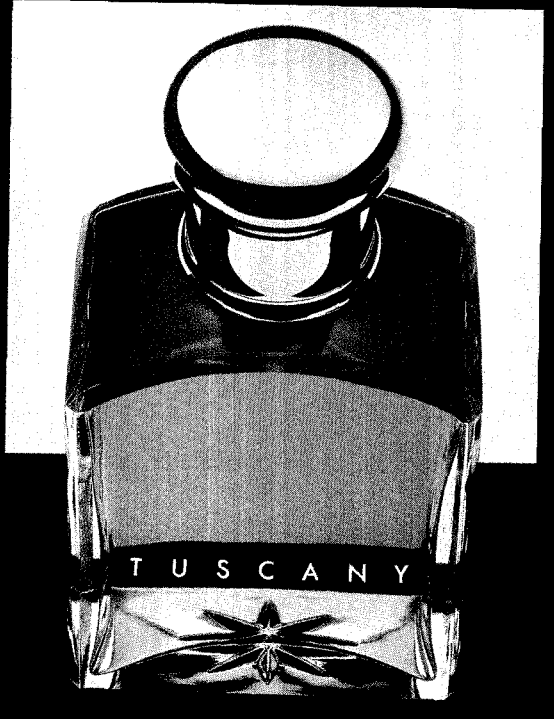
Tuscany

Body and soul



A fragrance for men.
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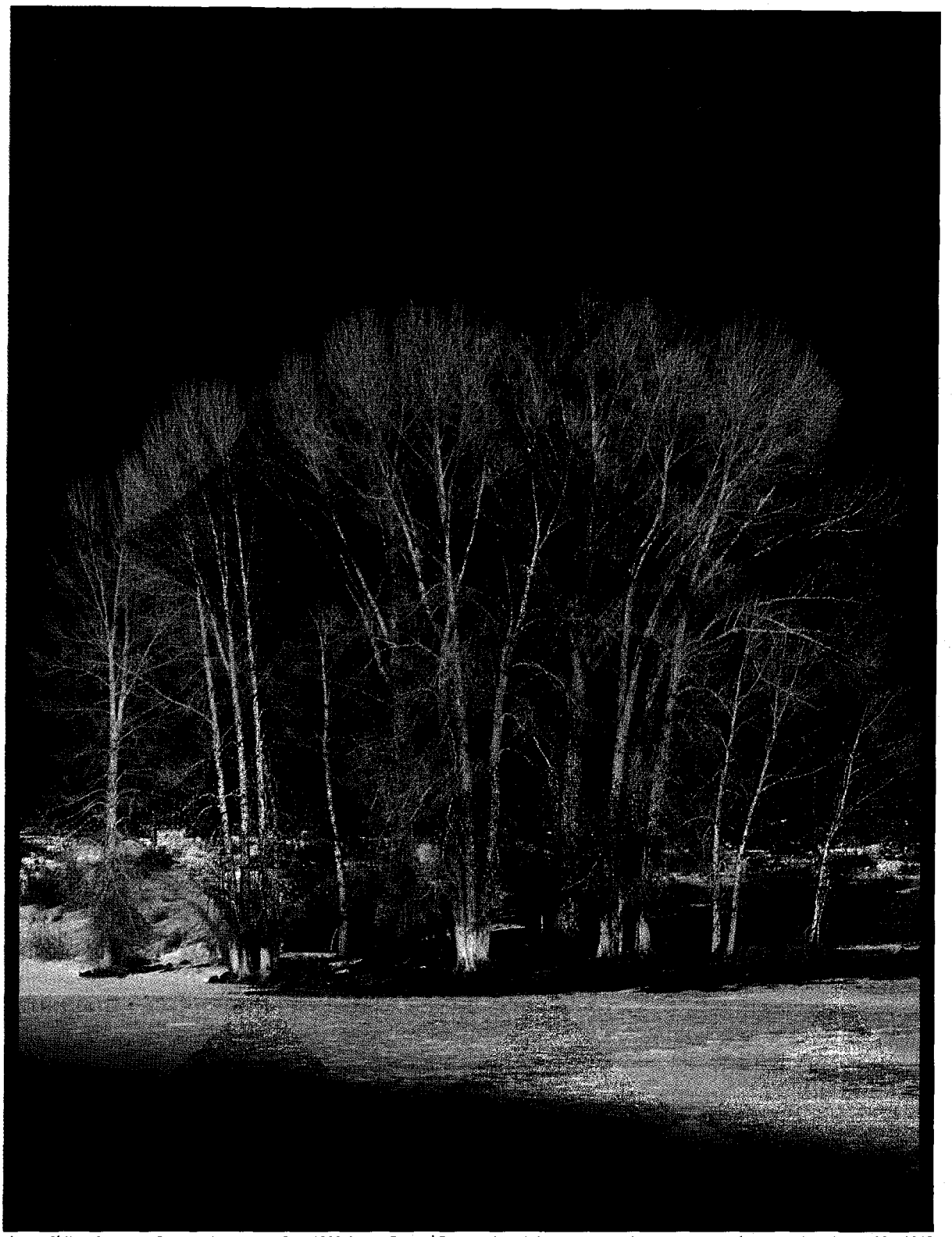

Aspen Skiing Company Reservations 1·800·525·6200 Aspen Central Reservations 1·800·262·7736 Snowmass Central Reservations 1·800·332·3245

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Last year, people played squash, swam, rode horseback, climbed, played tennis, ran, did aerobics, soared in hot air balloons, got a massage, played hockey, lifted weights, went snowshoeing, rode in dog sleds, attended a concert, played racquetball, snowmobiled, went gallery hopping, did yoga, fished, figure skated, and relaxed in a Jacuzzi. [*And, of course, there were those who came to ski.*]

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MUSIC–Cont'd

8 at 8, Dec. 9 at 2, and Dec. 10 and 13 at 8: With Leon Fleisher, piano, in a program of music by Elliott Carter, Britten, and Ravel.

"Meet the Moderns"—Lukas Foss conducting the Brooklyn Philharmonic, with Marni Nixon and Jeanine Thames, sopranos, and Chris Finckel, cello. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Dec. 14 at 8. For information about tickets, call 1-718 622-1000.)

New York Grand Opera Symphony—Gabriella Tucci, soprano, will sing arias by Mozart and Rossini. Vincent La Selva will conduct. (Alice Tully Hall. Dec. 8 at 8.)

New York Youth Symphony—Samuel Wong conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 11 at 3. No tickets necessary.)

Prism—Robert Black conducting. (Merkin Concert Hall. Dec. 14 at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—With an orchestra and the Long Island Symphonic Choral Association, performing Monteverdi's "Vespers of 1610." (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Dec. 10 at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-2990.)

Barnard-Columbia Chorus—With the Columbia University Orchestra in a candlelight concert. Gail Archer and George Rothman conducting music by Bach and Vivaldi. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Dec. 10 at 8. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

New York Philomusica—Playing works by Mozart, Ligeti, and Dvořák. (Merkin Concert Hall. Dec. 5 at 8.) . . . ¶ Playing Haydn under the starry skies of the planetarium. (Hayden Planetarium, Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 81st St. Dec. 13 at 7 and 9. For information about tickets, call 769-5907.)

Alexander String Quartet—In a program that includes the premières of works by William Thomas McKinley and by Ho Joon Park. (92nd Street Y. Dec. 6 at 8.)

S.E.M. Ensemble—Playing chamber music by Bach and three contemporary composers. With Gwendolyn Toth, harpsichord. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Dec. 6 at 8. For information about tickets, call 674-0766.)

Composers Concordance—Contemporary chamber music. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Dec. 6 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

New York Woodwind Quintet—With Gilbert Kalish, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Dec. 6 at 8.)

Ransom Wilson—Flute, with assisting artists. (Town Hall. Dec. 7 at 8.)

Andrew Rangell—Playing the third in a series of seven concerts devoted to Beethoven's piano sonatas. (92nd Street Y. Dec. 7 at 8.)

League-ISCM—Rolf Schulte, violin, and Joyce Lindorff, harpsichord, playing simultaneously with taped electronic music. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Dec. 7 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Composers' Forum—Presenting Steve Lacy's "Rushes: Ten Songs from Russia." With vocalist Irene Aebi. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Dec. 7 at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

New York Chamber Ensemble—With Susan Graham, mezzo-soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Dec. 7 at 8.)

Chung Trio—In a Shostakovich-Tchaikovsky program. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 8 at 8.)

Cleveland String Quartet—With André-Michel Schub, piano, in an all-Bartók program. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Dec. 8 at 8.)

Musicians' Accord—In a program of contemporary chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall. Dec. 8 at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Performing, among other works, Messiaen's "Louange à l'Éternité de Jésus." With Lynn Harrell, cello, and artists of the society. (Alice Tully Hall. Dec. 9 at 8, Dec. 10 at 2, and Dec. 11 at 5.)

Kalichstein-Laredo-Robinson Trio—Playing music by Beethoven, Shostakovich, and Mendelssohn. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Dec. 10 at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

Manuel Barrueco—Classical guitarist. (Merkin Concert Hall. Dec. 10 at 8.)

Grant Johannesen—Piano. (92nd Street Y. Dec. 10 at 8.)

Meredith Monk and Nurit Tilles—Voice, piano, and combinations thereof. (Town Hall. Dec. 10 at 8.)

Continuum—Presenting a program of music by minimalists. With assisting artists. (Alice Tully Hall. Dec. 10 at 8.)

Bella Davidovich and Dmitry Sitkovetsky—Piano and violin, mother and son. (Avery Fisher Hall. Dec. 11 at 3.)

Elisabeth Söderström and James Levine—Soprano and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Dec. 11 at 8.)

Boehm Quintette—In its twentieth-anniversary concert. (Weill Recital Hall, at Carnegie Hall. Dec. 11 at 8:30.)

Ruth Laredo—Playing Rachmaninoff and talking about his music. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Dec. 12 at 8.)

Barbara Krakauer and Nancy Garniez—Violin and piano, in their recital début. (Town Hall. Dec. 12 at 8.)

Samuel Bartos—Piano, playing Bach's "Goldberg Variations." (Merkin Concert Hall. Dec. 12 at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—With Paula Robison, flute; Frank Morelli, bassoon; David Jolley, horn; Jaime Laredo, violin; Ida Kavafian, viola; and others. (92nd Street Y. Dec. 13-14 at 8.)

Robert Goldsand—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Dec. 14 at 8.)

Anne-Sophie Mutter—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Dec. 14 at 8.)

SPORTS

(The ticket-information number for Madison Square Garden is 563-8300, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

Basketball—At **Madison Square Garden:** Knicks vs. Denver Nuggets, Dec. 6 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Milwaukee Bucks, Dec. 8 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Sacramento Kings, Dec. 10 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Nets, Dec. 13 at 8. . . . **Byrne Meadowlands Arena:** Nets vs. Portland Trail Blazers, Dec. 6 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Charlotte Hornets, Dec. 10 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Los Angeles Lakers, Dec. 14 at 7:30.

Football—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands—Jets vs. Indianapolis Colts, Dec. 10 at 12:30. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Kansas City Chiefs, Dec. 11 at 1.

Hockey—At **Nassau Coliseum:** Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Dec. 6 at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Los Angeles Kings, Dec. 10 at 7:05. . . . **Byrne Meadowlands Arena:** Devils vs. Washington Capitals, Dec. 7 at 7:45. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Islanders, Dec. 9 at 7:45. . . . ¶ Devils vs. St. Louis Blues, Dec. 13 at 7:45. . . . **Madison Square Garden:** Rangers vs. Los Angeles Kings, Dec. 12 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Islanders, Dec. 14 at 7:30.

Racing—At **Aqueduct:** Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. . . . **Meadowlands:** Weeknights at 7:30; through Dec. 31.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8.

ET ALIA

Poetry, Prose, and Drama Readings—Garrison Keillor, Calvin Trillin, Phylicia Rashād, George Plimpton, and others reading (and singing) on behalf of the East Harlem Tutorial Program. (Stern Auditorium, Mount Sinai Hospital, Fifth Ave. at 100th St. Dec. 7 at 8. For information about tickets, call 831-0650.) . . . ¶ Marilyn Hacker reading from her own poetry. (Pomander Bookshop, 955 West End Ave., at 107th St. Dec. 8 at 7:30. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Irene Worth and Sam Waterston reading from the poems and plays of T. S. Eliot. (92nd Street Y, Lexington at 92nd St. 427-4410. Dec. 11 at 8.)

Note—On Dec. 11 from 11 to 3, twenty-three blocks of Fifth Avenue (from Thirty-fourth Street to Fifty-seventh) will become an arena for audience participation, as strollers and shoppers mingle with folksingers, jazz groups, and other entertainers. (Rain date, Dec. 18.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Dec. 9: "The First Annual Human Rights Watch Film Festival," a series of films concerned with worldwide human-rights abuse.
Dec. 10 at 4:30: "The Singing Detective" (directed by Jon Amiel), with Michael Gambon. The seven-hour British television series, shown complete at one sitting, with an intermission.
From Dec. 11: "Gonza the Spearman" (1986; Masahiro Shinoda; in Japanese).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Tequila Sunrise" (Robert Towne), with Mel Gibson, Michelle Pfeiffer, and Kurt Russell.
Theatre 2: "The Naked Gun" (David Zucker), with Leslie Nielsen.
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 13: "Everybody's All-American" (Taylor Hackford), with Jessica Lange, Dennis Quaid, and Timothy Hutton. From Dec. 14: "Torch Song Trilogy" (Paul Bogart), with Anne Bancroft, Matthew Broderick, Harvey Fierstein, and Brian Kerwin.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Oliver & Company" (George Scribner), an animated film.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Cocoon: The Return" (Daniel Petrie).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Accused" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kelly McGillis and Jodie Foster.
Theatre 2: "Scrooged" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 13: "Child's Play" (Tom Holland), with Catherine Hicks, Chris Sarandon, and Alex Vincent. From Dec. 14 (tentative): "Dirty Rotten Scoundrels" (Frank Oz), with Steve Martin and Michael Caine.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Dec. 8: "The Land Before Time" (Don Bluth), an animated film.
From Dec. 9: "My Stepmother Is an Alien" (Richard Benjamin), with Dan Aykroyd and Kim Basinger.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Dec. 13: "High Spirits" (†).
From Dec. 14: "The Naked Gun" (David Zucker), with Leslie Nielsen.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Tequila Sunrise" (Robert Towne), with Mel Gibson, Michelle Pfeiffer, and Kurt Russell.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Cocoon: The Return" (Daniel Petrie).

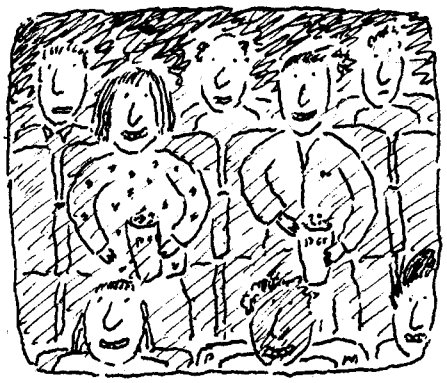
Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Dec. 8: "The Land Before Time" (Don Bluth), an animated film.
From Dec. 9: "Madame Sousatzka" (†).

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 8: "Everybody's All-American" (Taylor Hackford), with Jessica Lange, Dennis Quaid, and Timothy Hutton. From Dec. 9: "Twins" (Ivan Reitman), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Danny DeVito.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 8: "Fresh Horses" (David Anspaugh), with Molly Ringwald and Andrew McCarthy. From Dec. 9: "My Stepmother Is an Alien" (Richard Benjamin), with Dan Aykroyd and Kim Basinger.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Oliver & Company" (George Scribner), an animated film.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 8: "Madame Sousatzka" (†). From Dec. 9: "Twins" (Ivan Reitman), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Danny DeVito.
Theatre 2: "A Cry in the Dark" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Scrooged" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 13: "The Naked Gun" (David Zucker), with Leslie Nielsen. From Dec. 14: "Torch Song Trilogy" (Paul Bogart), with Anne Bancroft, Matthew Broderick, Harvey Fierstein, and Brian Kerwin.



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 27.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through Dec. 8: "Buster" (David Green), with Phil Collins and Julie Walters.
From Dec. 9: To be announced.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 13: "1969" (Ernest Thompson), with Robert Downey, Jr., and Kiefer Sutherland. From Dec. 14 (tentative): "Dirty Rotten Scoundrels" (Frank Oz), with Steve Martin and Michael Caine.
Theatre 2: "Child's Play" (Tom Holland), with Catherine Hicks, Chris Sarandon, and Alex Vincent.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Crossing Delancey" (Joan Micklin Silver), with Amy Irving and Peter Riegert.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Dec. 8: "The Accused" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kelly McGillis and Jodie Foster.
From Dec. 9: "Mississippi Burning" (Alan Parker), with Gene Hackman and Willem Dafoe.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Dec. 8: "Fresh Horses" (David Anspaugh), with Molly Ringwald and Andrew McCarthy.
From Dec. 9: "Twins" (Ivan Reitman), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Danny DeVito.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "The Naked Gun" (David Zucker), with Leslie Nielsen.
Theatre 2: "Scrooged" (†).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Tequila Sunrise" (Robert Towne), with Mel Gibson, Michelle Pfeiffer, and Kurt Russell.
Theatre 2: "Oliver & Company" (George Scribner), an animated film.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatres open in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 6: "Big Girl" (1987; directed by Nirit Yaron-Gronich; in Hebrew); and "Crows" (1987; Ayelet Menahemi; in Hebrew). Dec. 7-13: "Retracing Steps: American Dance Since Postmodernism" (Michael Blackwood), a documentary. From Dec. 14: "Sierra Leone" (1987; Uwe Schrader; in German).
Theatre 2: See listings under "Revival Houses."

Bleecker St. Cinema 1 and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Wings of Desire" ("Der Himmel über Berlin") (†).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 8: "We the Living" (1942; Goffredo Alessandrini; in Italian), with Alida Valli and Rossano Brazzi. From Dec. 9: "Amerika, Terra Incognita."

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Madame Sousatzka" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 8: "Things Change" (†). From Dec. 9: "My Stepmother Is an Alien" (Richard Benjamin), with Dan Aykroyd and Kim Basinger.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Cocoon: The Return" (Daniel Petrie).

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 8: "Fresh Horses" (David Anspaugh), with Molly Ringwald and Andrew McCarthy. From Dec. 9: "My Stepmother Is an Alien" (Richard Benjamin), with Dan Aykroyd and Kim Basinger.
Theatre 2: "A Cry in the Dark" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Mystic Pizza" (†).
Theatre 2: "Bagdad Café" (†).
Theatre 3: "Spike of Bensonhurst" (Paul Morrissey), with Sasha Mitchell and Ernest Borgnine.
Theatre 4: "Matador" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Crossing Delancey" (Joan Micklin Silver), with Amy Irving and Peter Riegert.
Theatre 2: "The Land Before Time" (Don Bluth), an animated film.
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 8: "Gorillas in the Mist" (†). From Dec. 9: "Twins" (Ivan Reitman), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Danny DeVito.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through Dec. 13: "Oliver & Company" (George Scribner), an animated film.
From Dec. 14: "Dirty Rotten Scoundrels" (Frank Oz), with Steve Martin and Michael Caine.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Cocoon: The Return" (Daniel Petrie).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"Full Moon in Blue Water" (Peter Masterson), with Gene Hackman, Teri Garr, Burgess Meredith, and Elias Koteas.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Hanna's War" (Menahem Golan), with Maruschka Detmers.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Through Dec. 13: "Madame Sousatzka" (†).
From Dec. 14: "Torch Song Trilogy" (Paul Bogart), with Anne Bancroft, Matthew Broderick, Harvey Fierstein, and Brian Kerwin.

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)
"We the Living" (1942; Goffredo Alessandrini; in Italian), with Alida Valli and Rossano Brazzi.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Another Woman" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Last Temptation of Christ" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Accused" (Jonathan Kaplan), with Kelly McGillis and Jodie Foster.

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "The Thin Blue Line" (†).
Theatre 2: "Salaam Bombay!" (Mira Nair; in Hindi).
Theatre 3: "Hotel Terminus: The Life and Times of Klaus Barbie" (Marcel Ophuls; in English, French, German, and Spanish), a four-hour-and-twenty-seven-minute documentary.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown" (†).
Theatre 2: "Nobody Listened" (Néstor Al-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

mendros and Jorge Ulla), a documentary.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Everybody's All-American" (Taylor Hackford), with Jessica Lange, Dennis Quaid, and Timothy Hutton.

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Tequila Sunrise" (Robert Towne), with Mel Gibson, Michelle Pfeiffer, and Kurt Russell.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 13: "Child's Play" (Tom Holland), with Catherine Hicks, Chris Sarandon, and Alex Vincent. From Dec. 14 (tentative): "Dirty Rotten Scoundrels" (Frank Oz), with Steve Martin and Michael Caine.
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 8: "1969" (Ernest Thompson), with Robert Downey, Jr., and Kiefer Sutherland. From Dec. 9 (tentative): "Mississippi Burning" (Alan Parker), with Gene Hackman and Willem Dafoe.
Theatre 4: "The Naked Gun" (David Zucker), with Leslie Nielsen.
Theatre 5: "Scrooged" (†).
Theatre 6: Through Dec. 8: "A Cry in the Dark" (†). From Dec. 9 (tentative): "My Stepmother Is an Alien" (Richard Benjamin), with Dan Aykroyd and Kim Basinger.

Metro Cinema I and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 8: "Things Change" (†). From Dec. 9: "Twins" (Ivan Reitman), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Danny DeVito.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 8: "The Land Before Time" (Don Bluth), an animated film. From Dec. 9: "Twins."

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Cocoon: The Return" (Daniel Petrie).
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 8: "Cocoon: The Return." From Dec. 9: "The Land Before Time" (Don Bluth), an animated film.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "A Cry in the Dark" (†).
Theatre 2: "Tequila Sunrise" (directed by Robert Towne), with Mel Gibson, Michelle Pfeiffer, and Kurt Russell.
Theatre 3: "High Spirits" (†).
Theatre 4: "Night of the Demons" (Kevin S. Tenney).
Theatre 5: "Spike of Bensonhurst" (Paul Morrissey), with Sasha Mitchell and Ernest Borgnine.
Theatre 6: "Iron Eagle II" (Sidney J. Furie), with Louis Gossett, Jr.

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"The Naked Gun" (David Zucker), with Leslie Nielsen.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "The Naked Gun" (David Zucker), with Leslie Nielsen.
Theatre 3: Through Dec. 13: "Child's Play" (Tom Holland), with Catherine Hicks, Chris Sarandon, and Alex Vincent. From Dec. 14: "Oliver & Company" (George Scribner), an animated film.
Theatre 4: Through Dec. 13: "Dakota" (Fred Holmes), with Lou Diamond Phillips. From Dec. 14: "Dirty Rotten Scoundrels" (Frank Oz), with Steve Martin and Michael Caine.

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
"Scrooged" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Dec. 8: "They Live" (John Carpenter).
From Dec. 9: "The Land Before Time" (Don Bluth), an animated film.

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through Dec. 8: "The Land Before Time" (Don Bluth), an animated film. From Dec. 9: "Twins" (Ivan Reitman), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Danny DeVito.
Theatre 2: Through Dec. 8: "Everybody's All-American" (Taylor Hackford), with Jessica Lange, Dennis Quaid, and Timothy Hutton. From Dec. 9: "Twins."

Warner, 7th Ave. between 42nd and 43rd. (764-6760)
Through Dec. 8: "Fresh Horses" (David Anspaugh), with Molly Ringwald and Andrew McCarthy.
From Dec. 9: "My Stepmother Is an Alien" (Richard Benjamin), with Dan Aykroyd and Kim Basinger.

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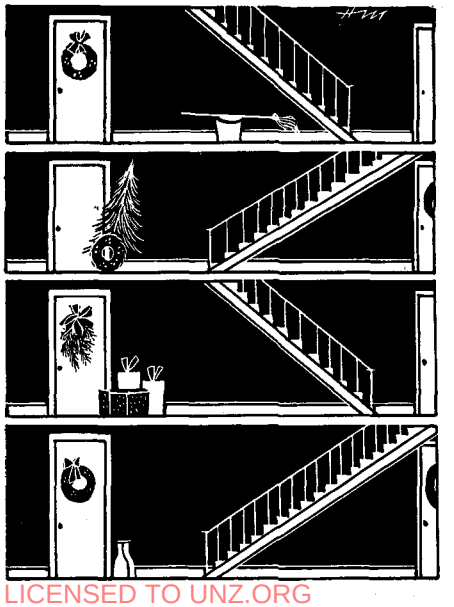
REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Dec. 5: "Keeper of the Flame" (1943; directed by George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy; and "State of the Union" (1948; Frank Capra), with Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy, Angela Lansbury, Adolphe Menjou, and Van Johnson.
Dec. 6-7: "Boys Town" (1938; Norman Taurog), with Mickey Rooney and Spencer Tracy; and "Fury" (1936; Fritz Lang), with Spencer Tracy, Sylvia Sidney, Edward Ellis, and Walter Brennan.
Dec. 8: "Judgment at Nuremberg" (1961; Stanley Kramer), with Spencer Tracy.
Dec. 9-10: "Without Love" (†) and "Adam's Rib" (†).
Dec. 11-12: "On the Town" (1949; Stanley Donen and Gene Kelly), with Kelly, Frank Sinatra, Jules Munshin, Betty Garrett, Vera-Ellen, and Ann Miller; and "West Side Story" (1961; Robert Wise), with Natalie Wood, Richard Beymer, Russ Tamblyn, Rita Moreno, and George Chakiris.
Dec. 13-14: "Coney Island" (1943; Walter Lang), with Betty Grable, George Montgomery, Cesar Romero, and Charles Winninger; and "42nd Street" (†).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Dec. 6: "The Exterminating Angel" (1962; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Silvia Pinal; and "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina.
Dec. 7-8: "Kiss Daddy Goodnight."
Dec. 9-10 (tentative): "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri; and "Blade Runner" (1982; Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer.
Dec. 11: "1900" (†).
Dec. 12-13: "Annie Hall" (1977; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton; and "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep.
From Dec. 14: "Bum Rap" (1988; Daniel Irom), with Craig Wesson and Blanche Baker.

Film Forum 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Dec. 5: "Sartre par Lui-même" (1976; Alexandre Astruc and Michel Contat; in French), a 1972 interview with Jean-Paul Sartre.
Dec. 6: "28 Up" (1984; Michael Apted), a documentary.
Dec. 7-8: "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1932; Rouben Mamoulian), with Miriam Hopkins, Fredric March, and Rose Hobart; and "Freaks" (1932; Tod Browning), with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford.
Dec. 9-11: "Stalker" (1979; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian).
Dec. 12: "Greed" (1924; Erich von Stroheim; a silent film), with Gibson Gowland, ZaSu Pitts, and Jean Hersholt; and "Potemkin" (1925; Sergei Eisenstein; a Russian silent film).
Dec. 13-14: "The Horse Thief" (1986; Tian Zhuangzhuang).



Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Dec. 5: "Broadway Thru a Keyhole" (1933; Lowell Sherman), with Constance Cummings and Russ Columbo; and "Folies-Bergère" (1935; Roy Del Ruth), with Maurice Chevalier, Merle Oberon, Ann Sothern, and Eric Blore.
Dec. 6: "A Royal Scandal" (1945; Otto Preminger), with Tallulah Bankhead, Charles Coburn, and Anne Baxter; and "Lifeboat" (1944; Alfred Hitchcock), with Tallulah Bankhead, William Bendix, John Hodiak, Henry Hull, and Walter Slezak.
Dec. 7: "Women's Prison" (1955; Lewis Seiler), with Ida Lupino, Jan Sterling, and Phyllis Thaxter; and "Ladies in Retirement" (1941; Charles Vidor), with Ida Lupino, Louis Hayward, and Elsa Lanchester.
Dec. 8: "Patterns" (1956; Fielder Cook), with Van Heflin, Everett Sloane, Ed Begley, and Beatrice Straight; and "Requiem for a Heavyweight" (1962; Ralph Nelson), with Anthony Quinn, Jackie Gleason, Mickey Rooney, and Julie Harris.
Dec. 9-10: "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "Laura" (1944; Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Vincent Price, Dana Andrews, and Judith Anderson.
Dec. 11: "General della Rovere" (1959; Roberto Rossellini; in Italian), with Vittorio De Sica; and "A Voyage to Italy" (†).
Dec. 12: "Stormy Weather" (†); and "Sun Valley Serenade" (†).
Dec. 13: "Interiors" (†); and "Face to Face" (1976; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Erland Josephson, and Gunnar Björnstrand.
Dec. 14: "The Corpse Came C.O.D." (1947; Henry Levin), with George Brent and Joan Blondell; and "The Fuller Brush Girl" (1950; Lloyd Bacon), with Lucille Ball, Eddie Albert, and Lee Patrick.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Dec. 5: "The Tenant" (1976; Roman Polanski), with Polanski; and "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish).
Dec. 6: "Stage Fright" (1950; Alfred Hitchcock), with Jane Wyman, Marlene Dietrich, Richard Todd, and Michael Wilding; and "Strangers on a Train" (1951; Alfred Hitchcock), with Farley Granger and Robert Walker.
Dec. 7: "Kennel Murder Case" (1933; Michael Curtiz), with Mary Astor, William Powell, Helen Vinson, and Jack La Rue; and "The Gracie Allen Murder Case" (1939; Alfred E. Green), with Gracie Allen and Warren William.
Dec. 8: "Moulin Rouge" (1928; E. A. Dupont; a silent film), with Olga Tschechowa; and "Foolish Wives" (1921; Erich von Stroheim; a silent film), with Mae Busch, Maude George, Miss Dupont, and von Stroheim.
Dec. 9-10: "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern; and "Spellbound" (†).
Dec. 11: "To Catch a Thief" (†); and "Wait Until Dark" (1967; Terence Young), with Audrey Hepburn, Alan Arkin, and Richard Crenna.
Dec. 12: "The Testament of Dr. Cordelier" (1959; Jean Renoir; in French); and "The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir" (1969; Jean Renoir; in French), with Jeanne Moreau,

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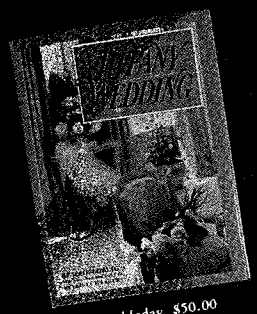
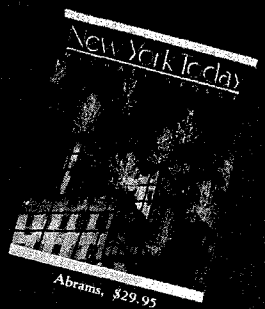
HOLIDAYS IN PROGRESS

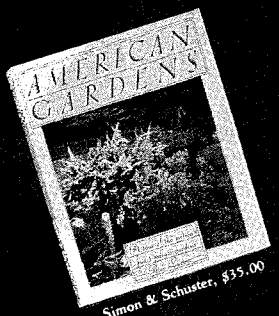


Doubleday, $50.00



Abrams, $29.95

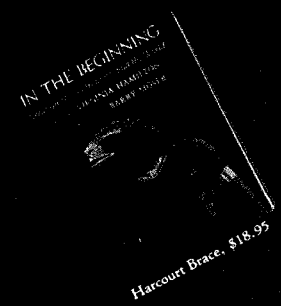
Houghton Mifflin, $40.00



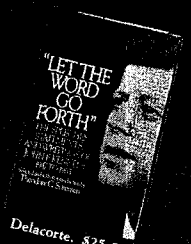
Simon & Schuster, $35.00

Crown, $24.95

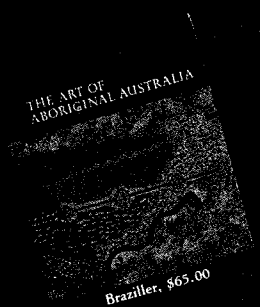
Simon & Schuster, $29.95



Harcourt Brace, $18.95



Delacorte, $25.00



Braziller, $65.00

Caedmon, $15.95

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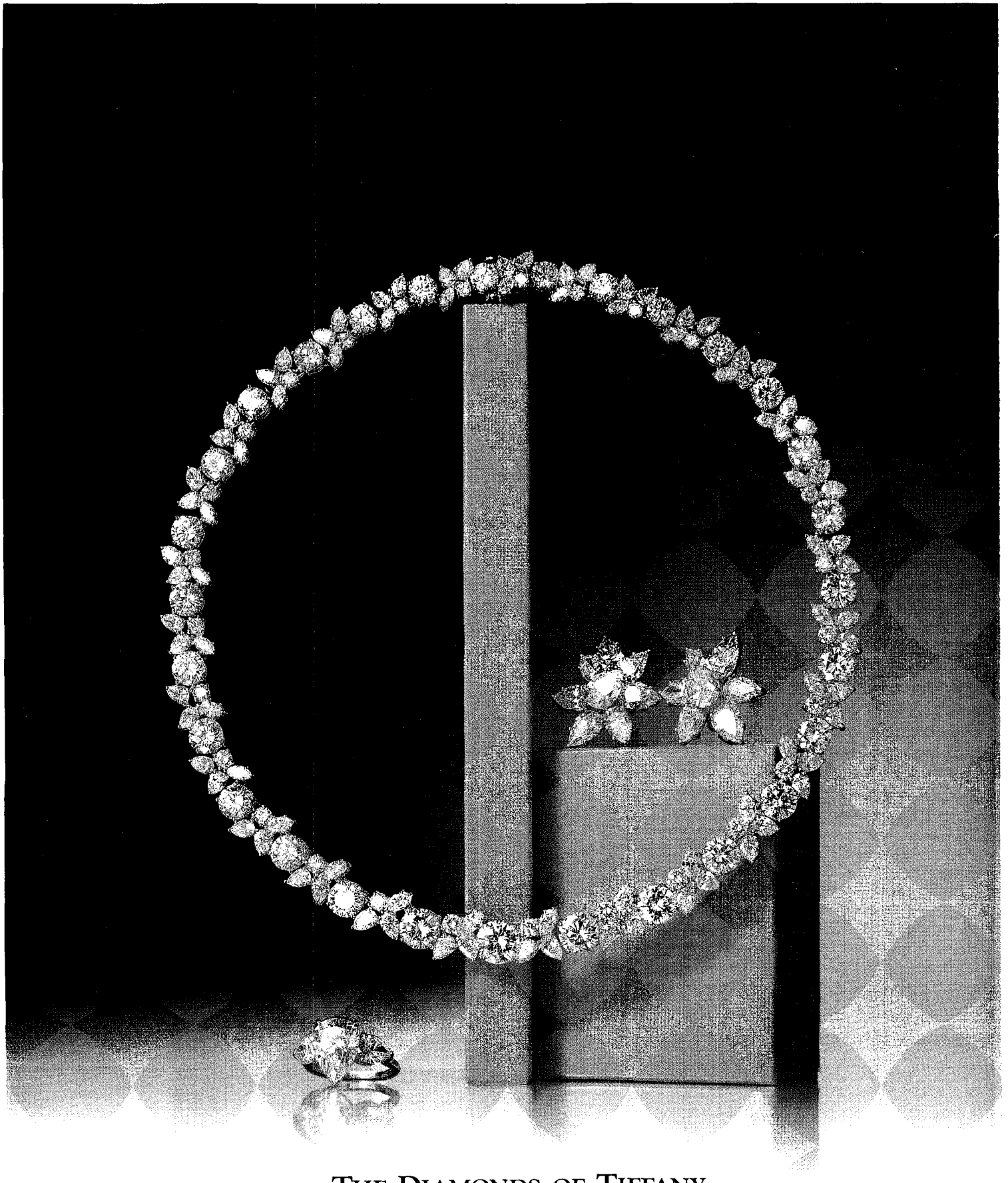

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MOVIE HOUSES—Cont'd

Françoise Arnoul, and Fernand Sardou. Dec. 13: "Les Biches" (†); and "My Life to Live" (1962; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina.

Dec. 14: "Will Penny" (†); and "Man of the West" (1958; Anthony Mann), with Gary Cooper, Julie London, Arthur O'Connell, and Lee J. Cobb.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)

THEATRE 1: Dec. 5 at 2:30: "The Glass Sky" (1987; directed by Nina Grosse; in German, with English subtitles), with Heli Berger. . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 6 and Dec. 6 at 2:30: "The Night of the Marten" (1987; Maria Theresia Wagner; in German, with English subtitles), with Annamirl Bierbichler. . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 6: "The Glass Sky." . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 2:30: "The Virgin Machine" (1988; Monika Treut; in German, with English subtitles), with Ina Blum. . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 6: "Butterflies" (1987; Wolfgang Becker; in German, with English subtitles), with Bertram von Boxberg. . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 2:30: "Forbidden to Forbid" (1987; Lothar Lambert; in German, with English subtitles), with Ingrid Caven. . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 6: "The Virgin Machine." . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 2: "The Microscope" (1987; Rudolf Thome; in German, with English subtitles), with Vladimir Weigl. . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 5: "Machine Dreams" (1988; Peter Krieg), a documentary. . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 2: "Butterflies." . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 3:30: "Dolly, Lotte and Maria" (1988; Rosa von Praunheim), a documentary. . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 5: "Forbidden to Forbid." . . . ¶ Dec. 12 at 2:30: "Machine Dreams." . . . ¶ Dec. 12 at 6: "Line 1" (1987; Reinhard Hauff; in German, with English subtitles), with Ilona Schulz. . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 2:30: "Dolly, Lotte and Maria."

THEATRE 2: Dec. 5 at 3: "The Old Maid" (1986; Serban Marinescu; in Rumanian, with English subtitles), with Marga Barbu. . . . ¶ Dec. 5 at 6:30: A program of films by James Broughton, who will be present. . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 3 and 6: A program of films by Paul Falkenberg. . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 3: "Fanfan la Tulipe: Episodes 1 and 2" (1925; René Leprince; a French silent film, with English voice-over translations of the French intertitles), with Aimé Simon-Girard. . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 6: "Fanfan la Tulipe: Episodes 3 and 4." . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 2:30: "Fanfan la Tulipe: Episodes 5 and 6." . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 5:30: "Fanfan la Tulipe: Episodes 7 and 8." . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 2:30 and 5:30: "Tillers of the Soil" (1923; Robert Boudrioz; a French silent film, with French intertitles), with Jacques de Feraudy. . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 2:30: "Fanfan la Tulipe: Episode 1."

American Museum of the Moving Image, 36th St. at 35th Ave., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)

RIKLIS THEATRE: A retrospective of film and television works by Jerry Lewis. Dec. 7 at 2:30: "The Stooge" (1952; Norman Taurog). . . . Dec. 8 at 2:30: "The Disorderly Orderly" (1964; Frank Tashlin). . . . Dec. 9 at 2:30: "Cinderfella" (1960; Frank Tashlin). . . . ¶ A program of films with Biblical themes. Dec. 9 at 7:30: "Samson and Delilah" (1949; Cecil B. De Mille), with Hedy Lamarr and Victor Mature. . . . Dec. 10 at 12:30: "Esther and the King" (1960; Raoul Walsh), with Joan Collins and Richard Egan. . . . Dec. 10 at 3: "King of Kings" (1961; Nicholas Ray), with Jeffrey Hunter. . . . Dec. 10 at 7:30: "Quo Vadis" (1951; Mervyn LeRoy), with Deborah Kerr and Robert Taylor. . . . Dec. 11 at 2: "Ben Hur" (1959; William Wyler), with Charlton Heston. . . . Dec. 14 at 2:30: "Samson and Delilah."

WARNER COMMUNICATIONS SCREENING ROOM (continuous showings): Dec. 7-8: "Henri Rousseau or the Monkeys Shedding the Blood of the Watermelon" (1985; Millie Iatrou and Ron Morgan); "E. J. Bellocq: Processed" (1982; Robert Russett); and "J. S. Bach" (1986; Juan Downey). . . . ¶ Dec. 9-11 and Dec. 14: The first of six programs of video art, television commercials, and short films dealing with feminist issues.

Anthology Film Archives, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Films showing in either the **JONAS MEKAS THEATRE** or the **MAYA DEREN THEATRE:** Dec. 6 at 6 and 8: "Wanda" (1970; Barbara Loden). . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 6:30: "Light Years" (1987), "Light Years Expanding" (1988), and "Field Study #2" (1988), all directed by Gunvor Nelson. . . . ¶ Dec. 6 at 8:30: A program of Gunvor Nelson films. . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 7: "Songs 1-14" (1964-65; Stan Brakhage). . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 8: "The Kid" (1921; a silent film) and "The Idle Class" (1921; a silent film), both by Charlie Chaplin. . . . ¶ Dec. 7 at 10: "Mouchette" (1966; Robert Bresson; in French, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 7: "Pull My Daisy" (1959; Robert Frank and Alfred Leslie) and "The Sin of Jesus" (1961; Robert Frank). . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 8:30: "Before Need" (1979; Gunvor Nelson). . . . ¶ Dec. 8 at 10: "Pestilent City" (1965) and "Echoes of Silence" (1965), both by Peter Goldman. . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 7: "Frame Line" (1983) and "Red Shift" (1984), both by Gunvor Nelson. . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 8: "Me and My Brother" (1965-68; Robert Frank). . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 9: "Songs 15-22" (1965-66; Stan Brakhage). . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 10: "Pestilent City: Echoes of Silence." . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 8 and 10: "Chappaqua" (1967; Conrad Rooks; photographed by Robert Frank). . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 8:30: "Light Years," "Light Years Expanding," and "Field Study #2." . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 10: "Songs 24-30" (1967-69; Stan Brakhage). . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 7: "Life Raft Earth" (1969; Robert Frank, Rudy Wurlitzer, and Gary Hill), "Conversations in Vermont" (1969; Robert Frank), and "About Me: A Musical" (1971; Robert Frank). . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 8: "23rd Psalm Branch" (1966; Stan Brakhage). . . . ¶ Dec. 12 at 7: "Pull My Daisy" and "The Sin of Jesus." . . . ¶ Dec. 12 at 8:30: "Dream Street" (1921; D. W. Griffith; a silent film). . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 7: "Me and My Brother." . . . ¶ Dec. 13 at 9: "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" (1921; Rex Ingram; a silent film). . . . ¶ Dec. 14 at 8: "Home Is Where the Heart Is" (1971; Danny Seymour, photographed by Robert Frank), "About Us" (1972; Robert Frank and Visual Studies Workshop students, Rochester), and "Keep Busy" (1975; Robert Frank). . . . ¶ Dec. 14 at 8:30: A program of films by Su Friedrich. . . . ¶ Dec. 14 at 10: "Variety" (1984; Bette Gordon).

Collective for Living Cinema, 41 White St. (925-2111)—Dec. 5-8 at 7: "Coming Attractions: An Informal History of the Motion Picture Trailer" (1988; Gwendolyn Foster-Dixon and Wheeler Dixon); and "Her Sister's Secret" (1946; Edgar G. Ulmer). . . . ¶ Dec. 9 at 8: A program of films by Fred Worden, who will be present. . . . ¶ Dec. 10 at 8: A program of recent Australian avant-garde films, including "Ecce Homo," by Mark Titmarch, who will be present. . . . ¶ Dec. 11 at 8 and Dec. 12-13 at 7: "Landlord Blues" (1987; Jacob Burckhardt). . . . ¶ Dec. 14 at 7: "The Red Tapes" (1976; Vito Acconci), a video work.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(Unsigned notes are by Pauline Kael; others are by Terrence Rafferty.)

Adam's Rib (1949)—George Cukor directed this "uncinematic" but well-played and often witty M-G-M comedy about the battle of the sexes. Katharine Hepburn, thin, nervous, and high-strung, keeps pecking away at Spencer Tracy, who is solid, imperturbable, and maddeningly sane. They are married lawyers on opposing sides in a court battle; the case involves equal rights for women, i.e., does Judy Holliday have the right to shoot her two-timing husband, Tom Ewell, in order to protect her home against Jean Hagen? The script, by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin, is lively and ingenious (though it stoops to easy laughs now and then). Cukor's work is too arch, too consciously, commercially clever, but it's also spirited, confident. Holliday and Ewell have roles that seem just the right size for them; intermittently, Holliday lifts the picture to a higher, freestyle wit. And as a composer neighbor of the married lawyers David Wayne airily upstages the two stars; Hepburn is overly intense and Tracy does some coy mugging, but Wayne stays right on target. With Polly Moran, Clarence Kolb, and Hope Emerson (as a circus strong woman). (Biograph Cinema; Dec. 9-10.)

Another Woman—Woody Allen's (unofficial) version of Ingmar Bergman's "Wild Strawberries" features Gena Rowlands as a firm-minded, judgmental philosophy professor who has just turned fifty. Having taken a year off to write a book, she has rented a workplace, but "reality" leaks through: the voices of an analyst's patients come through an air vent, and she becomes obsessed with the voice of a distraught pregnant woman (Mia Farrow), whose confused feelings awaken her to the risk-taking she has put out of her own fearful, prudent life. She realizes she has missed out on passion, on motherhood, on everything that matters. The picture is meant to be about emotion, but it has no emotion. It's smooth and high-toned; it's polished in its nothingness. The only resonance comes from a few of the performers—especially from Gene Hackman, who comes through with some sexual magnetism, and Sandy Dennis, who lets loose with bursts of smudgy, chaotic anger. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/31/88.) (Paris.)

Bagdad Café—After an argument with her husband on a godforsaken stretch of highway at the edge of the Mojave Desert, a fat German tourist named Jasmin (Marianne Sägebrecht) checks into a crummy motel attached to the equally crummy Bagdad Café. This movie, the first in English by the German director Percy Adlon (whose 1985 "Sugarbaby" was also a vehicle for Sägebrecht), is filled with eccentrics who are apparently meant to be lovable. The rather precious conceit of the film is that Jasmin somehow brings the outcast characters together in a kind of extended family; by the end, the Bagdad Café has been transformed into a popular roadside cabaret, with everyone contributing a specialty (Jasmin does magic tricks). The American performers are trapped in a movie that treats them as merely exotic—waxwork grotesques waiting to be animated by a mysterious German touch.—T.R. (Quad Cinema.)

Les Biches (1968)—Saint-Tropez in December, and a sexually ambiguous threesome: a mope (Jacqueline Sassard), a dope (Jean-Louis Trintignant), and a chic, slinky lesbian (Stéphane Audran). Claude Chabrol directed this languorous exercise in classy eroticism; very little of anything goes on. Cinematography by Jean Rabier. In French. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 13.)

A Cry in the Dark—The director, Fred Schepisi, attempts an epic dissection of how superstitions can spread, and how false the public perception (based on the media) can be. He uses the case of Lindy Chamberlain (Meryl Streep), the wife of a Seventh Day Adventist minister, who was tried for murder and convicted, to ask why Australians cynically rejected her account of seeing a dingo (the Australian wild dog) slink off from the tent her nine-week-old daughter was in. Perhaps the thing that made her the most hated woman in Australia was that TV had accustomed people to grieving mothers who showed their frailty and their naked pathos, and here was Lindy on TV—stoic, matter-of-fact, and bluntly impatient at the endless dumb questions. Streep has seen that Lindy's hardness saves a part of her from the quizzing and prying of journalists and lawyers—that she needs her impersonal manner to keep herself intact. (From time to time, Streep suggests the strong emotions that Lindy hides in public, and we feel a bond with her—we feel joined to her privacy.) There are wonderful night scenes of the search for the baby in the blackness around Ayers Rock, in the Outback, and the movie is never less than gripping. But Schepisi, who worked on the script

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

IN BRIEF—Cont'd

with Robert Caswell (it's based on John Bryson's study of the case, "Evil Angels"), put together more elements than he could develop. The film is like an expanded, beautifully made TV Movie of the Week. Remarkable as Streep is (she does some of her finest screen acting), she seems to be playing a person in a documentary. This is also true of the accomplished Sam Neill, though he seems faultlessly right as Lindy's husband, who becomes incoherent during the trial and loses his faith. You come out moved—even shaken—yet not quite certain what you've been watching. (11/28/88) (Coronet, Art Greenwich Twin, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through Dec. 8.)

42nd Street (1933)—This big, cheerful Warners musical was based on a novel by Bradford Ropes but was also an unofficial remake of the 1929 "On with the Show;" it gave new life to the clichés that have kept parodists happy—what's surprising is how organic the clichés once were. The backstage story is pleasantly tawdry and corny. Warner Baxter is the great Broadway producer-director, Peggy Sawyer, the understudy who has to go on for the star, is Ruby Keeler, who wears little puffed sleeves (for innocence) even in her rehearsal clothes; training her for the opening, the tough Baxter never tells her to stop looking at her feet—and neither, apparently, did the film's choreographer, Busby Berkeley. It's hard to decide which is klunkier—her dancing or her line readings—but it's just about impossible not to like her. (She had to play the nice girl—what else could she play?) Bebe Daniels is the fading star (in fox furs) who breaks her ankle; George Brent is her lover; Dick Powell is the singing and smiling twerpy juvenile; Ginger Rogers is the gold-digging chorine known as "the Countess;" Guy Kibbee is a sugar daddy; Una Merkel and Toby Wing are in the chorus. The songs, by Harry Warren and Al Dubin (who make brief appearances), include "Shuffle Off to Buffalo," "You're Getting to Be a Habit with Me," and, of course, "42nd Street." Lloyd Bacon directed; the screenplay is by Rian James and James Seymour; cinematography by Sol Polito. (Biograph Cinema; Dec. 13-14.)

Gorillas in the Mist—Sigourney Weaver as the anthropologist Dian Fossey, in what seems meant to be a triumphant epic about an activist heroine who made a difference. (A title at the close tells us that Fossey saved the mountain gorillas from extinction.) Weaver's physical strength alone is inspiring here, and there's a new freedom in her acting. She's so vivid that you immediately feel Fossey's will and drive. But Michael Apted, who directed, has an indeterminate approach to some of the key incidents; he doesn't locate a dramatic core in Anna Hamilton Phelan's script. The movie is a feminist version of "King Kong"—now it's the gorillas who do the screaming. (10/17/88) (23rd St. West Triplex; through Dec. 8.)

High Spirits—With Daryl Hannah, Peter O'Toole, and Steve Guttenberg; directed by Neil Jordan. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; through Dec. 13.)

Interiors (1978)—The people in this serious Woody Allen film are destroyed by the repressiveness of good taste, and so is the picture. It's constructed like a well-made play from the American past, and given the beautiful, solemn visual clarity of a Bergman film, without, however, the eroticism of Bergman. "Interiors" looks like a masterpiece and has a super-banal metaphysical theme (death versus life). The problem for the family in the film is the towering figure of the disciplined, manipulative, inner-directed mother (Geraldine Page). She is such a perfectionist that she cannot enjoy anything, and the standards of taste and achievement that she imposes on her three daughters (Diane Keaton, Mary Beth Hurt, and Kristin Griffith) tie them in such knots that they all consider themselves failures. The mother's impoverished conception of good taste is sustained in the style of the film. It's a handbook of art-film mannerisms; it's so austere and studied that it might have been directed by that icy mother herself—from the grave. People who watch this movie are almost inevitably going to ask themselves, How can Woody Allen present in a measured, lugubriously straight manner the same sorts of tinny anxiety discourse that he generally parodies? With E. G. Marshall, Maureen Stapleton, Richard Jordan, and Sam Waterston. Cinematography by Gordon Willis. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 13.)

The Last Temptation of Christ—Martin Scorsese's film is based on an intense, rather ponderous novel by Nikos Kazantzakis that portrays Christ as a tormented prophet who has to choose between his human nature and his divine nature—who in order to fulfill his role as redeemer must reject the overpowering temptation to be merely a man. If we respond to anything in this movie it's to the idea of Scorsese wrestling with Kazantzakis's conception, thrashing manfully among the tangles of the novel's dense prose, trying to isolate some clear, intelligible meaning from this religious fever-dream. Scorsese hasn't managed to come up with a consistent visual style for the story, and the movie's intensity, over a span of two hours and forty minutes, is sputtering, fitful. The scenes meant to evoke the natural—the human—side of the story don't have much charge, and most of the actors look uncomfortable. (The drab modern idiom of Paul Schrader's dialogue is at least part of the problem.) This movie isn't a sacrilege; it's just an honorable mistake. With Willem Dafoe as Jesus, Harvey Keitel as Judas, Barbara Hershey as Mary Magdalene, and David Bowie as Pontius Pilate. Peter Gabriel composed the music.—T.R. (9/5/88) (Cinema 3.)

Madame Sousatzka—As a flamboyant, grande-dame piano teacher of Russian lineage, Shirley MacLaine seems to have entered the Simone Signoret sweepstakes, but she doesn't project Signoret's generosity—she doesn't spill over emotionally. This is, arguably, MacLaine's worst performance. She has flurries of physical mannerisms, but she's tight and held in; she's a wacky witch with frizzy red hair; she could be Norma Desmond's small-town spinster sister. Sousatzka lives in London (in an Edwardian house that is to be demolished) and devotes her energies and her hopes to the most prodigious of her students, a fifteen-year-old Indian boy raised in England—a role played with intelligence and poise by Navin Chowdhry. The blindingly derivative movie is about the boy's breaking free of her, though he knows he'll remain in her debt forever. Directed by John Schlesinger, this is a handsomely mounted production, and the musical community may regard it as a treasure—as the "Red Shoes" of the keyboard. With Peggy Ashcroft, Shabana Azmi, Geoffrey Bayldon, Leigh Lawson, and an appealingly understated performance by Twiggy. The script, by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala and Schlesinger, is based on the 1962 novel by Bernice Rubens. (10/31/88) (Waverly. . . . ¶ Baronet; through Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Dec. 13. . . . ¶ Plaza; starting Dec. 9.)

Matador—Hugely entertaining. Everything is eroticized in this lush, clownish comedy by Pedro Almodóvar. The characters act out their wildest fantasies—or, like the handsome, wealthy young virgin Ángel (Antonio Banderas), try to act them out—and embarrass themselves. Ángel is training to be a bullfighter, but he faints at the sight of blood. He's such a supreme fantasist that he hallucinates and sees what happened in a recent series of murders—unluckily, he's fantasist enough to think that he committed them. It's all sumptuously sick and funny. Assumpta Serna plays a culmination of the scarlet-woman tradition of Joan Crawford, Rita Hayworth, Ava Gardner, and Anouk Aimée—all those flaming man-killers with their too vibrant smiles. And Almodóvar himself appears as a mad-genius couturier who messes up his curly hair before he appears in public. In Spanish. (5/16/88) (Quad Cinema.)

Mystic Pizza—The romantic adventures of three young women who work in a pizza parlor in Mystic, Connecticut: Jojo (Lili Taylor) is small and lively; Daisy (Julia Roberts) is tall and sexy; Kat (Annabeth Gish) is serious-minded, bound for Yale. They laugh; they cry; they bond. The movie, directed by Donald Petrie, has an earnest, self-congratulatory little-movie tone, but it's as predictable as if it had been mass-produced—just another thin, reheated slice of life. Also with Vincent Phillip D'Onofrio, William R. Moses, Adam

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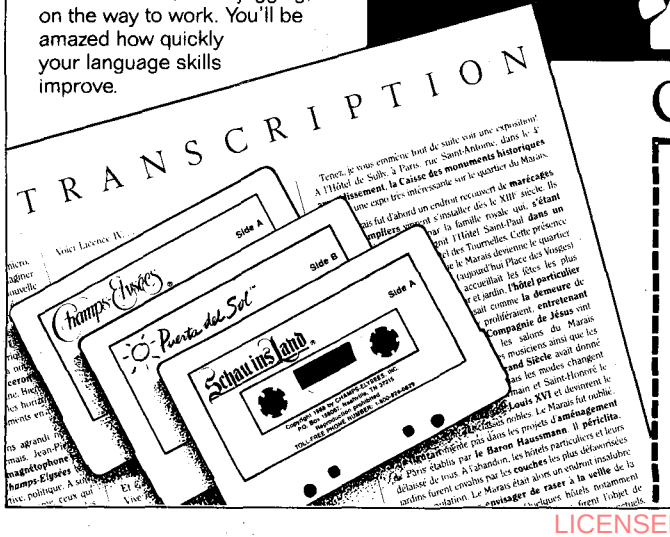

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

IN BRIEF—Cont'd

Storke, and Conchata Ferrell.—T.R. (Quad Cinema.)

1900 (1977)—Bernardo Bertolucci's utopian folly is about two boys born in the North Italian region of Emilia-Romagna on the same day in 1901. Alfredo (Robert De Niro) is the heir to the vast landholdings of his grandfather (Burt Lancaster), and Olmo (Gérard Depardieu) is the bastard grandson of the patriarch (Sterling Hayden) of the peasant clan that lives on those holdings and labors for a share of the crop. "1900" is a romantic moviegoer's vision of the class struggle—a love poem for the movies as well as for the life of those who live communally on the land. (The belief that permeates the movie is that Communism will preserve the folk culture of the peasants.) In form, it's an opera-novel, and its homage is to Verdi, the great Emilian who died on the day of the two boys' birth; it has all of Bertolucci's themes and motifs, and one could call it the Portable Bertolucci, though it isn't portable. It's like a course to be enrolled in, with a guaranteed horror every hour; there are also sequences as great as any ever filmed. The cast includes Dominique Sanda, Alida Valli, Donald Sutherland, Stefania Sandrelli, and Laura Betti. Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro; music by Ennio Morricone. (Cinema Village; Dec. 11.)

Scrooged—With Bill Murray, directed by Richard Donner. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, Loews Orpheum, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Spellbound (1945)—The idea is a good one: a murder mystery set among a group of psychoanalysts, with a solution to be arrived at by clues found in a dream. It was carried out by one of the most highly publicized collaborations of all time: Alfred Hitchcock and Salvador Dali, with Ben Hecht writing the script. Ingrid Bergman is the analyst, Gregory Peck her amnesiac patient—the murder suspect. Yet, with all the obvious ingredients for success, "Spellbound" is a disaster. It was fitting that the actress who was once described as a "fine, strong, cow-country maiden" should be cast as a good, solid analyst, dispensing cures with the wholesome simplicity of a mother adding wheat germ to the family diet, but Bergman's apple-cheeked sincerity has rarely been as out of place as in this confection whipped up by jaded chefs. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 9-10.)

Stormy Weather (1943)—Vague, wandering show-biz story—a fictionalized bio of Bill Robinson—but marvellous musical numbers. With Robinson, Fats Waller (doing "Ain't Misbehavin' "), Lena Horne, Cab Calloway, Dooley Wilson, Katherine Dunham and her dancers, the great Nicholas Brothers, Zutty Singleton, Ada Brown, Eddie (Rochester) Anderson, Benny Carter, and many other black performers and musicians. There are so many famous people in this movie that sometimes there are three or four "greats" packed together in the drably staged scenes. Andrew Stone directed, and Clarence Robinson and Nick Castle staged the dances. The script, by Frederick Jackson and Ted Koehler, is about as bad as a script can be. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 12.)

Sun Valley Serenade (1941)—Sonja Henie skates and skis to such colossal triumphs that Lynn Bari, her jealous rival for John Payne's affection, can do nothing more than call her a "Scandinavian hillbilly" and take off in a huff. Sonja Henie probably has to be seen once, just as the infant Shirley Temple has to be seen once. There's no way of explaining what made either of them a top star, but when you see them you understand it perfectly; they may be beyond satire but they're undeniably stars. With Milton Berle, Joan Davis, the Nicholas Brothers, Dorothy Dandridge, Ray Eberle, Tex Beneke and the Modernaires, and Glenn Miller and his orchestra, who come through with "Chattanooga Choo-Choo." Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 12.)

The Thin Blue Line—Errol Morris's trancelike, almost lyrical documentary tells the story of a 1976 cop-killing in Dallas and examines the process by which a man who is almost certainly innocent was convicted and sentenced

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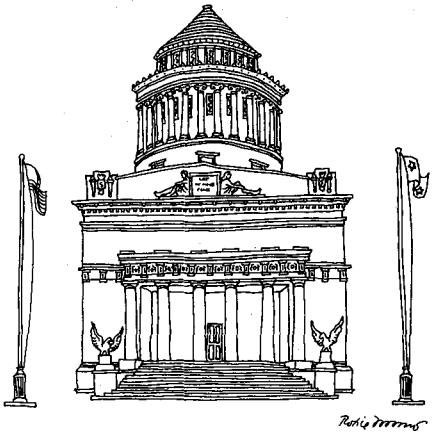
to death for the crime. The movie's form is circular, spiralling, its obsessive, repetitive visual motifs echoed in Philip Glass's hauntingly monotonous score. In showing us the lies, the fears, the social pressures, the ulterior motives, the stubbornness, and the plain confusion that combined to produce the case against the unfortunate Randall Adams—whose fate is worthy of a Borges hero—Morris seems to be investigating not just this squalid murder but the very nature of untruth. His style is occasionally too fancy and elliptical for absolute clarity, but this is a powerful and thrillingly strange movie. Morris—who actually uncovered new evidence in the course of making the film—has turned Randall Adams' case into a kind of tabloid poetry, a meditation on uncertainty and the fascination of violence.—T.R. (9/5/88) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Things Change—A modernist version of a sentimental fable: David Mamet, who directed and was the co-writer (with Shel Silverstein), gives you the blueprint but not the feeling. The story is essentially a heart-warmer: Sicilian-born Gino (Don Ameche), a dignified old Chicago shoeshine man who gets mixed up with mobsters and is mistaken for a Mafia don, emerges unscathed because of his simple goodness—his humanity. The one most affected by it is the blundering mafioso Jerry (Joe Mantegna); there's nothing to look at except Gino and Jerry's mummified skits, which are directed at a deliberate and unvarying pace. The result is like a Frank Capra–Damon Runyon comic fairy tale of the thirties in slow motion. With Robert Prosky and W. H. Macy. (11/14/88) (Waverly, and Metro Cinema; through Dec. 8.)

To Catch a Thief (1955)—The later Hitchcock leans to malice and manner. He gets by with it here, largely because of Cary Grant's elegance as a retired cat burglar, and the luscious, sunny Riviera scenery, and Grace Kelly—she's sexier than she is in anything else. The suspense plot (reprised in the 1974 "The Return of the Pink Panther") isn't much; there are few thrills in this romantic comedy-thriller—it's no more than a pleasant minor diversion, but it does have a zingy air of sophistication. With Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, John Williams, and Brigitte Auber. The screenplay, by John Michael Hayes, is based on a novel by David Dodge. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 11.)

A Voyage to Italy (1953)—Roberto Rossellini made this study of a marriage in trouble, starring Ingrid Bergman and George Sanders; in the film's finest scene, the couple visit Pompeii and see two petrified embracing bodies that have just been uncovered. An influential film (there are echoes of it in both Godard's "Contempt" and Bergman's "The Touch"), which is marred by banality and clumsiness. Screenplay by Rossellini and Vitaliano Brancati. (Thalia SoHo; Dec. 11.)



Will Penny (1968)—A "realistic" Western, in the sense that the cowhand hero (Charlton Heston) is dirty, ignorant, not overly courageous, and fifty years old. This film, written and directed by Tom Gries, is trying to be a classic—you can tell because all that the hero really hopes to do is survive, and though he meets a woman (Joan Hackett, who gives the film its only freshness), he goes back to his dull, solitary existence. It's static and overextended, to put it generously, and Donald Pleasence does one of his more obnoxious performances; as the religious-maniac villain, he stares fixedly—and persistently. The cast includes Bruce Dern as Pleasence's giggly-killer son, Ben Johnson, Slim Pickens, Anthony Zerbe, and Lee Majors. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Dec. 14.)

Wings of Desire ("Der Himmel über Berlin")—The director, Wim Wenders, who wrote the script with the collaboration of Peter Handke, has a theme: in an approximation of Rilke's words, "Joy has gone astray." We're told that "when the child was a child" stories held together. Now all we have is fragmentation, entropy. Two angels—Damiel (Bruno Ganz) and Cassiel (Otto Sander)—hover over the bleak, divided city and move among the forlorn Berliners, listening to what's in their minds: listening to the questions about existence that these people ask themselves. Our overhearing what the angels hear—the thoughts chanted on the track, all in even, quiet tones, as grayed out as the sunless skies—works on us like a tranquillizer. Eventually, Damiel falls in love with a beautiful French aerialist (Solveig Dommartin), and gives up his wings. With Peter Falk, who brings some funky warmth to the role of an American movie star, and Curt Bois as a sad-faced old man called Homer. The cinematography (tinted black-and-white, and color) is by Henri Alekan. This Franco-German production is in English, French, and German. (5/30/88) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

Without Love (1945)—One of the dreariest films in the Katharine Hepburn–Spencer Tracy series; it has a metallic flavor. Philip Barry had shaped the play for Hepburn, but it had never worked, and she just barely squeaked by with it on Broadway in 1942; for the movie, the material was extensively rewritten by Donald Ogden Stewart and it still didn't work, though the picture was a box-office success anyway. Tracy is a homespun scientist working on a helmet for high-altitude flying, and Hepburn is a widow with a big house in Washington. The wartime housing shortage is the plot excuse for his moving in with her, on the understanding that they'll have a platonic marriage. And guess what happens. Hepburn comes off as a weird cross between an old maid and a tomboy; she's at her most cultured and affected, yet she keeps exclaiming "By gum!" The dialogue tries to be sophisticated; it doesn't match the desperate plot maneuvers, such as the one requiring Tracy to be a sleepwalker. Sleepwalking in the movies is almost as tacky as amnesia, and with the sturdy Tracy there's not enough difference between awake and asleep. Keenan Wynn and Lucille Ball, who play a second pair of lovers, are much more likable than the stars. The pedestrian direction is by Harold S. Bucquet. (Biograph Cinema; Dec. 9-10.)

Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown—The most original pop writer-director of the eighties, Pedro Almodóvar is Godard with a human face—a happy face. The artificial is what sends him sky high, and the Madrid of this film is (as the closing song has it) "Puro Teatro." This is a movie where after a while you can't tell sexy from funny. Pepa (Carmen Maura), an actress who works in TV and commercials, turns on her answering machine and learns that she has been jilted. Infuriated, she dashes around, on spike heels, in a short, tight skirt, trying to confront her long-time live-in lover, the elegant, vain Iván (Fernando Guillén). The women of the title include Iván's early lover (Julieta Serrano), his new lover (Kiti Manver), and two (Rossy De Palma and María Barranco) who are involved with his son (Antonio Banderas). Sleek-legged and chic, they run the theatrical gamut. Cinematography by José Luis Alcaine. In Spanish. (11/14/88) (Cinema Studio.)

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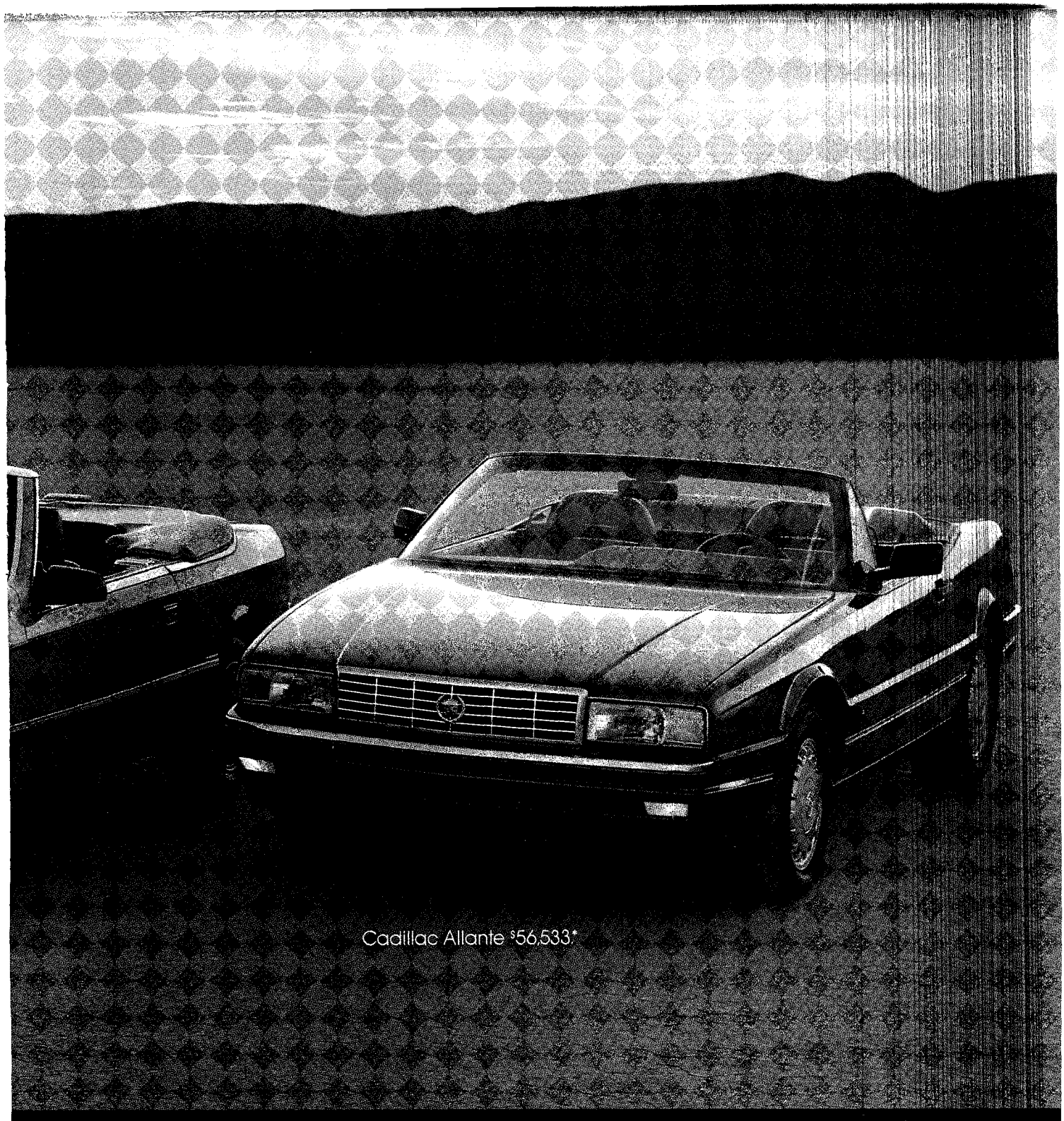

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ESTONIA is the smallest of the fifteen Soviet Socialist Republics, and eighty per cent of its one and a half million people are Lutherans. For Westerners used to generalizing about the Soviet Union as atheist or Orthodox (with some Muslims thrown in for good measure), the idea of a Protestant national enclave there seems anomalous. It has seemed so to the Estonians as well. Tucked in the far northeast corner of the Baltic region, they've been chafing under Soviet rule for half a century, and they chafed under the czars for two centuries before that.

Until 1918, Estonia had never had an independent political existence. But then, in the rearrangement of Europe after the First World War, Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania became self-governing—less because of the Allies' democratic idealism than because of their desire to create a tier of buffer states between Russia and fractious Germany and Poland. In Estonia, a parliamentary republic began to function, somewhat nervously, but, because the new nation's border was only a hundred miles from Petrograd, an independent Estonia was a thorn in the Soviet Union's western flank. It was also politically unstable, and ripe for the Soviet annexation that ended its freedom, in 1940. After the German invasion of June, 1941, the Baltic states found themselves "liberated" by another oppressor, and in the ensuing chaos tens of thousands of Estonians, Latvians, and Lithuanians fled or were deported, jailed, or executed. One estimate holds that by the time Stalin's forces moved back in and punished collaborators, real or imagined, nearly half the population of Estonia had been imprisoned or deported.

This case history suggests how national identities have persisted within the Soviet Union, and explains the not so dormant hostility of Estonia toward Moscow. But in the past few weeks Estonia has gone from merely chafing to creating a new phase of its own and the Soviet Union's history. The Estonians, by an almost unanimous vote in their Supreme Soviet, approved a "declaration of sovereignty" in the form of a constitutional amendment giving Estonia the right to reject any Soviet laws (except those relating to defense and foreign affairs) that infringe on Estonian autonomy. Though the amendment stops short of an actual declaration of independence, it is the boldest move ever made by a Soviet republic to oppose the authority of the central government.

Gorbachev himself is largely responsible for creating the Soviet Union's Estonian problem. It was his restructuring policies that permitted the formation of such new national movements as the Popular Front of Estonia, which, like its counterparts in Latvia and Lithuania, and similar restive groups in Armenia and Azerbaijan, is clamoring for an end to the "colonialism" of the Soviet past. But so far Gorbachev appears unflappable. "What is happening in Estonia is *perestroika*" was his only public comment, and the government has simply declared the Estonians' action "invalid," allowing them to continue to let off steam but postponing further confrontation until they find something specific they want to veto.

Meanwhile, not the least of the astonishing new realities in the Baltic republics is the emergence of something like embryonic political parties to challenge the hitherto unchallengeable hegemony of the Communist Party. In Estonia, besides the Popular Front, a "backlash" group called Intermovement has sprung into existence, consisting mostly of Russians, who now find themselves an embattled minority instead of a protected ruling class. This group's position was articulated a couple of weeks ago by Vasily Koltakov, an ethnic Russian in the Estonian parliament, who was one of the handful of deputies to vote against the assertion of sovereignty. Koltakov complained to *Pravda* that "on the eve of the session there was an overt 'coaching' of deputies" by Popular Front partisans. He spoke with outrage of being pressured to change his view. In other countries, this is called "politics" and is not uncommon. But in the absence of Soviet opinion polls we have no way of knowing if the populace at large appreciates the irony of a Russian Communist's lament that he is being coerced to conform to the majority position.

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Vibration

IT takes a leap of the imagination to describe the chanting of the Gyuto monks as song, or even as music. Its predominant sound is a sort of deep, pebbly growling, a note and a half below the bottom of most bass ranges,

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approaching the frequencies of garbage disposals and earthmoving machinery. For almost five hundred years, in ceremonies in Lhasa that sometimes lasted for days the monks visualized deities like Mahakala, a six-armed demonic protector who carried a rosary of human skulls and danced in a sea of fire. It was prayer, not performance. After the Chinese suppressed the Tibetan rebellion, in 1959, most of the Gyuto monks were imprisoned or executed, and the others scattered. Roughly ninety escaped through the mountains to northern India. There, shortly before dawn one day in the fall of 1964, Huston Smith, a philosophy professor on sabbatical from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, discovered that each monk was capable of singing three-part harmony by himself—a deep bass B, a well-amplified, overtonal D-sharp near middle C, and a barely audible, whirring F-sharp nearly two octaves higher.

"They began with low, guttural, monotonous chanting of a type that I'd heard before," Dr. Smith told us recently. "After about an hour, I dozed off, frankly. I came to with a start and I was surrounded with heavenly choirs. I thought, This is strange—they're singing in chords. Chords are a Western invention, of course. Then the choir blanked out and the cantor sang alone. He was singing a full chord—a first, a third, and a barely audible fifth. My scalp began to tingle. My first thought was that Klaus Liepman—he was the musical director at M.I.T.—would never believe me."

Early last month, twenty-one Gyuto monks flew into San Francisco from their monastery-in-exile, in Bomdila, India, to begin a small national tour (they were at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine on December 3rd), and a friend of ours, a Buddhist priest named Yvonne, invited us to hear them chant in a recording studio, behind a cement plant in San Rafael, north of San Francisco. It would not be a formal performance, she explained. They were testing new microphones, and Mickey Hart, the drummer for the Grateful Dead, was going to help. "I'd always thought of Deadheads as sybarites," Yvonne said. "But this has turned out to be a meeting of sweethearts."

So late one Friday afternoon we found ourself in a van filled with monks and rolling into the studio parking lot. The monks all wore maroon sarongs and robes. One had added a watch with an expandable band; another wore bright-red-and-orange striped socks; and a third wore an "I ♡ Tibet" button. Mickey Hart, a handsome man in his mid-forties with pointed, foxlike features and a wide grin, met us at the door. He was wearing Nikes, jeans, and a tie-dyed T-shirt of the type sold in parking lots before Dead concerts, and he seemed a little nonplussed when the abbot of the Gyuto monastery came up to him and draped a ceremonial white silk scarf around his neck. The abbot gave another scarf to the sound engineer, Dan Healy, who was tending the electronic equipment with his own kind of devotion.

"Just let the monks vibrate for a while and get used to it in here," Mr. Hart said to Mr. Healy as the two men went over to the mixing board. Someone had thoughtfully wedged a stick of burning incense behind a length of conduit.

The monks, surrounded by speaker boxes, sat down on rugs on the concrete floor and unpacked their instruments. They screwed big barrel drums into red carved stands, and pulled out jointed brass trumpets that expanded like telescopes to a length of five feet. They laid out curved yellow bamboo drumsticks that looked like giant carpet-beaters.

"Matrix out, one and two," Mr. Healy said. "Set patterns to omni."

"Figure eight?" asked an assistant with long blond hair.

"Circle and no pad, no roll-off," Mr. Healy said.

Below the mixing board, a tall monk with big biceps was unwrapping cymbals from an Indian newspaper. "We will actually do our real religious practice, not just for the microphone," he said, and then introduced himself as Tubten Jigme. "We will visualize Mahakala in front of us. When we go to touch him, there's nothing, but we can see him."

Tubten Jigme sat down cross-legged and put his cymbals in front of him. The monks formed two rows, facing inward. The monk with the "I ♡ Tibet" button handed around a yellow tin of Ricola cough drops.

"This is the hardest thing in the world to deal with acoustically," said Mr. Healy, behind the mixing board. "Compared to a rock concert? No comparison. An electric guitar is so much louder than anything around it that you just have to be somewhere in the ballpark and you're O.K. But, with the monks, their loud sounds are very loud, and their softest sounds are very soft. The air-conditioning in the hall and the rustling of their robes may be louder than some of the sounds they're making."

"I'm throwing in my rig for the tour," Mr. Hart said, indicating the mixing board, a thirty-two-track affair bristling with dials and switches, which he uses for his drums at Grateful Dead concerts. "This is space-age. This could take the monks into the twenty-first century. We want the music to sound to the audience the way it sounds to the monks. It should shake your insides and vibrate your inner core. Every day, they wipe their slates clean. They chant at seventy cycles per second—the lowest range of the human voice. They're used to resonating in a courtyard, but at St. John's there will be five thousand people. So we found these special microphones that hook over the ears." He picked up a headset that looked as though it belonged on a bomber pilot. "I just want to make sure they'll be comfortable with them. I've tried one myself, but I'm not a monk." Then Mr. Hart excused himself, saying, "I want to dig the monks. I want to hang out with the monks."

All the monks put on headsets. They looked like a double line of medieval telephone operators. "All right," Mr. Hart said. "Are we ready to rock 'n' roll?"

The chant master, Sonam Thargyal, closed his eyes and pushed his head forward until the sinews stood out on his neck. He let out a low "*oooooooh, uuuuuuuuaaaaaaa.*"

The other monks pushed their heads forward, and an avalanche of deep, guttural chanting began. Then the words stopped, and we heard drawn-out vowels, a bass woodwind note mar-

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ried to a high sound like whirring mosquitoes. Cymbals clattered like waves breaking on a beach, and horns wailed like trumpeting elephants. The monks swayed back and forth with their eyes closed.

When the monks put down their instruments, two hours later, nobody spoke. The blond-haired sound engineer simply stood with his eyes shut. Mickey Hart nodded twice. The monk with the "I ♡ Tibet" button handed around cans of soda. Sonam Thargyal had a Classic Coke, and Tubten Jigme had a Sprite.

"It's good, it's good," said Mickey Hart. "See how loud it sounds? No feedback."

"Dear Santa: How about lunch with me at twelve-thirty on the twentieth at the Princeton Club?"

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Editor

THE latest issue of *Grip*, the cross-universe periodical that Roberta Rogow has edited for the past ten years, begins, as *Grip* always does, with a letter from Ms. Rogow to her readers. Her letter is called "The Editor Shoots Her Mouth Off." "If Tina Brown gets to do it, if Betsy Carter gets to do it, *I* get to do it," Ms. Rogow remarked recently. Like Betsy's or Tina's letter, Roberta's explains what is in her magazine and why it is so good. "Welcome to *Grip* #31," her latest letter begins. "The New Generation hasn't totally eclipsed Star Trek Classic; we have both sides of the coin for you in this issue. And some nice poetry, and a takeoff of Japanimation shows . . . and a Star Trek/Blake's 7 crossover."

Grip is a zine—a collection of photocopied stories and pictures, staple-bound in a colored-paper cover. Since many of the stories in zines regularly include characters named Spock, Kirk, Scotty, and Dr. McCoy, people who mostly read what zine editors call "general-media zines" might get the idea that the zine phenomenon is simply the literary expression of Trekkiedom. But this is as wrong as wrong can be. "For the zine writer, 'Star Trek' just gives you a framework, a way of beginning," Ms. Rogow says. "A good zine writer might begin with 'Trek' characters, the way a Greek bard might have begun with the same old crowd of gods and heroes. But then you go beyond. Working with somebody else's characters is a way of finding parameters for storytelling. It teaches you what you can never learn in a creative-writing class. It's only through the 'Trek' characters that you can find your own voice. When young writers want to begin with original universes, I tell them, 'First, write a "Trek" story. Before you let your imagination run wild, write about what you know.' "

The Saturday after Thanksgiving, Ms. Rogow packed up copies of the three latest *Grips*, along with several other zines, and took a table at the Creation Con, a gathering of science-fiction buffs at the Penta Hotel. Ms. Rogow lives in Fair Lawn, New Jersey, and works as a children's librarian at the Union Township Public Library. (*Grip* is edited in Fair Lawn and run off on a Canon copier in a friend's apartment in New York.) She goes regularly to the cons, which have a heavy concentration of Trekkies, but does so with mixed feelings. She regards herself not as a Trekkie but as a Trek*ker*, and often has to explain to twelve-year-olds the difference between her enthusiasm for "Star Trek" and their enthusiasm for "Star Trek."

Most zine writers and editors are women, Ms. Rogow said as she sat behind her table. "Women could get involved in 'Star Trek.' They played a much larger role there than in any other series. After all, with Lieutenant Uhura, there was a woman *on the bridge*. Nowadays, young women say to me, 'O.K., but all she ever got to say was "Captain, I've lost contact with Star Fleet" or "Captain, contact with Star Fleet has been restored!" But in 1966 just to have a woman in contact with Star Fleet at all was a breakthrough. When 'Star Trek' was cancelled, in '69, all of us were lost. There were so many plot lines that were never resolved. So we began story trees, working our way up from premises and situations that had been left hanging in the show, and the zines eventually had a universe of their own.

"In 1977 came the second revolution—a whole new universe to play with. The story goes that the minute the first clips of 'Star Wars' were shown at the cons, fans started writing stories. Then came Indiana Jones, and that opened up other new worlds for

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writers. Anyway, it was around then, what with all those universes to play with, that I took up the *cross*-universe story, which is my forte and what I'm famous for. Cross-universe involves taking characters from one universe and mixing them with characters from another. The crew of the Enterprise has an encounter with Han Solo in hyperspace. Or Darth Vader travels in time and meets Karen Allen. But you have to do it consistently. For instance, Indiana Jones is presumably a historical figure, alive at a particular time. So it's best to cross him with figures from the same period. A friend and I wrote a story—it's a classic, if I say so myself—where he was careering across North Africa with Noël Coward."

Some fans stopped at the table and chatted as they leafed through Roberta's zines. "What's this 'Witches of Eastwick' they're showing?" one eleven-year-old boy asked another. The con organizers were showing "The Witches of Eastwick" as part of a fantasy-film festival that afternoon.

"I dunno," the other said, "but they got the novelization over there."

The first eleven-year-old nodded, and then reached out for a zine at the back of the table. On its cover were a drawing (an "illo" in zine jargon) of Mr. Spock stripped to the waist and the legend "Spock Enslaved."

Ms. Rogow snatched it out of the boy's hand. "Get out of here! Go away!" she ordered. "That is not for the young."

She sighed, and said, "'Spock Enslaved' is an erotic zine. It's not really a slash book, but it's part of the same movement, which is threatening the whole zine universe. You see, in 1976 a story called 'Shelter' was published in a zine called *Warped Space*. It was written by Leslie Fish. It's about Kirk and Spock. They're on an uninhabited planet, they're trapped, they're in a cave, and—well, there you go. There were others, and the thing took off: Spock and the Captain, Spock and the Doctor, the Doctor and Scotty. But they're mostly about Spock seducing Captain Kirk—that's why they're called 'K/S,' or slash, zines. The slash books are basically harmless. People think that they're gay pornography, but they're not. They are written by women, for women. They're really Harlequin romances within the conventions of 'Star Trek.' Instead of having a name like Angelique, and a heaving bosom, the heroine just happens to be an admiral in Star Fleet. It's still the same girlish romantic fantasy. What the girls forget, though—and this drives me into ferocious arguments—is that Spock is sexually active *only once every seven years*. I've been arguing this one out for the last decade. That is clear—that is unmistakable. He may be a gay Vulcan. He may be a straight Vulcan. I'm open-minded on that. But the one certain thing we know about all Vulcans' sex life is that *they are sexually active once every seven years*. When you ignore a rule like that, it seems to me you're not writing literature anymore.

"I've just published a cross-universe story in which one of the lawyers in 'L.A. Law' goes to a con and picks up some slash fiction. Now, *that's* zine writing—not some sexual encounter on an asteroid. People haven't even begun to touch on the possibilities of cross-universe writing. I'd like to cross 'Beauty and the Beast' with this new series 'Tattinger's,' or have the cast of 'Cheers' open up a bar on the Enterprise. Keep crossing long enough, and eventually you could write about anything. Eventually, you could capture the whole world in a single zine."

Swine Bowl

IF you had shown up at the 35th Annual Swine Bowl Touch Football Game—held, as Swine Bowls have been for the last twenty-eight years, in Central Park on the Saturday after Thanksgiving—Dan Breslaw would probably have asked you if you would like to play. But then you would have had to endure all the Swine Bowl preliminaries. Game time is supposed to be at one sharp, but most of the swine usually arrive a good thirty or forty minutes late. A few of them come from as far away as California, and you can count on them to use this as an excuse for their tardiness. When all the swine present agree that no one else is going to come (attendance varies from year to year), it's time for the photo opportunity. Swine Bowlers don't pose in standard team-photo fashion; they charge at the camera lens, grimacing horrifically and sometimes knocking each other over. Then the swine choose up sides, put on costumes if they feel like it, and take to the field. This year's costume was more of a disguise: bondage-motif masks that Meatball Hertz ("That *is* my real name," he says) had brought back from Mexico. Then, after a few downs, they take off the costumes and try, without much luck, to get serious about playing touch football.

When Dan Breslaw is satisfied with the amount of time you've played, he may walk you over to the

"You think it's easy? How would you like to spend the day grappling with RJR Nabisco?"

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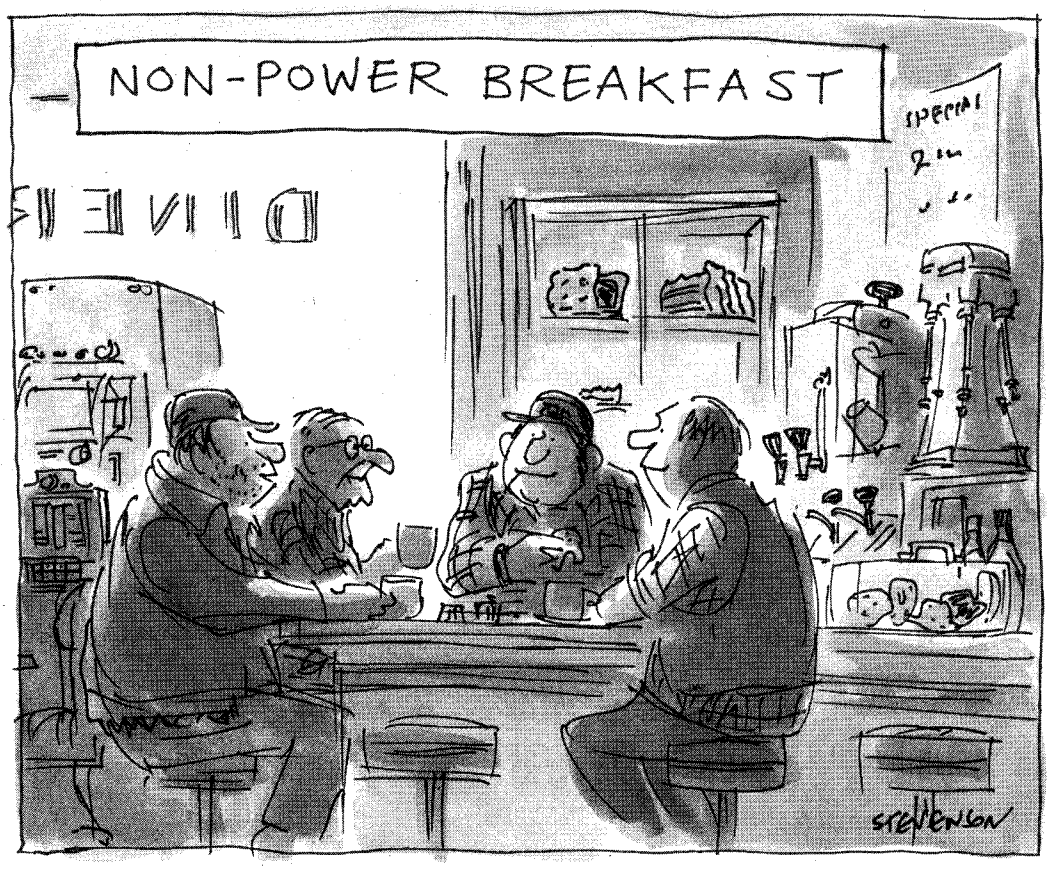

sidelines and say something like "The very first Swine Bowl took place on Thanksgiving Day in 1954, and was played between a few of the less rah-rah types from the Mamaroneck and New Rochelle high schools. That first game was on Roosevelt Field in New Rochelle. To this day, no one knows why the Swine Bowl is called the Swine Bowl. See that bald man with the glasses and the blue jersey? That's Mark (Boom) Bloom. When we were growing up, we were very good friends. In fact, we lived a few houses away from each other, but, because of some mysterious zoning law, Mark went to Mamaroneck High School and I went to New Rochelle. We thought it was a good idea to stage a mock football game between a few of our friends from both schools. This meant no rules, no huddles, no attempts to take anything seriously. It became an instant tradition. As the years went by, the Swine Bowl grew exponentially. We all found ourselves going to college, making new friends, buying houses, getting married, getting divorced, having children, moving to places like Toronto and Albuquerque, but still managing somehow to make it to the Swine Bowl every year. O.K., that's not true. When I lived in Homer, Alaska, for six years, I didn't make it to a single Swine Bowl. But there were plenty of swine who were willing to carry on the tradition without me. Not only that—anyone can play. Complete strangers. Which is why we had to change the date and place. Everyone had to be accommodated. You should know that the Swine Bowl, like getting old, just happens. No one calls anybody. No arrangements are made. On the Saturday after Thanksgiving, those who can make it just show up. There could be driving rain. It could be snowing axe handles. For the past thirty-five years, without exception, there's always been a Swine Bowl."

Scoring a touchdown or recovering a fumble in this year's Swine Bowl wasn't a big deal. Each team had a dozen or so players, of both sexes, varying dramatically in height, weight, age, and knowledge of the game. If a center didn't feel like hiking the ball, he or she could start to run with it, even if the defense hadn't had a chance to set up. When Bob (Grobe) Greenspan arrived late and took over as quarterback, he announced to the defense that it was his intention to run with the ball. Meatball Hertz responded by telling everyone to lie down. Grobe, he said, was just too unstoppable—why even try? Cassie Breslaw, seven years old, eluded everyone, including her own team, when she took a handoff from her father, stuffed it underneath her sweatshirt, and walked slowly into the end zone.

Charles Strauss got in that morning from Providence. Michael Waltuch came down from Amherst. Tony Hill was a few minutes late—he turned up from Berkeley. Mark Taylor drove in from Nyack. Jody Breslaw walked over from West Eighty-seventh Street. Meatball Hertz took some time away from the University of Hartford, where he is a professor of French literature. And Dan Breslaw drove down from West Corinth, Vermont. All of them looked to be in their forties or fifties, and they agreed to cut the Swine Bowl a little short this year; they couldn't wait any longer for the Swine Ball.

No one dances at the Swine Ball. Instead, you sit in Mark Bloom's apartment, on Central Park West at Ninetieth, and eat chopped liver, cubes of Genoa salami, and devilled eggs, and make sandwiches out of the usual breads and cold cuts. There's always plenty of beer, wine, and soda. While you eat, you talk Swine Bowl.

Mark Taylor always says something like "I don't want to brag, but no one in Swine Bowl history has my kind of passing percentage. You want to talk about the defense? I can read it. The pocket? I know what to do in it."

Meatball Hertz usually gets an earful from his daughter Jenny: "When are some of the women going to get a chance to touch the ball, or even kick it, for that matter? I'm tired of blocking for you."

And Bob Greenspan invites you back to next year's Swine Bowl by saying, "The Swine Bowl is sacrosanct. If you don't show up, large boils will develop on your face. I suggest you make the effort."

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NO CAN DO

"All You Can Do Is All You Can Do, But All You Can Do Is Enough!," by A. L. Williams. (Nelson, $14.95) The philosophy of a highly successful entrepreneur who deals in life insurance and investments.—*The Times best-seller list.*

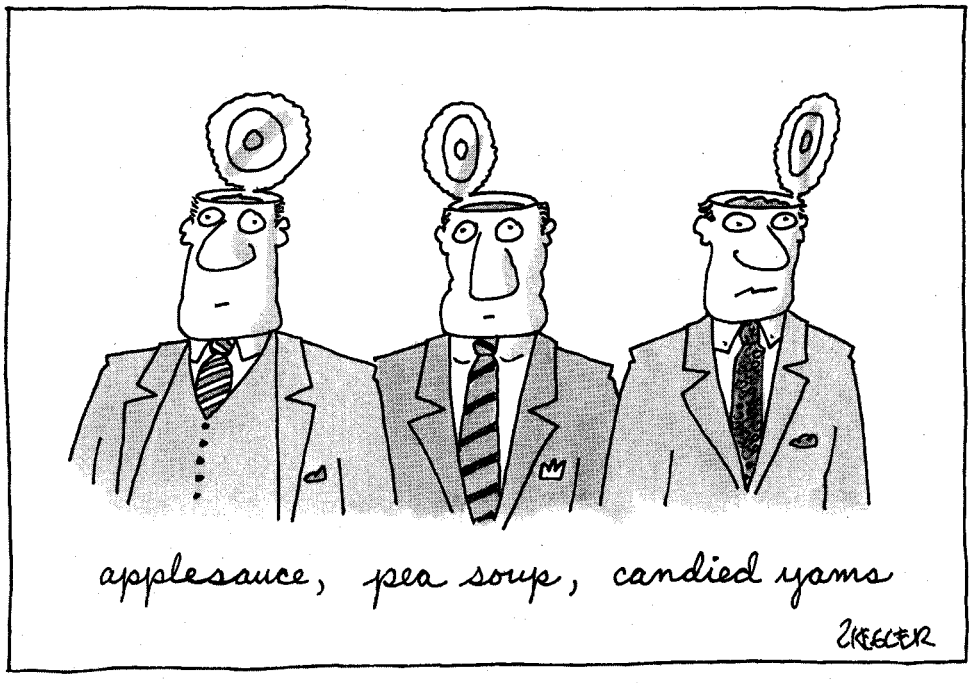
GREAT. As if Mondays weren't bad enough, it turns out my first appointment is with Mr. Sutter, this guy who's been trying to file a claim forever because of a flood that happened to kill some cows and corn and ruin some other farm junk he owned. Mr. Sutter walks into my office and right off is telling me he spent his last Indian-head nickel, his lucky Indian-head nickel, buying a bus ticket to the city so he could talk with me in person. Like I told him to. He said he didn't understand how come after all the high premiums he has paid he couldn't get any money. As always, I tried explaining that he didn't have water-damage insurance, when, for the three-hundredth time, he started up with his tired argument about having natural-disaster coverage. "Listen, Mr. Sutter," I said, "believe me, if there was something more I should do I would. But specifically in your policy was the clause where you stipulated you did not want to pay extra for water damage. You are in a water-damage category. The flood doesn't fall into natural disaster, because it was a man-built dam that busted. That certainly isn't natural, now, is it?" I ended up spending a whole hour telling him not to worry about his kids' having to leave school to work, that it builds character, and I told him he was lucky, in a way, because how many people really get a chance to start all over? "You got lemons, Mr. Sutter," I said. "Make lemonade." He was still pretty upset when he left, but I did all I could for the old geez. I made myself crazy trying to remember those corny grandmother things people say when you're bummed—all clouds are silver-lined, bloom where you're planted, into each life some rain must fall, money is the root of all evils, a stitch in time saves nine, live long enough to revenge your kids. And as if that wasn't enough effort, I spent a great deal of my reserve energy figuring which one would best apply to Mr. Sutter's particular case. So I can't feel too bad, except that he didn't even say thank you.

Then I take a walk to the ladies'. Smoking cigarettes and sitting on my favorite part of the counter are Maevis and Ulla. Maevis and Ulla once ordered this "How to Seduce Men" kit from the back of a women's magazine. It came to them in brown butcher paper, and inside was a New York *Times*, a *Wall Street Journal*, and a *Sports Illustrated*. The girls studied these publications with zest, and they say thanks to the kit they can now burn a hole with their sex appeal through a New York *Times*. I guess men are real protective of their *Times* these days, though, because as far as I can tell they're still keeping a pretty wide divide between themselves and the new Maevis and Ulla. Maevis and Ulla must have read their papers today, because they're on a political lean, and the two of them team up to give me the standard voter grief. They're asking me what time, who for, where did I vote. I tell them I didn't vote, and they take long, deep drags on their cigarettes and give me that "You're so pitiful" expression. "Oh, you really should have voted. It's the least one can do."

"Well, that's just it," I answer. "I never do the least I can do. I only do all I can do, and voting just doesn't require enough of me. All you have to do is go in one of those booths and punch a pin through some holes in a card or however they do it these days."

Back in my cubicle I pop on the radio. On the news some lady is ranting about my favorite band, The Future, and how she's going to sue them for being responsible for messing up her kids' braces. Take a number, lady. I mean, everyone is always trying to sue The Future. Her ticket is that apparently at their last show things got a bit rowdy during the song "The Wolf Wakes." The audience started howling and dancing really wild, which never fails during that song, except this time some people got broken limbs and/or teeth and/or cheekbones. Then a rock reporter started getting real accusatory about Dirge, the lead singer—who happens to be an extreme fox. The reporter taped Dirge saying, "I don't think anyone can blame me for a bunch of kids' getting frenzied. I did everything I could to keep things cool. Before we played I told them, 'Have a good time and try not to break anything you might want later.' " The reporter got preachy and went off on Dirge, saying he should have been more in charge. Christ, like since when was Dirge getting paid to babysit?

Not enough bad news today,



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I have to get a call from my friend Germaine. She's immediately uptight. "How could you have turned my brother on to that book about a junkie? You know he's trying to clean up his life."

"Don't freak out, Germaine. The guy that wrote the thing is supposed to be totally together. He's been there and back. Some people say he's this earth god. So he must know people need to relate to doing dope, and I thought it would be good for Robbie to see what drugs are like."

"He knows what they're like!" Germaine screams, a little too shrill for my frequency. "But that book made it sound romantic, and now Robbie's been gone three days."

"He is over eighteen. For God's sake, what is everyone supposed to do? Hide any reference to the fact that drugs exist, or beer or pot?" Because I am truly curious. "After all, we fought for the First Amendment—well, someone did—and we owe it all we can to make sure that everything is written and read and seen on TV and in movies. That is what freedom means, and if you can't handle it rent yourself some strict parents and move back home."

"Look, it's hard enough for him to be straight, especially with the whole world on this cool-to-have-been-stoned-for-ten-years bandwagon. And reading a book by some guy that fancies himself an early Tom Waits character is not very therapeutic."

"Relax, Germaine. He probably just met a girl and is in love for a few days." What a hysteric she is. Besides, if Robbie needed to have one more blowout, who's to say he shouldn't? The kid has to do what he has to do. We all do—a concept totally lost on my ex-friend Roxanne. Yesterday she was in here crying and begging to know how I could have had an affair with her boyfriend. My reply: "Jesus, Rox, you can't have an affair unless you're married. You're not married, I'm not married, he's not married." Sniffling, Roxanne said, "That's not the point—I was in love and you betrayed me."

"I couldn't help it, Roxanne, he's really cute, and on that particular night we were very simpatico." Roxanne whined, I listened. It's all I could do.

Before I leave work, Clovis comes around collecting money for Gladys, the cleaning woman, who needs some surgery. Clovis says that Gladys never had insurance because it costs too much, and asks me to donate ten dollars.

"I'm sorry, Clo. I'm broke myself."

"Even five dollars I'm sure would be appreciated."

"What can five dollars do for her? I mean, she's gonna need thousands for all those bills. And five dollars is my lunch money."

"Well, couldn't you skip lunch one day? Gladys is in a really bad way, she needs our help, and if you could go without a cab or a movie it would help her a lot. You'd only miss it for a minute."

"Listen, Clovis, thank you for the guilt trip but I don't think I'll ride. I do all I can for people, but after all it is my ten dollars and if I had it to spare I would but I don't, so I'm not going to feel bad about it. Going to a movie is very important to me. They help me define my codes, my goals. Take 'Baby Boom'—I watch Diane Keaton raise a kid that isn't even hers and make a million bucks at the same time. Just from watching the movie I see how easy it is. Movies help me recover from the stress realities I have to confront every day. It's a very Zen thing for me. Besides, being in the hospital is probably Gladys's karma or something, and I don't want to interfere with someone's karma."

On my way home I stop to pick up some dinner. No way can I cook tonight. After waiting about ten minutes, I tell the waitress I'm in a rush and ask could she please hurry my to-go order. She comes at me with real hostility. "Lady, I'm busy here. You got eyes?

"Miss Sargent! What do you know about plants?"

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"He's certainly been getting a lot more than his normal share of media coverage lately."

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I can't do any more than I can do."

I said, "I guess you picked up that attitude when you were in the Peace Corps?"

"I guess you spent your whole day perfectly fulfilling the needs of those around you?" she yells back at me.

"Could you get my dinner before I call the manager?"

The waitress inches up to my face and says, kind of in a murderer's voice, "I've got your number. I see you types every single day. You're one of those 'It's O.K. for you to do all you can do if all you can do is all I need, but if all you can do isn't enough for me it can't be enough for you, but all I can do is enough' people. So you just scram on out of here and give someone else a headache."

WHAT a grim day. I want to go home and call my boyfriend, but I can't, because he broke up with me. He said all he could do was never enough for me.

My apartment looks really dirty. I go for the kitchen and rummage through the cabinets for something I can cook. I guess a person who did all they could do would have dinner stuff already in the house. But I couldn't get to the store, so that was more than I could do. I dig out a little ancient Grand Funk for solace. Halfway through "Inside Looking Out" the landlord starts beating on my door and yelling that he's going to evict me if I don't stop blasting my music. When I open the door and look into his macho, tyrannical face, I think of mankind and how on the big map we're all brothers and sisters. I decide to relate to him on an honest, sentimental level, so I tell him, "I have to play my music loud because it's the only thing that makes me forget." And being the sensitive landlord type that he is, he says, "Forget what? To pay your rent. You get it in by next week, or else."

Forget my life, you fool. You think rent is all I have to worry about? That's the last of my problems. I have to forget about my boyfriend leaving me. Of course, you can't say your boyfriend, because they never think that's bad enough, so all I could do was say "my husband," and of course you can't say your husband just "left" you, because these days no one ever thinks that's bad enough, so I had to say he died. Well, you know how altruistic landlords are. No way could I just say he died, because unless he died in some horrible, grisly way, they figure you had time to get used to the idea or that everyone dies that way so it's no big deal. All I could do was tell him my husband had been eaten by a shark, before my very eyes, just yesterday. How he had jumped from our sailboat to get our new puppy that had fallen into the water, and how I had to watch both my husband and my new puppy, Freckles, be jawed to bits. I started crying, then he started crying. I felt a little guilty when he handed me twenty dollars and said it was the only way he knew to express grief, and I hated lying, but he was scaring me, threatening me with homelessness. Besides, I can't be too down on myself. All I can do is be just the way I am. More than enough is wasteful. —LISA WALKER

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WAR WITH JAPAN

THIS weekend I'm moving into the garage apartment behind our house. It's pretty much my decision. Lily says she thinks it's a good idea. "We've been having a kind of trouble for the last few weeks, George," she says. "Maybe this'll straighten things out."

The trouble is I'm "starting up," I'm getting agitated again, about the office, the news commentators, the squeaky politicians who go on TV and get self-righteous and super-moral—I get fed up listening to these people. They just want to get elected, or get better ratings, or get the approval of the focus group—I don't know why we sit still for this junk. And it's worse the last couple of years—I mean, it makes you want to get up on the Texas tower. That's the kind of thing I say that makes Lily mad. That's when she starts talking about the garage. "You're painting with the big brush again, Ralph," she says. She calls me Ralph when she thinks I'm way off base. "You're using the paint that's shot from guns."

We've had the "move out to the garage" joke ever since we got the house, but neither one of us has ever gone. We kid about it all the time—sometimes she's supposed to move out, and sometimes I am. It's a running thing. But today her voice says she means it; that's when I know I'm gone.

It's a two-car garage with the apartment above. We redid the apartment when Lily was planning a home office—got the tight little carpet, industrial gray, the cheap plastic blinds that look like Levolors, Wal-Mart's good white paint. When the office idea was over, we used our old stuff to fix the place up like a guest cottage.

Lily doesn't want to help me move, so she decides to go to the store. "What do you want for dinner?" she asks me.

I've already started sorting clothes. "Vegetables. I'm going on an all-vegetable thing."

"I don't know what they have that's fresh."

"I don't care from fresh. Corn, limas, black-eyed peas, rice—that's what I want. Birds Eye. Modernize my system."

"Fine," she says, heading for the door. "I'll get a steak in case you change your mind."

"I'm not changing my mind."

"I know that," Lily says.

Our twelve-year-old, Charles, is out front working on the sidewalk with the Weed Eater. He's another part of the problem—I keep telling him stuff Lily doesn't think he needs to know. She says I'm doing just what my father did.

"You're more like your father every day," she says.

"It could be worse. I could be one of these lost-to-the-pan guys who wash their cars in driveways every afternoon, who look like kids ready for church when you see them out with their wives."

"You're always ready for church." She shakes her head and looks at the ceiling as if offering a prayer. "Hormones."

I tell her I'm tired in a new way, and she says she's waiting me out. I tell her something's snapped, and she says that's marriage.

I HATE everything now. Obvious stuff, like TV, and stuff that's not so obvious, like the screwdrivers they have at K & B drugstore. Don't get me wrong, I think they've done a hell of a job with that store—it's like a Sears that makes sense—but I don't see why if they're going to sell screwdrivers they don't at least sell respectable ones. Not excellent ones, see—all I'm asking for is a fair screwdriver, something a cut above a *Time* subscription gift.

Lily is back for her shopping list. The list has at least six misspellings on it. I hate that. I usually come around and check for misspellings, correcting them as I go, which she doesn't like, I know. She doesn't say anything anymore. She's fine on the brand names; it's the generics she can't handle. She hasn't spelled "raisin" correctly in the fifteen years I've known her.

We used to argue about my correcting her—not only spelling but grammar, syntax, pronunciations, the titles she gets mixed up, actors' names, product names, pronoun reference. There are lots of things Lily never got the hang of, so I used to be forever correcting, which was no fun for me, either, only I couldn't stop. She was the

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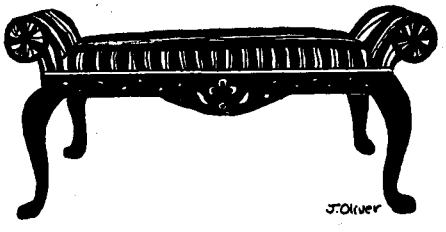
one who figured she could make intentional mistakes and throw me off track, and that worked, so we kept that in. The shopping list is about all I fix anymore.

I'm in the den watching her back out of the driveway, thinking she's going to clip the tree this time for sure; I'm wondering, too, if I can get Charles to help me move. I think I'll take the opportunity to explain why I'm switching out to the garage, and then I think maybe I won't, because it won't come out clear. I don't know why I want to explain stuff to him—I guess I want to win him, but I don't know why that seems necessary. Besides, the only thing Charles approves of is Spaceman 3. That and bullet bikes, which he calls crotch rockets when he wants to get my goat. I let him get it, I play along, doing some self-serving, self-righteous, hateful, low-road Pat Buchanan stuff, like on TV.

For about a minute after Lily's out the driveway, I watch Charles working the Weed Eater along the edges of the sidewalk. I stand at the window and watch, and then when I think enough time has passed so he won't think it's a put-up thing, I go out there after him. It's hot outside, a dull heat, and I remember when my father sent me outside on late summer days to do work I didn't think needed doing. My father was a drover when it came to getting work out of us kids. I hated it back then, but it makes sense now—work habits. I go to the office, and then I come home and work until it's time to go to sleep, and I do that probably because that's what he did, that's what he had us do when we were kids. He did carrot-and-stick stuff, too. Anyway, we worked while other kids rode around in borrowed convertibles; they peaked out in high school, where they excelled in sports as well as academics.

I try to imagine that Charles looks like me thirty years ago, but I can't see it; I was a towheaded guy in hand-me-downs, with that late-fifties look—insulated, the way the world was then. Charles looks like a small Magnum, P.I., or somebody they're thinking about for the next Bond film; he handles the Weed Eater as if he's taking fingerprints off it. I'm guessing this can be called cultural progress—the *new day* as played out in homes and houses across the land. I go around him, giving him a wide berth, and then plant myself in his way so he can't avoid me. I wiggle my arm at the machine, telling him to turn it off.

"What's wrong?" he says, looking up the sidewalk at the portion of the edge he's already done. Now he's got the machine head down in the dirt, and he's leaning on the handle like a young Jack Nicklaus. "I guess I screwed this up, huh?"



I'm not old enough to have a son like this; only weeks ago I was going to the bar to play bass with the Assassins' Band. And the majors were interested; they sent people down.

"No," I say to Charles. "It looks fine. It looks real good."

He eyes the sidewalk and then me, as if to ask how come I'm stopping him if it looks O.K. He has things to do. He doesn't have time to stand around chatting.

I say, "Let's take a walk."

THE TWO SCENES IN COLOR

1. FAR AWAY

Smelling of pinks, its light thrown crosswise as if through arches
but instead through trees—how this air here

turns what's white the color of sandstone or peaches.
And who gets taken in hand here? Me. How I'm spared

my "Where now?" and "How?" here. How the reach
for food has become a game. Watch the fruit: *Here. Higher.*

And shelter perches
at hand: parrot-green, canary-yellow—clear,

improbably pure, ordered. At night, the dark is all
struck matches, handclap lights, captive traces of sulfur,

and a choke-voiced dog set barking to guard old latches
makes no bones about fresh, instinctual fear.

2. HOME

Inside—this is where I hear drums,
and breathe in something like lemons.

First I think it comes from outdoors,
like our poor courtyard ragweed, earlier.

The noise is so quiet here you hear jets,
a single prop-plane propeller. West, the river

wets down the air, which comes here.
The drums, on a radio, pull a guitar

toward them. I believe I can recognize this.
The sky, on the way here, was thin

at the ends of streets:
gray pink, under salon-painterly

blue. Someone lifted the drums
from an old dark song. The lemons

have come from trees elsewhere—from a store.
Gold is the only way to see them: right there.

—ELIZABETH MACKLIN

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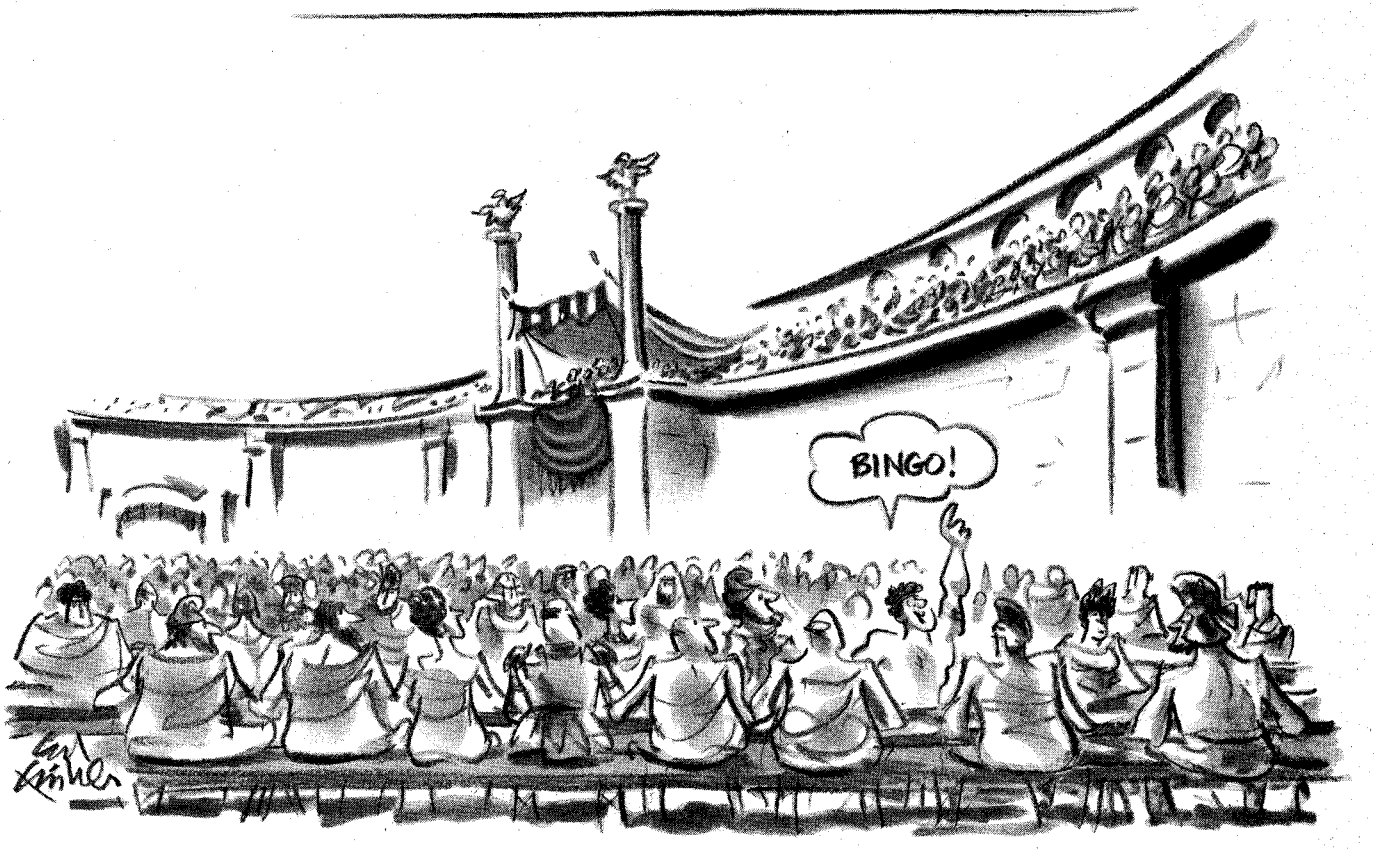
THURSDAY NIGHT AT THE ROMAN COLOSSEUM



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It's pretty clear he doesn't think that's the best idea he's ever heard. Something about the way he moves his shoulders, curls them over, crablike. "It's a little hot, Dad," he says.

"Never mind that. I want to explain something. Something I've been thinking about."

He's still there with the Weed Eater poised, so I take it from him and drop it in the grass alongside the sidewalk. Then I put an arm around his shoulders and turn him toward the garage. There's a path around the side of the garage. I want to have this talk in the back yard.

"In the first place, Charles, what you ought to do when I come up and say I want to have a talk with you is say O.K. I mean, the way you look here is *Why doesn't he leave me alone?*"

He says, "Sorry, Dad."

I think I've got him on the defensive, so I carry on. "Never mind. What I want to tell you is that there are all these things wrong now, and they didn't use to be wrong. I'm figuring you're going to notice that they're wrong and start wondering *why*, so I thought I'd get a step up, you know? Doing my duty."

He looks uncertain, so I say, "Let me give you an example. I was sitting inside here thinking about a war with the Japanese. Now, Charles, we're not about to have any war with the Japanese, you understand that, right?"

"We're friends with the Japanese," Charles says. "They give us all our stuff, don't they? They make the bullet bikes and everything."

"Right," I say. "But they're a different kind of people, and you get wars a lot that way. But bear with me, that's not the point, anyway." Charles is having trouble sticking with me, I can see that. He's more interested in his feet, in the careful placement of them as we walk, than in what I'm saying. For a second I remember something about what it's like to be twelve, but it goes by so fast that when the memory is gone I'm not certain I really remembered at all. That throws me, and I have to make a specific decision to carry on, to keep talking. "See, if we were to go to war with the Japanese—let's say we were going to do that, and let's say the Japanese were winning and came over here and took over part of this country the way the Germans did in Europe in the Second World War, or like we did in Vietnam, or Grenada—you know what I'm talking about?"

"Yes, Dad," he says. "You mean, like, liberating the country, right? Like saving it from itself?"

I stare at my son and realize that I don't know where he got that remark. I don't know what he knows, what he means, what's rote, and what's not.

I say, "So, I was thinking if they were here I'd help them." I wait a minute to see how he's taking that, but he doesn't react. "You're not supposed to—you know that?"

"Sure. They'd be the enemy."

"I mean, Charles, I wouldn't help them kill us or anything, but I'd coöperate. And the reason is that although there was a time when this was a wonderful country, and we did everything right—or that's what everybody thought, everybody who lived here, anyway—that was a while ago, and now it's clear that this country is as bad as the next."

"They still say we're the greatest. I hear that all the time."

"Me, too." I'm having this feeling that I want to touch Charles, to hold him, press his body against mine—just

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father-son stuff, but it's stronger than usual.

"What I think is that we're not as bad as Iran," Charles says. "I've seen those people on television, and they're a lot worse. They're always smacking themselves over the head with chains and stuff. That seems kinda dumb."

"Bad for the hair."

"What?"

"It's a hair joke. It's shorthand. You know about shorthand, don't you?"

"I guess so," he says, but I can see that I've lost him. He looks at his pants and flicks away a slice of grass caught on one perfectly creased trouser leg.

THE back yard looks like some kind of dump. I can see fifty things that need to be done, but I tell myself this talk is more important. On the other side of the collapsed chain-link fence that separates our yard from Bud Patrick's yard there's Bud himself, doing what he likes to call his weekly "malingering." This week he's malingering with his satellite dish—he's got the leg that sticks up toward the center of the dish sprung loose, and he's working on the feed horn.

I motion that Charles should sit on the edge of the patio, and I perch on a sawhorse that's standing there. "The Japanese are like us, Charles. They're like what we used to be—I mean, they actually believe what we used to say we believed. They work hard. They get a job and they try to do it right. I'm not saying every Japanese person in Japan is that way; in fact, I read something about Japanese workers wanting to be more like ours. Still, some of them, maybe most of them, have figured out there's a percentage in doing good work. We haven't figured that out yet."

"Sure, but we're a lot more democratic than they are," Charles says. "They have these little tiny houses and they're not very democratic."

I've got one eye on Charles and the other on Bud Patrick, and I'm wondering if the back yard was such a good idea. Bud's a friendly guy. I say, "What, Charles?"

"Well, we vote and everything. You can do anything here. Guys argue right out in the open, like on TV."

Bud's seen us, and he's heading for the fence. I give him a wave, hoping that'll keep him on his side.

Charles says, "At dinner, you know, when we switch between that show on the news thing, you know the one? And the one on the other channel? I listen to those guys sometimes. They argue, don't they?"

"Not really."

"Well, the first guy says his position, and that's usually a distortion of the other guy's position, according to what you always say, and then, if the other guy argues back, then the guy repeats his position."

"Yeah, but you see those people aren't talking, right? It's a first-strike thing. The idea is get your stuff on louder and quicker, and repeat it, so the viewer remembers yours and not the other guy's."

"I get it," Charles says, thinking about that as he stands up, brushes off. "I mean, is that right? You say that all the time, but I never really thought about it before." He points back the way we came around the house. "O.K. if I finish up out front?"

"Wait a minute," I say, grabbing his shoulder, wrapping an arm around him in a fatherly way, a way that seems fatherly, even though I know what I'm doing is restraining him.

Right at that point Bud says, hollering from his side of the fence, "So, what's up with you two? Am I interrupting?" He's starting to climb the little fence, and it sags under his weight. He's almost over the top, standing with one foot squeezed into a broken link and the other on the top bar of the fence—he's ready to vault into our yard.

"How's it going?" I say, waving toward his yard.

"By the way, I've ordered a cat."

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"I'm working on my dish," he says, hitching his khaki shorts, his knees knobby and white like a just rinsed turkey. "You gotta get one of these things. They're great." Just then his phone rings and he tries to jump back off the fence, but his foot is caught and he buckles on it, falls, twisting his ankle and ending up on the ground on his side of the fence with a leg knotted in the loose chain mesh.

Charles is faster than me getting over there. "Are you all right?" he says, hopping the fence and squatting beside Bud, starting to peel the fence away from his leg.

"Don't touch the ankle," I say.

"He's not touching me," Bud says, flat on his back and doing a hand-pistol at Charles, keeping a stiff upper lip. "Your dad giving you trouble?"

"We were talking," Charles says.

There's an eight-inch scratch along the inside of Bud's left leg above and below the knee, and the scratch is doing lots of bleeding.

"You want me to get something for the cut?" I say, pointing at his leg. "Is it sprained or anything?"

"I'm fine," Bud says. "Put some peroxide on this baby and I'll be super."

I send Charles inside for peroxide and bandages, and then I sit down in the grass on my side of the fence opposite where Bud's stretched out. The grass is amazingly soft and cool. I could sleep there.

"You guys having a heart-to-heart?" he says, fingering the blood a bit. He shrugs. "I guess I've been watching. It's hard not to, you know."

"It's nothing," I say. "We're talking about the junk that's going on these days."

"Yeah? What junk?"

I've got trouble right here. This is not stuff I want to talk about with Bud Patrick. I say, "We're talking the usual—TV, newspapers, the mayor . . . kid stuff."

That doesn't slow him down at all. "Degeneration of family values," he says. "That's the issue that's got me worried."

"It's big for me, too," I say, checking the house to see if Charles is on the way. He's coming through the sliding patio door. Bud is still on his back, but I don't think there's anything very wrong with him.

TARZAN OF THE CRANES

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"Still," he says. "We're doing better every day. A little bit better."

"Maybe so. I guess it seems that way."

"It's better," he says.

I watch Charles hand over the peroxide, a tube of Neosporin, some gauze pads. Charles looks solid for a kid his age. "I was reading this article about Russia," I say. "This is the new, open Russia, right? You know, *glasnost* and all that?"

"Sure," Bud says. He's sitting up, his leg sizzling with peroxide.

"So whoever wrote it says, 'It's an amazing thing, this new openness. It even extends to the state. Even the government speaks some truth.' "

"That's right," he says.

Charles is watching Bud doctor his leg, which is much meaner-looking after the peroxide than it was before.

"You see what the guy's saying, right? That it's unusual for their government to speak truth, since it's a hotbed of deceit and moral decay; ours, on the other hand, is the soul of integrity."

"Well?" Bud says. "Maybe it's exaggerated, but I don't know how far it is from the truth. I mean, the basic idea."

I look at Charles. Charles looks back at me.

"I saw this MTV thing," Charles says. "It was like . . . they're just like us, the people over there, I mean."

"I don't know, Chuck," Bud says. He's done with the peroxide, and now he's reading the Neosporin tube.

"Charles has some weed-eating to do out front," I say.

"Hey," Bud says, looking up. "Me and Chuck were getting ready to have a *talk*, you know?"

I say, "So the magazine quotes some Russian who says, 'We would like to get our workers to work as hard as your workers.' Now, you figure that's flattery, right? But the magazine plays it for truth, since, as the magazine has just said, they tell some truth over there nowadays. It's a little convenient, don't you think?"

Bud's shaking his head like a hundred self-satisfied guys I've seen on television. He says, "I don't know why you people always want to tear us down."

I'd like to pop his face for him right

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LOOK CLOSER

The petals and leaves look much alike, in shape, texture, rib-pattern, and size. Alike in all but color. Clusters of red petals intensify the green of leaves afloat around their stems. Red as rooster comb at winter's peak, by spring the blooms appear to be turning green, just as the leaves are showing streaks of scarlet.

Look closer. By April, at the hub of each wheel of petals a green knob swells, erects a hairlike stem with infant leaf attached. It's pale green. Meanwhile, some older, larger leaves have reddened. As flimsy petals shrink, young leaves of like size high on the stems turn red. Or were they petals that transposed to green? It seems that leaves and flowers crave to impersonate each other.

Look closer. Nothing so symmetrical takes place. Toward summer the red clusters, that were showiest at Christmas, look less bold. The transvestite behavior of this plant is plain and can be traced. When young, some leaves do imitate soft petals, even assume their silks. Especially those born close to the blooms. Lower, on spindles of stems, broad leaves with serrate lobes stay frankly distinct from oval petals. It's at the growing tip, where leaves touch cheeks with flowers, that they later begin to blush.

Look closer. By the time some spokes of bloom have thinned, young, smooth, adjacent leaves have halfway reddened. Too easy to think that petals turn leaf-green while leaves go petal-red. Reds do *not* turn green—not one, not ever. And not *all* greens go red. Just those born late, at the crown.

By midsummer, if anything is left of this audacious plant, the petals having thinned, dried, and dropped, it will look ordinary, not a bit ambiguous. There'll be an assemblage of leaves with various lobes sharp-pointed, recalling the shapes of stubby Christmas trees. And all green?

Look closer. See that the few broad, lowest leaves, now coarse, curled and ready to fall, show dark bruise-reds of autumn.

—MAY SWENSON

• •

now, tear it down and drop it into somebody's night-deposit box. "Bud," I say, "it's only me here, and I'm not tearing anybody down. This magazine says these people don't work as hard as our people, and I say they probably do. The magazine wants to sell us something, Bud, it wants us to *feel* better, and it's getting us there by saying we work harder—you follow that? It's a pride con. Harder equals better; you feel all warm to be an American. And these days, feeling better is all-important, Bud. If we've got some tragic losses along the way—why, it's a small price for national pride. If some people get killed—well, maybe *they deserve to die*. If we have splatter and maim so our dopey President thinks we're tough, so he can pass that along to thousands of small-town papers and hundreds of local nightly news shows, so people interested in breakfast eggs and getting Jim Jr. through high school can say that they, too, *feel better* about our country—why, Bud, that's O.K., 'cause we were born to rule, right? We were born to minister. That's what *you people* say, isn't it? And what does it matter if the body count includes law, honesty, justice, fairness, decency, honor, and the rest? If we only understood what was at stake we, too, would be willing to forgo a few of these niceties, right?"

Bud looks a little strange. He says, "Well, I wouldn't go that far."

"Hey, Dad," Charles says. "Take it easy on him, will you? Don't bust him up." He pats my shoulder stiffly. "Are you O.K.?"

"Never better," I say, looking at him, feeling that I really like him a lot, that I'm glad as hell he's my son.

"So, they work as hard as we do, right?" Charles says, trying to get things going again.

Bud's on his feet, capping the peroxide bottle, shuffling gauze pads—

he's decided to forgo the Neosporin. "According to your dad, they work harder," he says.

I laugh at him, and I don't feel bad for doing it; somewhere in my head I'm certain that this exchange, like all the others I've had with Bud, will be forgotten soon enough.

"Charles," I say, holding on to my son. "The Russian guy was being polite, and the magazine lied. The fact is that our workers sit on their machines, smoke cigarettes, spit, scratch themselves, punch out, and ask for more money. That's the American dream these days. And I mean for all of us, from the auto unions to the universities."

"Jesus, George," Bud says. "I think you're losing perspective here."

What I'm thinking is that I do sound like my father, that Lily's right. Father complained about everything, bitterly, at length, and often at dinner, because there he could be assured an audience. At our house, if you wanted to eat you had to listen to the homily. According to Father, nobody wanted to do anything right. I thought he was crazy. What's the big deal? How right do you have to do things, and who's to say what's right in the first place? When he talked, all I could think of

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"I've just bought five acres of prime oceanfront. Want to help me build on it?"

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was the other points of view that people might have. His stuff was mostly about guys trying to save a buck by cutting corners, and I was always thinking, Well, maybe there's a good reason to cut a corner or two. Now I wonder what Charles is thinking.

Charles is flapping his shirt. He's got it by a button and he's ratcheting the shirt in and out to cool off his chest.

Bud returns the medicines. "One thing's for sure," he says to Charles. He's using his snide-guy voice. "We're working hard today. I know your dad's just back from the Center for Constitutional High Jinks, but I feel compelled to say our people work plenty hard. They earn everything they get."

"Yeah," I say. "But earning isn't what it was. These days you take a pee right and get a thousand-dollar raise."

"I think you'd better get some sleep, George," Bud says to me. "You're completely off base now. Maybe you ought to barbecue something; stick with juicier burgers and bigger buns."

"I hate those," Charles says, smiling. "Those fat wet guys people always make at home."

Charles is defending me. This is a first, I think. He's sitting here taking on the neighbor, defending the old man, doing a job. Bud doesn't quite get it.

"Say, Mr. Patrick, maybe *you* ought to cook out tonight," Charles says. "Do something for the whole neighborhood—your treat. How's that sound?"

"I'd like to," Bud says. He's limping away from the fence. "But I've gotta work tonight, gotta catch up."

I give him a glazed smile.

Charles says, just loud enough, "I always ask Mom to make mine thin, like Burger King. She does it right. She knows."

We have some silence between us, watching Bud hobble across his yard and into his house. Neither one of us says anything for a minute, and I'm sitting there staring at the back yard, which is unrestrained and poorly trimmed, and I've got my arm around Charles' shoulders. I'm thinking I want to tell him everything; I want to tell him we can't do it, we tried, we can't make it, you'd better try. But I've probably run him down for the day, so I say instead, "Your mother makes a good hamburger. It's not a Whopper, but it's O.K."

Charles laughs, gives me a defiant fist. Maybe this is the kind of thing I'm supposed to say, the kind of thing fathers and sons always say. Maybe I'm right for a change.

—Frederick Barthelme

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PROFILES

A GENTLE REIGN

KWABENA OPPONG, who is the king and supreme ruler of the African Ashanti tribespeople living in the United States of America, has a throne in his living room. The throne is a simple wooden armchair, with squared-off legs and arms and a wide, curving back decorated with medallions and baubles made of pounded tin. At each end of the throne's backrail is a metal ornament shaped like a sweet onion. The throne was a gift from the Ashanti king in Ghana, the West African nation that is the home of the tribe, to the Ashanti king in the United States. The two Ashanti kings are in somewhat different situations: the Ghanaian king is royally born, richly rewarded, divinely inspired, and holds his office for life. The American Ashanti king is elected every two years from the ranks of an Ashanti social and cultural organization called the Asanteman Association of the United States of America, Inc. The first Stateside king, Kwadwo Tuffuor, was a plumber. The second, Kusi Appouh, repaired air-conditioners and refrigerators. Kwabena Oppong is the third king; he drives a cab.

At the time he was elected, Kwabena Oppong was given the throne, which he will keep until January, when a new king takes over. He was also given the title "Nana," which is an Ashanti term of respect and means something like "Beloved" or "Your Honor." The people in the tribe now always address him as Nana, and he will be called Nana forever.

When I first met Nana, he was living with his family in a two-bedroom apartment in River Park Towers, a high-rise housing project in the South Bronx, near Yankee Stadium. This is hardly a kingly address, but the apartment was cheery and not without touches of royalty. In the living room, besides a large rubber plant and a furry mustard-colored couch and matching love seat, there were four strikingly large framed photographs—one of the current African Ashanti king, Otumfuo Opoku Ware II, in opulent ceremonial garb, and three of Nana Kwabena Oppong at his coronation celebration, at the Roosevelt Hotel, in New York City. A brass-and-wood plaque that said "NANA KWABENA OPPONG CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR ENSTOOLMENT AS ASANTEFUOHENE OF NEW YORK 23RD MAY 1987" was propped up on a small side table. The throne was wedged between the couch and a color television set.

Nana's four-year-old son, Dennis, greeted me at the door and then ran into the living room, grabbed a bag of Cheetos, and sat down on the throne. The television was tuned to "Jeopardy." Nana waved to me from the kitchen, where he was standing with the telephone balanced on his shoulder and his hand cupped around his ear.

"One of my people," he said, pointing to the phone. "I'll be done in a minute." He listened for a moment, with a worried look on his face. Then he spoke briefly in Ashanti. The language has a lot of "g"s and "n"s, and seems to erupt from the back of the throat. When spoken rapidly, Ashanti sounds like bubbling stew. When Nana speaks, it sounds like a gentle simmer. He spoke for a few more minutes, and then ended the conversation, looking considerably cheered up. He walked into the living room and handed me a diet Coke.

"Everyone always has a problem for the king," he said, shaking his head. "That's just the way it is. If you're going to be king, you find that out. Now, let me drink first, please. In Ashanti tradition, the host has to drink first to show he hasn't poisoned the drinks." As he sipped, he glanced across the room. "Oh, Dennis, get off the throne now!" Nana said. Then he let out a deep sigh. "I really can't help it," he told me. "The kids sit in it all the time."

At the time, Nana was in the first year of his reign and was just getting the hang of being a king. "I definitely love *being* the king," he said, after Dennis was dethroned. "But sometimes things aren't exactly the way they seem. This job can be so *bothersome*. Some of the time, I really don't love the bother." He went on to say that as king he is expected to act many roles—to be, in effect, a combination of supreme-court justice, party planner, marriage counsellor, religious leader, master of ceremonies, diplomat, and icon. He is regarded by his tribespeople here as the surrogate for the king in

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Ghana, and is often called on to settle personal, marital, and business disputes; he is the central figure at the monthly meetings of the Asanteman Association; he has to travel to important Ashanti occasions in other American cities; and his attendance is expected at all the Ashanti social events in the New York area. Every Ashanti I've met has been either gainfully employed or in school, but the parties come in a constant stream and usually last all night. It's a rare week that goes by without an African holiday or a funeral, a wedding, a picnic, a puberty celebration for a young girl, a sweet-sixteen party for an older girl, or an event called an "outdooring," which is a baby's coming-out party. (In old Ashanti tradition, babies were kept inside for a week after birth, so the spirits wouldn't be tempted to snatch them back.) "Africans love to party," Nana explained. "I have to go to all of them. Sometimes at these events, I don't have to *do* anything. I don't speak, eat, or drink at ceremonies. But I have to be there. The king has to be there to make it an event. Sometimes it interferes with my driving the cab." A typical week for him is likely to include fifty hours of driving the cab, thirty or forty phone calls from Ashanti wanting something, a party, and a meeting of the Association.

Nana has an entourage of a queen mother (who is neither his wife nor his mother but another Association member, elected as second in command, who specializes in women's and girls' issues) and eight or nine elders, including a chief linguist, who is the Ashanti equivalent of a White House spokesman, and a number of junior elders, who oversee various neighborhoods and give counsel. In the long run, though, the headache of being king derives from the fact that Nana is the one who is constantly in demand. That afternoon, for instance, after we had been speaking for only a few moments, the phone rang. Nana went into the kitchen and answered it, listened for a long time, spoke in Ashanti briefly, and then came back to the couch. "That was a member of the club who wants to know how to send the body of his brother back to Ghana for burial," he said. A moment later, the phone rang again: "Someone wants to make sure I'll pour a libation and make a blessing before a wedding."

Later: "I'm arranging a performance of our cultural group, with drumming and dancing. That was the guy who is making the invitations."

Later: "That was a man who needs help in getting a loan and also needs a ride to the meeting next week."

Later: "That was another man in the club—he's having a problem with his wife. I have to go over to his house this evening."

Much later: "Someone trying to sell a newspaper subscription. That one wasn't an Ashanti."

Nana has a few other royal accoutrements besides the title and the throne: several robes made of gorgeous Ghanaian fabrics ("I wear them only for special ceremonial times. When I'm not king anymore, I'll have to give them back"); two Advent loudspeakers ("We use those at meetings and for performances of our cultural group. I don't like having them, because I have to take them in my car anyplace the club needs them"); an umbrella of deep-gold silk edged with fringe ("The umbrella is very important. Ghana is very sunny, and you don't want a king walking out in that sun"); and a small wooden stool filled with the spirits of his tribe's ancestors. The stool is a representation of the sacred Golden Stool, which, according to Ashanti legend, was divinely created and delivered to the first Ashanti king as a symbol of his supremacy. When an Ashanti king ascends to the throne, he is said to have been enstooled. The stool gives Nana's wife, Georgina, the creeps, so she keeps it hidden in the bedroom closet and lets Nana bring it out only for ceremonial use.

Nana does not, as Ashanti kings traditionally did, receive gold dust, wives, slaves, or cattle for his trouble, but he has often said that being king has changed his life. "I've learned so much about people that I never knew before," he told me. "I've learned a lot about communicating. Before, I didn't know much about other people's ideas or their actions. Now my knowledge has been broadened. The people give me so much love and respect. That's what I've liked most about being king." Although very little in his life up to now might appear to have prepared him for the job, he seems to have taken to it instinctively. He has quickly become comfortable with the attitude of

"Big day, Haskins. The training wheels come off."

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"Here's one I know we had before, but I don't remember if we hated it or loved it."

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royalty—one of his boilerplate phrases is "A king's greatness is his people"—but if he ever savors the loftiness of his position he has clearly not let it turn his head.

"Everyone knew Nana would be a good king," one of the elders said recently. "He's fair, and he loves his people. During his reign, he has got more and more respect. The more we see how humble and warmhearted he is, the more we see the intensity of Nana."

Another one of the elders says, "I wasn't sure what kind of king Nana would be. But Nana has fitted into the job very well. It isn't easy being king. It's a touchy thing. You have to be without any arrogance at all. After all, once you become the king your people look up to you and serve you. Your life changes. You have to act kingly. For instance, even at the height of provocation you can't strike anyone. You can no longer dance, like a common person. You receive special consideration from the rest of the Ashanti. If you walk in the room, people bow their heads. If you go to the airport, your people carry your suitcases."

NANA's public situation has occasionally made him see his private situation differently. For instance, he told me that day that he thought the housing project he and his family lived in was going downhill as fast as his station in life was going up, and he was planning to move as soon as possible. "There are drugs and other problems—it's not the way it used to be here. It's not good for the kids," he said. "Anyway, a king isn't supposed to live in an apartment in the Bronx!" He told me that after considering the options he had decided to buy a house in Teaneck, New Jersey, because the greenery of New Jersey reminded him of the part of Ghana where he grew up.

Ghana is a modern concoction of regions ruled by neighboring but not necessarily neighborly tribes, of which the Ashanti is the largest. During the sixties and seventies, Ghana's economy crumbled, and its government, formed in 1957, when the country (called Gold Coast until then) was granted independence from Britain, followed suit; there are people who say that for a time in Ghana the coups were more regular than the trains. A coup in 1979 put a flight lieutenant named Jerry Rawlings in power. Rawlings calls himself a radical populist and is a member of the Ewe tribe, which has never been in what anyone would describe as total harmony with the Ashanti (although, as it happens, he is married to an Ashanti woman). In the second half of this century, it became fashionable for any Ashanti who could afford it to go to Great Britain or the United States for college. Rawlings' rise to power, combined with the continued failure of Ghana's main crop, cocoa, convinced even more Ashanti to leave. Most have families back in Africa and still think of Ghana as home. There are probably close to ten thousand Ashanti in New York, mainly in Brooklyn and the Bronx, and about twenty thousand living elsewhere in the United States.

"The Ashanti have become a travelling tribe," an Association member named Kojo Nsiah-Amanquah told me after describing his own pilgrimage from Ghana to Temple University, in Philadelphia, to study insurance. But when Nana first announced his intention to move approximately twelve miles, from the Bronx to New Jersey, a certain amount of panic broke out; some members of the tribe worried that a king in Teaneck would be less accessible to them than a king in the Bronx, and insisted that Nana consider their opinions and concerns before relocating.

One of Nana's favorite words is "aggravation," which he pronounces like a drumroll, with five or six syllables: "ag-gar-ra-va-tion." By his standards, aggravation is a condition that exists in this world in almost unlimited supply, and has almost unlimited negative potential. Aggravation, in its specific Nana-exasperating form, is what happens when something like deciding to move to New Jersey, which comes with its own raft of difficulties, takes on a new load of complications because it

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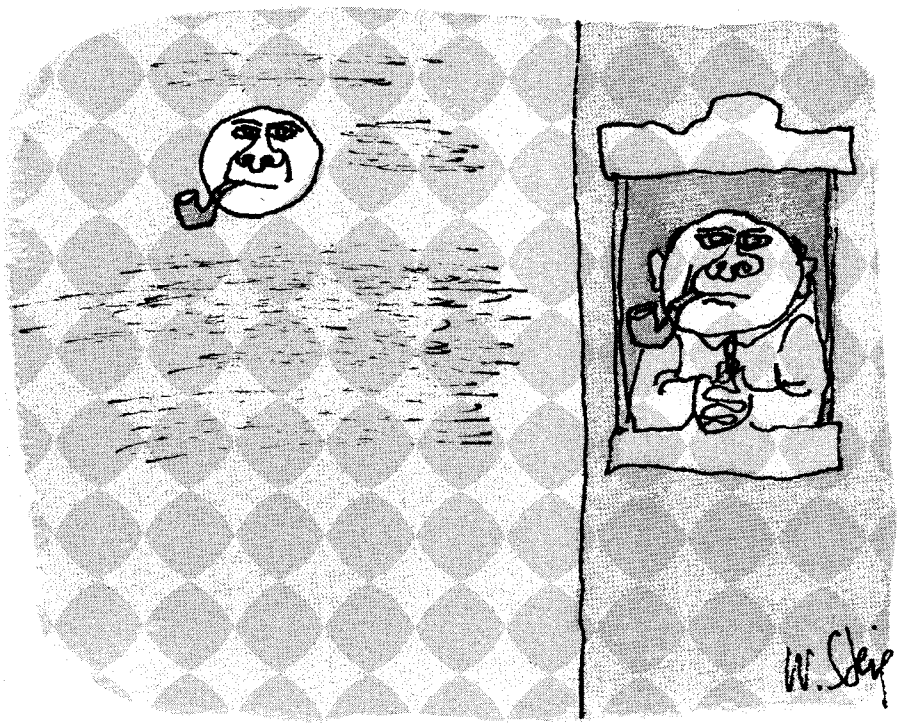

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is perceived as a matter of royal policy. Nana told me that he considered all the anxiety unfounded, but, as aggravating as it might be, it was his duty to smooth things out and assure everyone that once he was in Teaneck he would be as available as ever to carry out his responsibilities as king. He called a number of the worriers individually and pleaded his case. As another gesture of appeasement, he announced that as soon as he moved he would quit his job as a cabdriver, which keeps him out of reach for hours at a stretch (he admitted that, because of his driving schedule, he was making a lot of royal-related calls from phone booths), and instead take a job in a laundromat. "A king in Teaneck doesn't seem to be a problem to me, but some of the people are really worried," he said. "I keep telling them, 'There will be no problems with New Jersey. I'll be here for you, just the way I am now. There won't be any problems.' You see, if the king is in New Jersey they can still call anytime. A king in a cab is actually much harder to get on the phone."

WELL after Nana's reign is over, it will live on both in the memories and on the videotapes of the members of the Asanteman Association. A crew of cameramen, hired by the club, films almost every social event, and I got accustomed to receiving invitations like this one:

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In fact, the first time I went to a meeting of the Association the proceedings were delayed for an hour while members viewed videos of Nana's coronation and then filled out forms to order them. There were two different tapes—one shot in a standoffish, scan-the-crowd, public-television style befitting a House of Windsor affair, and the other more in the manner of a home movie, with a number of blurry closeups of Nana's left cheek and ear. There seemed to be a lot of enthusiasm for both tapes. "It's important that we record all this for posterity," the queen mother, a tall, bashful nursing-home attendant named Ama Asantewaa, said to me as we stood in the group of people watching the monitors. "The Ashanti have a high sense of history, so we like to have records of everything that goes on."

Just then, another Ashanti woman came up to us. "Ama, which are you going to buy?" she asked. "I don't know what to buy. Last week, I ordered the tape of the puberty festival. Now I don't know which of these to get."

The queen mother shrugged and said, "I loved the coronation party so much that I just have to buy both tapes."

Having a face that is television-friendly has never, as far as I know, figured in the Ashanti royal elections, but I have heard it observed during tape viewings that most people believe that the camera favors Nana. He is forty-eight years old, but looks ten years younger. He is about five feet eight and has short brown hair, smooth dark skin, a squarish mustache, small, bright eyes, and a large, well-formed head. On his left cheek is a peanut-size horseshoe-shaped scar—an Ashanti tribal mark given to him at birth. (The practice of tribal scarification is now mostly obsolete.) Nana's voice is sleepy-sounding. The effect of his accent—a mingling of British clip and African lilt—on my Midwestern ear has sometimes resulted in unusual conversations. This effect has occasionally been exacerbated by the fact that the Ashanti language has no pronoun genders; when speaking English, tribespeople tend to call everyone a he.

Nana favors casual shirts and slacks when he goes in for Western clothing, but he looks more at home in traditional Ghanaian robes, called *ntoma*, which are worn either like togas, slung over one shoulder and wrapped around the torso, or like sarongs, rolled at the waist and draped to the floor. Most Ashanti I know wear tennis shorts under their *ntoma* in all weather, and heavy sweaters when it's cold. I have never seen Nana wearing anything on his feet except leather thongs—flat soles with toe loops—from Ghana, but he confided to me recently that whenever it snows he wears Western-style shoes outside.

Nana was born in September, 1940, in Bekwai, a farming village in the Ashanti region, in south-central Ghana. Kwabena, his first name, is Ashanti for "Tuesday," which was the day he was born. (There are only seven Ashanti first names—Monday through Sunday.) Many of the houses in Bekwai are made of mud and cement blocks and have bamboo roofs, and are without running water and electricity. The Ashanti region has roughly the

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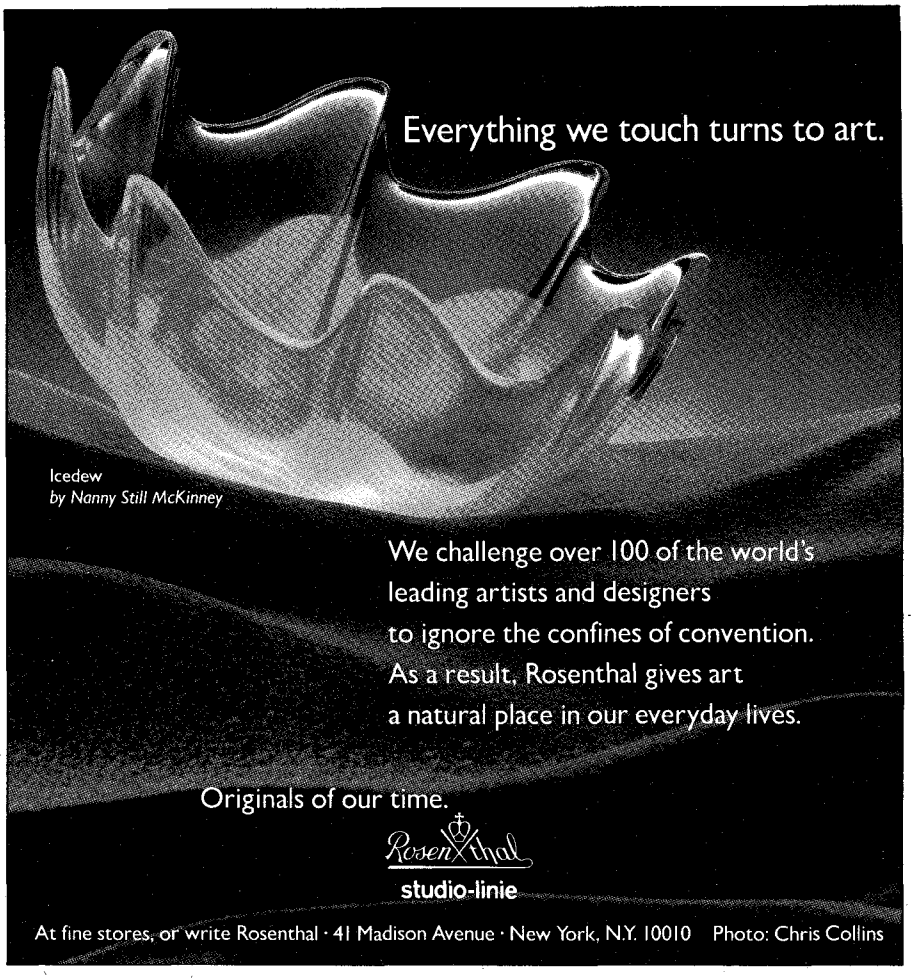
same boundaries that it had when the tribe ruled over its own kingdom, during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and amassed great wealth trading in gold, kola nuts, and slaves. The Ashanti have maintained an unusually complex royal hierarchy for almost three hundred years, beginning with Osei Tutu, the greatest Ashanti monarch, who was eventually killed by some members of the Akim tribe. The king holds office for life, but can be destooled for a variety of transgressions, including madness, leprosy, fits, excessive cruelty, blindness, impotence, disfigurement, not following the advice of the elders, or being too fond of disclosing the slave origins of some of his subjects. Even after Britain managed, with great difficulty, to colonize the Ashanti territory, in 1901, the monarchy stayed intact, and it has remained in place since independence.

When Nana became king, his father observed that it was obvious even when Nana was a baby that he would be great someday. Nana's family, however, wasn't royal. His father had a small but prosperous cocoa farm, three wives, and twenty-five children. Like most Ashanti with multiple wives, he maintained a separate home for each of them. Nana's mother, though, divorced him sometime in the nineteen-fifties, when she became a Christian and found his pantheistic ancestor worship unbearable. Nana is a baptized Anglican but an infrequent churchgoer; he is a fervent believer in the power of ancient spirits and in an omnipresent deity.

After high school, Nana moved to Kumasi, the second-largest city in Ghana. He says he wanted to live where he could see electric lights. In Kumasi, he went to a trade school to become an automotive technician, and then in 1972 he came to the United States to visit a friend and decided to stay. He drove a gypsy cab in the Bronx for a while, got a job as a security guard at the World Trade Center, became the surrogate tribal chief of an informal organization of his kinsmen in Brooklyn, took a job in an electronics store on Canal Street, became a deputy chief of the Asanteman Association, chipped in with a friend to buy a cab medallion, and finally became king. As I spent more and more time with Nana, I came to realize that the hairpin turns in fortune and circumstance which he has experienced, instead of



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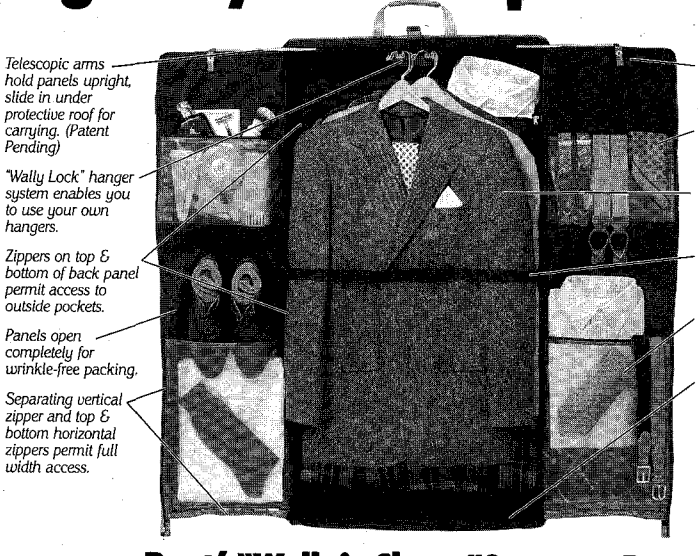

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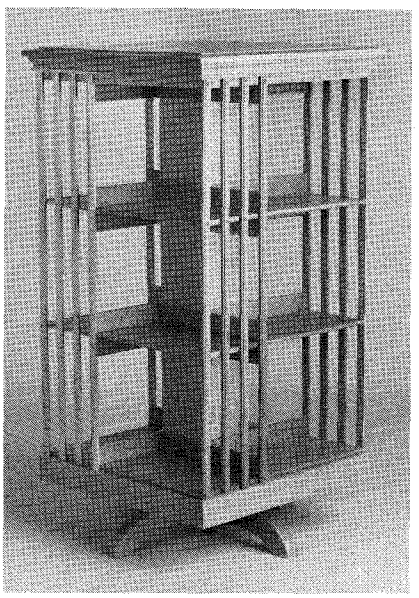

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making him dizzy or frustrated, have given him an air of monumental calm. There are times when he seems to have the imperturbability of a very old man or of a visitor from another planet observing and recording impetuous earthling behavior. He is not impassive—he just finds reconciling seemingly unreconcilable things an abiding condition of life. Whenever he talks about the peculiarities of his personal situation, he throws his hands up as if something had just landed in his lap uninvited, and bursts into a laugh that is one part high-pitched wheeze and three parts thunder. "I *know* how strange this is," he said one day, exploding into the laugh. "My life was one way, and then I turned around and everything had changed. I dream of the headline sometimes if I'm driving and I'm getting scared. Really, it just seems so funny! I think, How would that sound—'KING KILLED IN CAB'?"

THERE are all sorts of circumstances in which people find it necessary to call upon the king. Some are merely ceremonial, such as weddings and funerals, but many are potentially litigious. The Ashanti I met seem to have a pronounced lack of interest in using the American legal system to settle conflicts—a characteristic probably owing in part to their two-hundred-year tradition of having most matters decided by kings and elders, and in part to the more modern condition of living under a Ghanaian government where differences of opinion are sometimes resolved before a firing squad. As much as possible, the Ashanti call on Nana to sit in judgment for them, and this is the part of being king he finds most difficult—he likes to say that he finds argument an awkward exercise and rarely engages in it himself. So far, he has been called in to arbitrate eight major feuds, and he hasn't enjoyed any of it.

"It can be very embarrassing to work with these disputes," he says. "It just becomes very embarrassing to me. Sometimes people can be so—*aggravating*. Once, when I was still just a deputy, just an elder, a big fight arose. The king was in Ghana at the time, so I had to handle it. I finally lost my patience with the people who were arguing, and I decided to leave. I stepped outside, and I could hear through the door that they had started to fight with each other. I had to go

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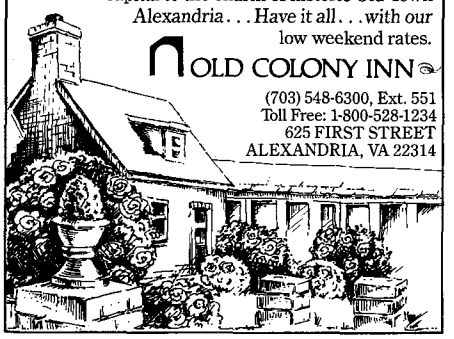

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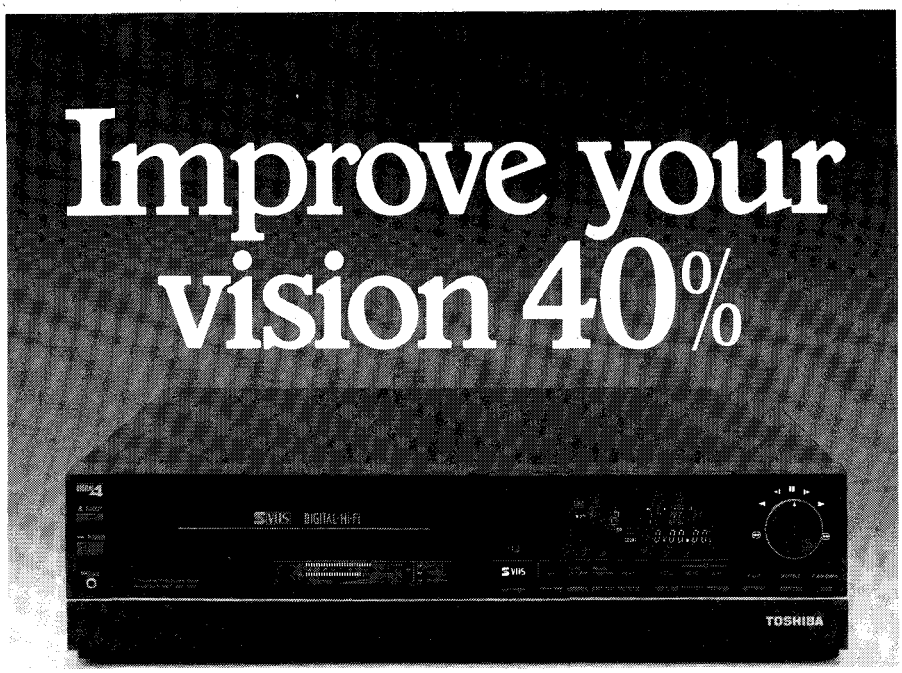
back inside. Finally, I called the police, because I thought, This is no matter just for a king! I couldn't stand it! There was just so much argument. I was really embarrassed. What aggravation! One man's lip was bitten in the fight. I wasn't scared for my own sake, because you can't bite a king, or even a deputy king. The man wanted to take the guy who bit him to court. We didn't want to see that happen, so the Association paid him a thousand dollars for the lip. It was a lot of money, but it was the right thing to do. I couldn't stand to see one of our people in jail in America."

Nana is so discomfited by feuding that he doesn't like even to talk about it, but within the tribe his judicial temperament is widely admired. He is known less as a strict constructionist than as a legal realist—his is more a court of equity than a court of law. "What I like about Nana," an Ashanti microbiologist named Victor Aning told me once, "is that he is a cool-mannered personality. When he judges things, he does it in a cool-mannered way."

One day not long ago, after Nana had just moved to Teaneck, I stopped by at his new house. It was a steamy afternoon; several elderly white men in shorts and undershirts were out mowing their lawns. Nana's street curves through a pretty neighborhood and is lined with small brick bungalows that have peaked roofs and big picture windows; Nana's was the only house with a yellow cab parked in the driveway. When he came to the door, he peered through the screen. "Oh, I have to do something about the neighbors," he said before letting me in. "Some of the people in the club are upset that I haven't let the neighbors know I'm a king. I just haven't thought of how I'm going to tell them."

The house was still: Georgina Oppong was out shopping; their three children, Dennis, Susie, and Mandy, were playing outside; and the Oppongs' niece Florence, who moved from Ghana last year to live with them, was sitting in the den watching reruns of "Lassie" as she folded a pile of clean *ntoma* and socks. The air was full of the sound of cicadas, lawnmowers, and muffled barking. Nana had driven his cab all night—the laundromat job had come and gone by this time, having proved convenient from his subjects' point of view but barely lucrative



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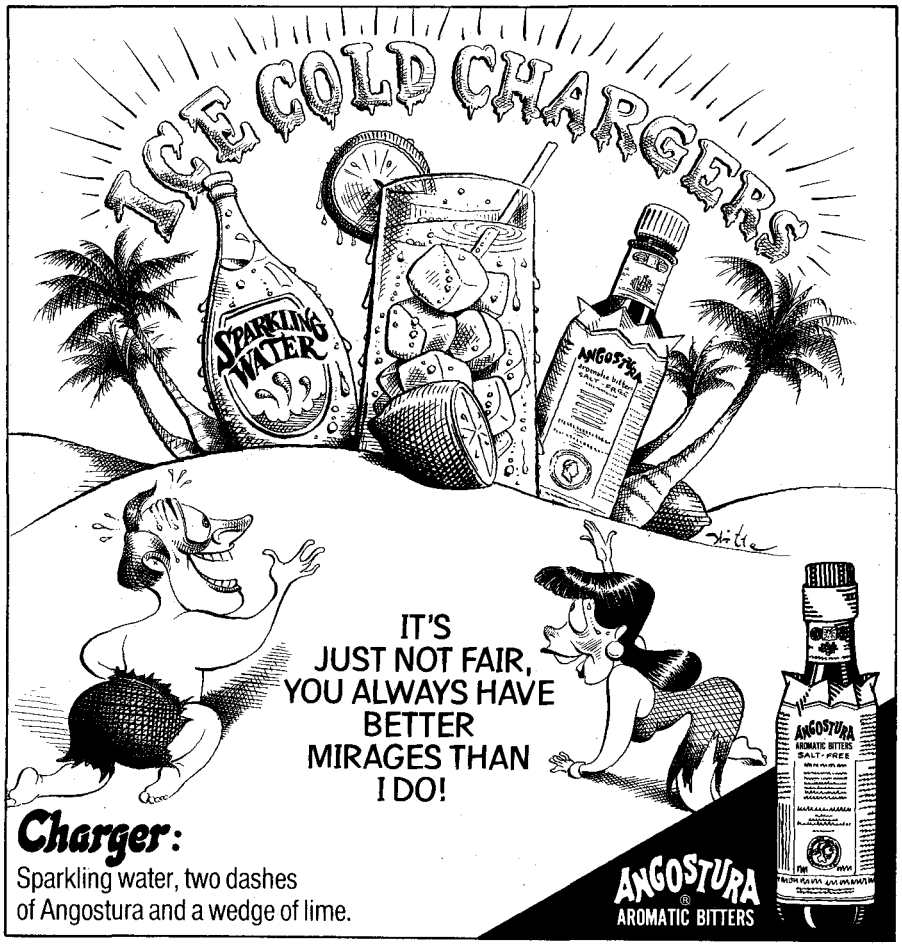

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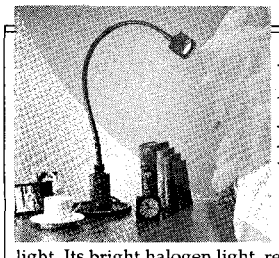

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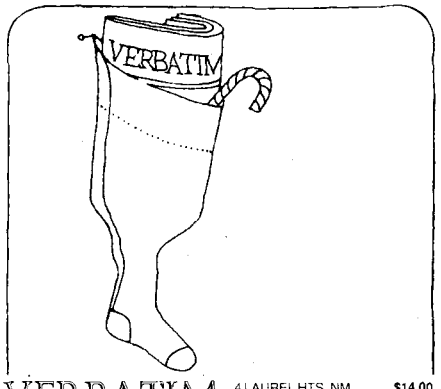

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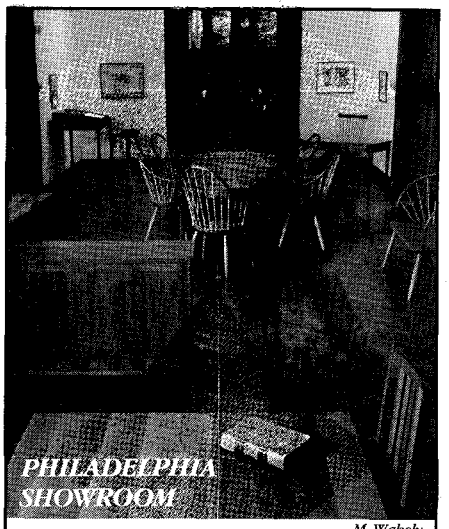
from his—and earlier in the week he had attended two Ashanti events that wound up, as most do, around five in the morning. He was exhausted. We talked briefly about his move to New Jersey, and about the general status of the Association, and then he told me that a dispute had come up recently that he wasn't able to resolve. "It was a marriage," he said, frowning. "But it was too broken to fix." The question wasn't whether the warring parties were willing to take Nana's advice—the Ashanti who come to him seem prepared to accept his decisions—but whether he saw a solution that was by his standards reasonable. He didn't, and it depressed him. So far, though, the other major disputes of his reign have been resolved more successfully:

A man reported to Nana that he was leaving his wife because there had been no food in the house for two weeks. The wife reportedly answered his questions about the food by saying, "What's wrong with you?"

Nana: "I called the wife. She said, 'It's true, but I'm angry because my husband has been sending money home to Ghana without my knowledge.' I called all the elders, and we decided that the woman was right—he shouldn't have been sending the money home—but we had to go along with the man. We always give the upper hand to the man. In this case, though, I didn't give a formal judgment. I said to them, 'Cool down.' In some cases I give a judgment, and in some I just advise a little patience. In our culture, to get a divorce you have to get permission from your parents, and I reminded them how embarrassing that would be. They did cool down when I told them to. They have to give their respect to me, because I'm the king."

A woman complained that she bought a newsstand for her husband, and the man was apparently working there, but still no money was coming in. Then the woman found a letter he had written to another woman.

Nana: "I knew this was difficult, because they came to see me in separate cars. It was a Sunday evening. What are most arguments about? It's mostly money, money, money. Ashanti who come here work very, very hard. They work harder than they would if they were still in Ghana. In Ghana, there's nothing to buy—it isn't so materialistic. You don't even have to wear shoes. You have your family. They take care



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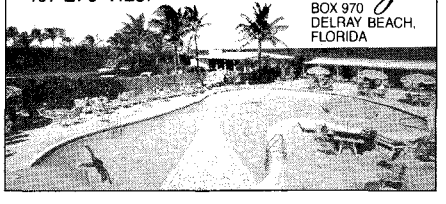

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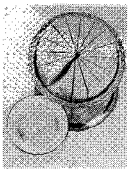

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of you. Here you take care of yourself. You have no mommy and no daddy. The people have to earn money. Sometimes they're sending money back home, so they need even more money. So they argue about money. When these two came to me, I took the man aside and told him to apologize. The woman started to cry. [*In a woman's voice*] 'Weee, weee, weee, now I feel so bad.' I asked the man to compensate her fifty dollars because of her finding the letter he wrote to his concubine."

A man complained that his sister and his wife didn't get along and were making his life miserable.

Nana: "The man cited three reasons that he was upset. He said his wife was lazy, she had no respect for him and his sister, and she had to get along with his sister and wouldn't. I called the wife, and she was so annoyed that the man had come to me! I fixed a deal for them when they came to my house, but the man was angry and decided to leave. I was upset with him. I said, 'Why are you leaving? You come to my house and your wife comes to my house, and now you won't accept my judgment.' I guess, though, that they got themselves back together. I saw them later at a funeral, and the wife started screaming at me. Screaming at *me!* Everyone was laughing about it, that now she was picking on me, too! Later, the husband came over and apologized for her. I found it very embarrassing."

A man made a loan to a very good friend, who didn't pay it back.

Nana: "Oh, they were *really* fighting about it! They called me up, and I got the money back from the one. I said, 'Why don't you pay it back already?' So he gave me the money, and I gave it to the other guy. I asked them to come over, so I could see them shake hands over it. They came over, but they wouldn't shake hands! [*In a low, blustery man's voice*] 'I won't shake his hand, no!' You know, I know that people don't mean to be aggravating, but sometimes they really are. Finally, these guys shook hands, and that ended it."

A wife went to Ghana and started building a house for her family without telling her husband. She said she was using her own money and so didn't need his approval.

Nana: "I had to call in the elders for this one. We sat with them for four hours. Four hours! It was so aggravating! We finally made an agree-

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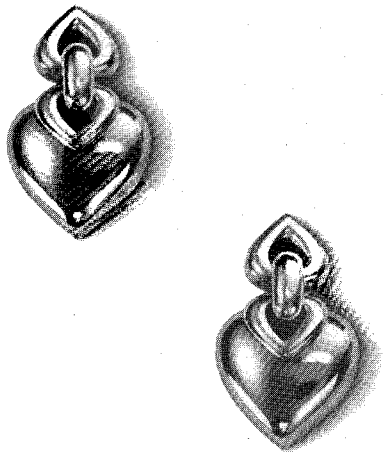

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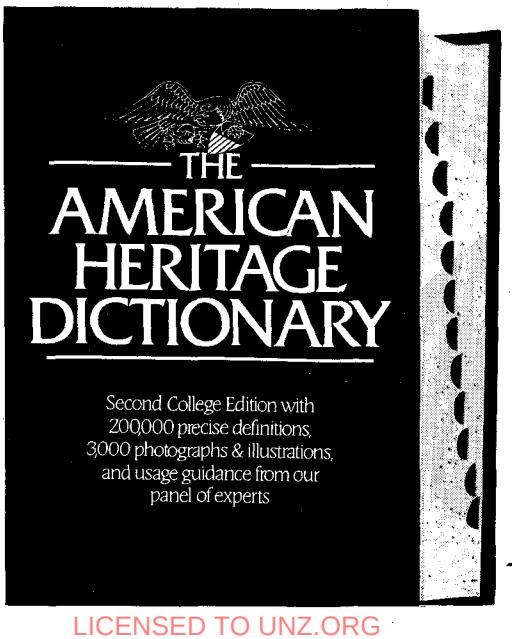

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ment. We advised the man and his wife to open a joint savings account."

ALTHOUGH the resolutions that Nana orchestrates—Solomonic reasoning with overtones of tribal protocol and a shrewd sense of damage control—don't always result in perfect harmony, he has become known as a peacemaker, and his attitude toward squabbling, which is similar to most people's attitude toward the sound of fingernails on a chalkboard, has gained popularity in Ashanti circles. Partly, this may be because Nana has preached harmony as not just an appealing state of being but one that can have tangible results. In an address to the Association, for instance, he once plaited together the threads of peaceful coexistence and economic rationalism so intricately that he left the audience breathless. "I have started looking into business opportunities for minorities," he told the group. "This does not rule out the Asanteman Association. An example of this is Korean and Chinese immigrants who have flooded the fish, fruits, and small grocery shops." After a pause, he added, "If we can love ourselves, we may help ourselves to achieve such great business status."

Nana's emphasis on unity and on positive vibrations is a notable change for the Asanteman Association, whose first few years were marked by intense bickering over rules and regulations. The club was formed in 1982, by Adum Bawuah, a lecturer at John Jay College of Criminal Justice, who while working on his doctoral dissertation came to the conclusion that the Ashanti people who had emigrated to the United States had, as he put it, unwisely flung their culture into the melting pot. He decided that a social organization could help fish the culture out before it was too late. The club would be dedicated to preserving the use of the Ashanti language, educating young Ashanti about tribal history, observing traditional ceremonies and holidays, and bringing kinspeople together; and members would be entitled to, among other things, death benefits and the use of the Association mailing list for party invitations.

A few other Ghanaian tribes had fraternal organizations in the United States—among them the Ewe Unity Club, the Akan Association, the Okuapeman Association, and the Kwahuman Association—but those clubs had Western structures, headed by chairmen or presidents. Bawuah decided that the Asanteman Association, which now has several branches across the country, would be better off using an American variation of the traditional tribal system—dynastic succession would be replaced by election. Candidates for king would make their cases before the membership, and then a council of elders would vote on a final selection. This curious hybrid of African tradition and democratic process was instantly popular with the Ashanti whom Bawuah approached, and in 1982, with the blessing of Otumfuo Opoku Ware II, the Ghanaian Ashanti king, the club was formed.

Bawuah wanted the American Ashanti king to be chosen from among the common people. "I didn't want the group to be dominated by the intellectual élite," he told me not long ago. "In Ghana, many of the chiefs don't know how to read or write, but they know how to bring people together. My first choice was to have the king be an older person, sixty-five or seventy. The kings have ended up being younger, which has worked out just as well."

As monarchies have long been racked with upheaval and intrigue, so was the Asanteman Association. An early and especially lively disagreement involved the length of the king's tenure. I have heard countless versions of what happened, but, as near as I can make out, one of the first two kings liked the job so much that he proposed he be kept on for life, confirming an observation Bawuah once made to me—something along the lines of "In Africa, once a person takes office he really likes to die in office." Some of the club members thought that the king-for-life concept was a good one, and others thought that it was approximately as good an idea as, say, indentured servitude. Sides were taken, and many prominent members walked out. For a while, it looked as though a rival Asanteman Association might be formed. "A conflict of power, I would call it," one of the junior elders, Johnson Owusu-Manu, has said. "Or, I would say, a struggle for power, or a dispute over power. The main thing definitely was the power."

Nana never really intended to run for king. He had shown a natural capacity for leadership, having founded and headed an informal organization of his clan, the Amansie, before the

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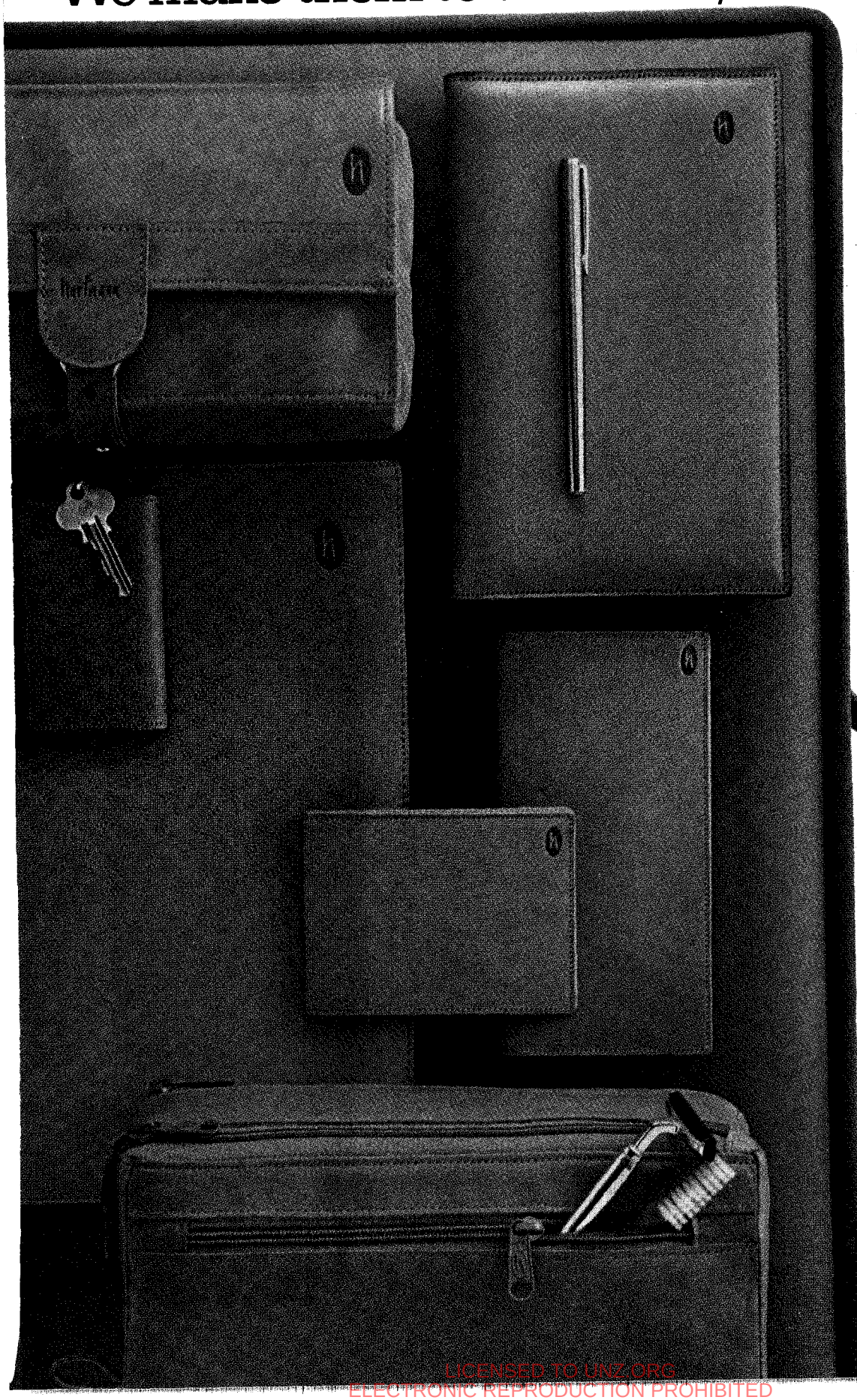

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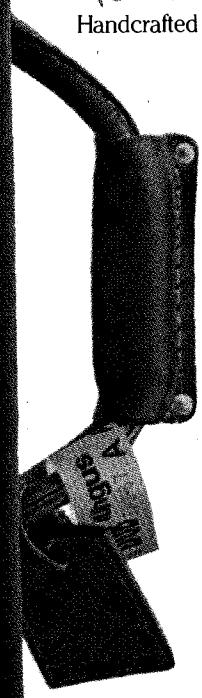

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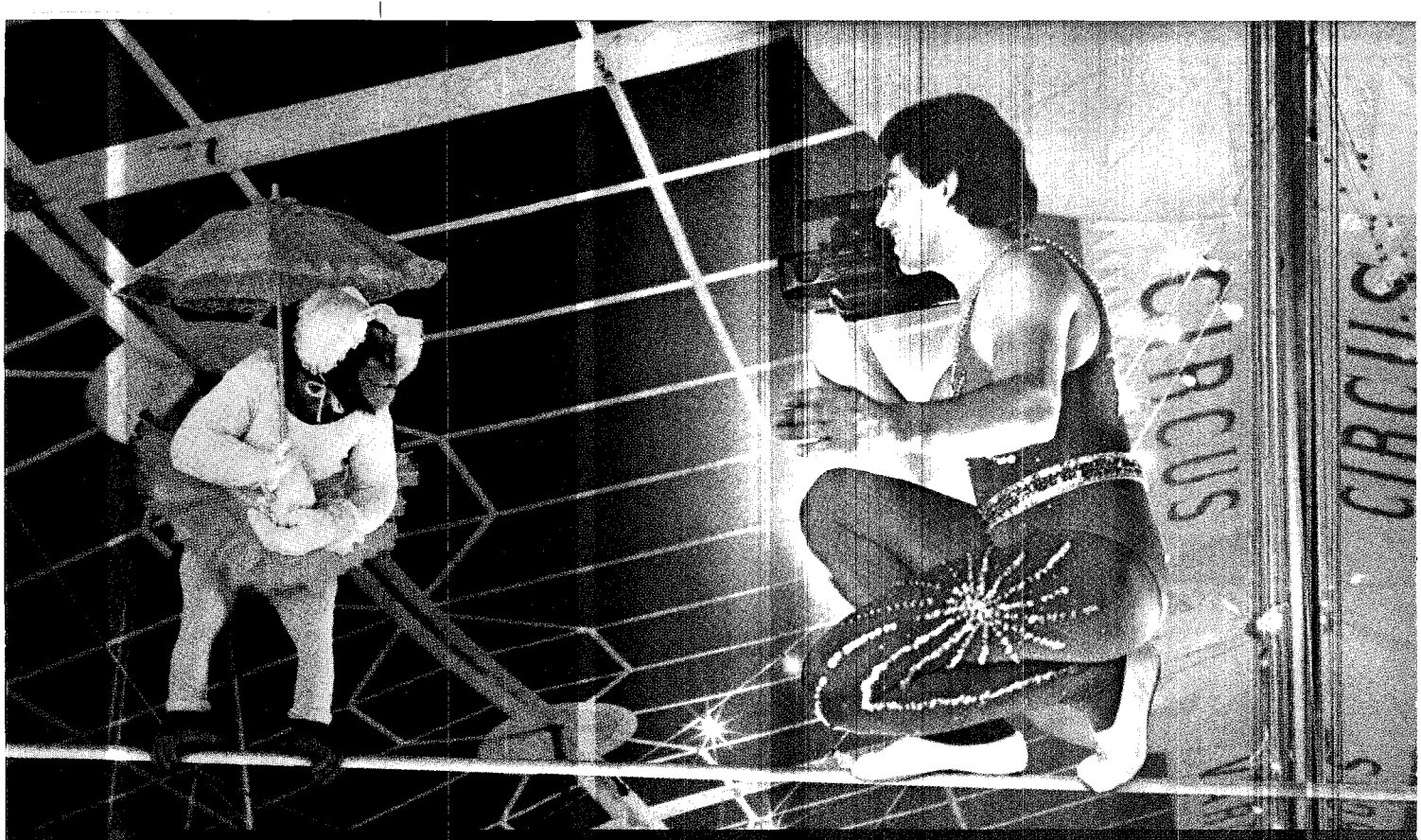

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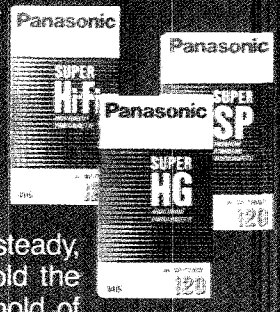

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Asanteman Association was formed, and he served as deputy chief in the early years of the club. When it came to being king, though, he had reservations. "I didn't want to come in, to begin with," he told me. "I had reasons. I thought, You don't get paid to do this. You don't get anything to be the king. Do I want to waste my time? I'm busy with my family and my cab." But the woman who was then queen mother thought that Nana would make a good king, so a few months before the election she approached him and told him he should run. He refused. She came back. He refused again. Then, to make her point, she sent one of her advisers to see him every three days. Finally, Georgina Oppong started to worry that people would think she was keeping Nana from being king. Georgina is also Ashanti—in fact, her family happens to be royal—but, between the children and her night-shift job as a nurse at a Manhattan nursing home, she has never had much time left to participate in the Association. "It wasn't Georgina," Nana said. "I just didn't know if I wanted to be so involved. But"—he threw his hands up and started to laugh—"I finally changed my mind!"

Once convinced, Nana campaigned actively on a love-and-peaceful-accord platform. He vowed that he would postpone his formal coronation until the disgruntled ex-members agreed to return to the club. The elders caucused and voted, and in the end Kwabena Oppong became the third king of the American Ashanti. The next day, he went to the house of the ex-king who had been denied permanent status, talked to him for three hours, pleading tribal loyalty and democratic philosophy, and left satisfied that the ex-king and his partisans would rejoin the club. Eventually, they all did. It was a maneuver so deft that it is still discussed by members of the Association. After I heard the story of this negotiation, I asked Nana whether he had any ambitions in the greater political arena.

"I'm not a politician," he said.

"Isn't this politics?"

"Oh, no, this is just what a king does—it's different from politics. It's for the people, for our culture. I don't pay much attention to politics. In Ghana, because of the military government, no one wants to think about politics. A lot of Ghanaians left home because of politics." Then he looked at

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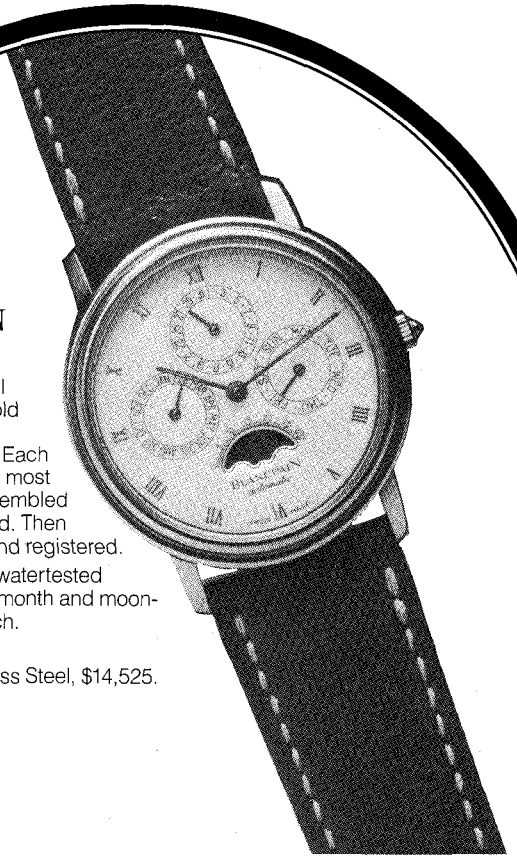

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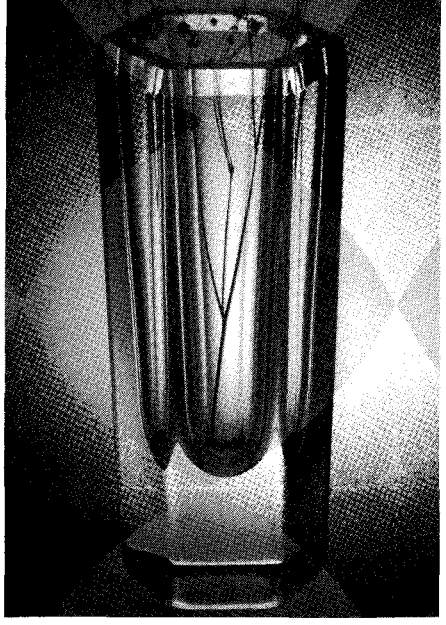

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me and beamed. "I did love campaigning, though," he said. "I tell you, it was so exciting! When you're campaigning, you can really express your views and no one gets angry with you."

As Nana often says, maintaining peace and harmony—in other words, avoiding aggravation—in this world is a job in itself. It also happens to be one that at times seems largely incompatible with his jobs as cabdriver and as king. He puts a great deal of stock in the soothing word and the deep, so-it-goes sigh, but they have on occasion failed him. Last winter, the elders of a new Asanteman Association chapter in Los Angeles asked Nana and a few of his deputies to come out to California for a formal induction ceremony. One cold Sunday evening, members of the New York chapter gathered in the basement of the Calvary United Methodist Church in the South Bronx to discuss the trip, as well as other tribal matters. When I arrived at the church, close to fifty people were inside. About half were in Ashanti traditional dress, and the rest were wearing things like leisure suits, shifts, and slacks. Ten of them were in a corner practicing on the talking drums for an upcoming performance, and ten more were dancing behind a chalkboard. Everyone else was sitting around in groups, chatting in Ashanti or passing out party invitations and announcements. I was given invitations to two outdoorings and one funeral. A stout woman wearing a turban circled the room selling World's Finest Chocolates for her son's Boy Scout troop. "Nana's going to be late," she told someone. "He had to pick up some of the elders and couldn't fit them and both loudspeakers in his car."

At last, Nana walked in. He was wearing a cinnamon-colored robe over a heavy brown sweater. A line of people formed in front of him before he could sit down. The conversations were all in Ashanti—the Association rules require that meetings be conducted in the native language—but I could tell by watching that about ten people were talking to Nana for every one he was able to listen to. Eventually, Nana made his way to a long table in the center of the room and sat down. The chief linguist gave an opening prayer, and a libation of Stolichnaya vodka was poured. Nana began to speak. He first reported on the success

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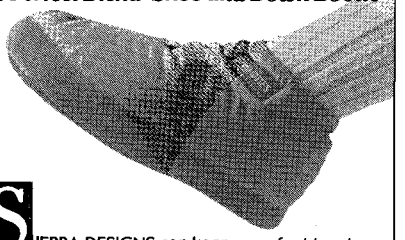

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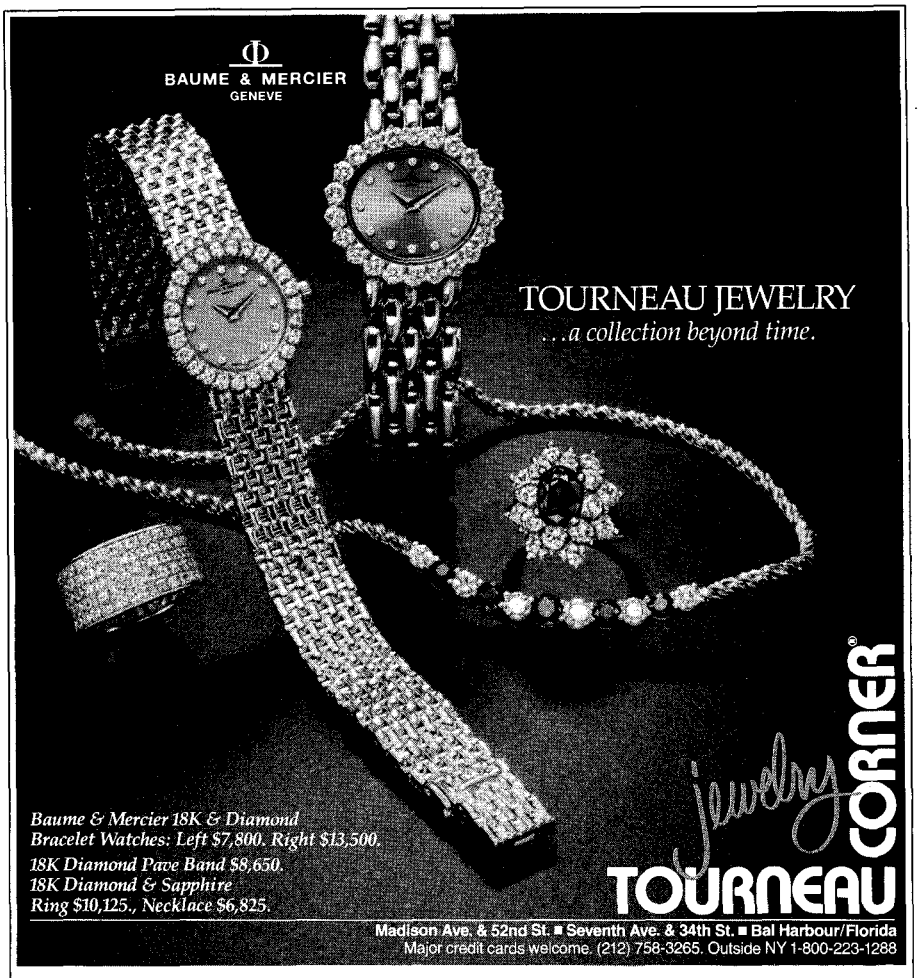
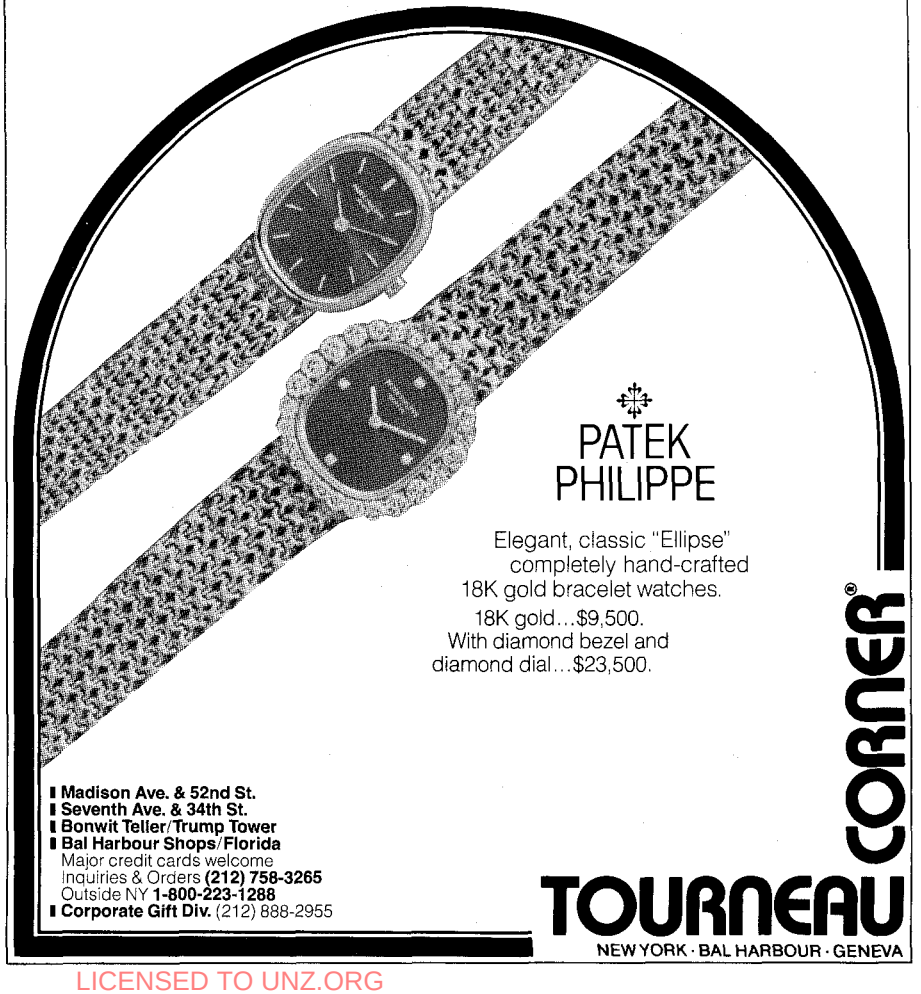
of the Christmas dance, then he announced his recommendation that a man who had argued with and insulted an elder and later bumped (maybe intentionally) into a female member of the Association be suspended from the club for six months. Then he said how delighted he was about the new Asanteman chapter, and asked the Association to pay half of his travel expenses so he could go to California for the induction ceremony. He reminded the members that, as officers of the club, he and the elders received no compensation for their time and expenses, and that the trip was important. "I want to see the new chapter spread its wings," he said.

A few people asked questions, and then the group voted to honor Nana's request. Suddenly, a short man in a red robe, who had the bunchy muscles and thrusting jaw of a boxer, stood up and started talking loudly and with mounting agitation. Nana answered him in a low, reassuring voice. The man grew more upset, and eventually jumped up, shouting and shaking his fist, knocked his chair over, and stomped out of the room. The man's outburst and the sound of the metal chair crashing down on the floor were so shocking that they seemed to linger in the air. Nana sat for a moment with his head bowed. Then he looked around at his elders and sighed. They sighed back. After a long, quiet interval, Nana looked at the rest of the Association members and swept his hands into the air as if he had been ordered to surrender. The gesture had the effect of a starter's pistol on the stunned members, who immediately broke into excited conversation and laughter. Nana himself eventually began to laugh. "This is the life of a king," he said to me. "You have to understand that this is the way some people have to be."

Since the argument had been conducted in Ashanti, I had understood only the phrases "New York *Times*," "Braniff Airlines," "Atlantic City," and "five dollars." I wanted to know the substance of the argument, so a few minutes later I asked Owusu-Manu, who often translated for me, what all the yelling had been about. He looked at me quizzically for a moment, as if he weren't sure exactly what yelling I was referring to. Then he nodded slowly and said, "Ohhh, *yes*," took a notepad, wrote something on it, and handed it to me. The note said "A





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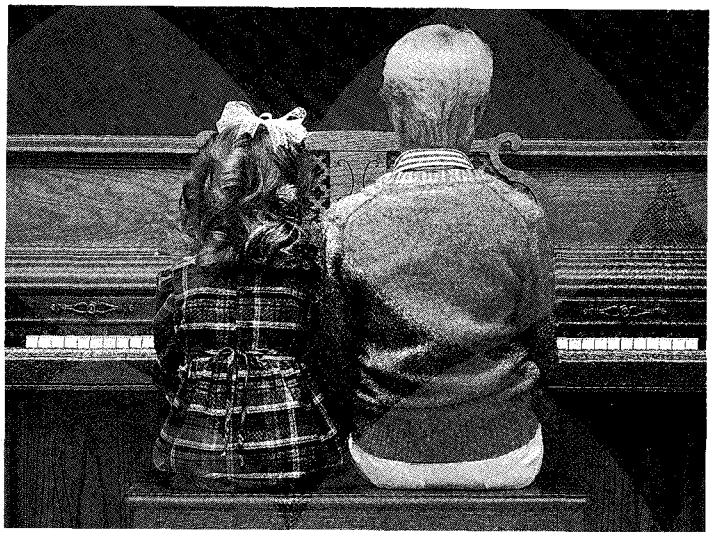

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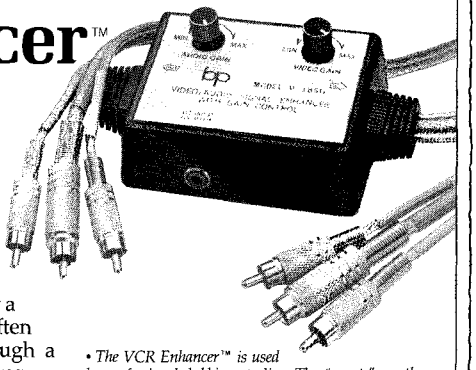

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Discussion was going on. The King was beseeching his people."

Forbearance of this order is actually at odds with the Ashanti tradition, which in the course of history has generally weighed in on the side of ferocity and belligerence, but Nana says that it is just as well to let some traditions fall by the wayside. "Some of what we do here is real," he says, "but some of it is just imitation." One evening after that meeting, he invited me to his house for a gathering of the elders. Nana had wanted to have them describe to me how the Association was founded, but within a few minutes the conversation had turned to the subject of the legendary warlike spirit of the Ashanti people. One chief elder, an energetic, gregarious man named Emmanuel Kofi Appiah, who is a child-services caseworker for the city, said, "The Ashanti are fighters, you know. In the olden days, we loved to go to war."

"We were the only tribe to defeat the British. We fought them and won many times," another elder said.

"We fought them *seven* times and defeated them *five* times," Appiah said.

"That was the olden days."

"Those were *good* days."

"Oh, yes, we *loved* to go to war."

Another elder leaned over and said, "Our symbol is the porcupine. It is the wildest little animal in the bush. It has a skin of spears. If you pull out one of the spears, a thousand will grow in its place." He sat back and said, "That means if you kill one Ashanti a thousand will spring up to take revenge."

Nana hadn't said anything all this time, but now, looking slightly distressed, he inched forward in his chair and made some portentous throat-clearing noises. "We love our culture," he said once he had everyone's attention. "Parts of it have changed, though. We're not warlike anymore. We also used to have another tradition we don't follow anymore. It used to be that when the king died his entire entourage was killed, so it could accompany him to Heaven." The elders looked down sheepishly.

A gentle temperament was probably Nana's to begin with, but I have been told that it has even been softened since he became king; if so, this is surely one of the few times when a sensational improvement in a person's status in life has resulted in an equivalent upswing in his modesty and self-restraint. No

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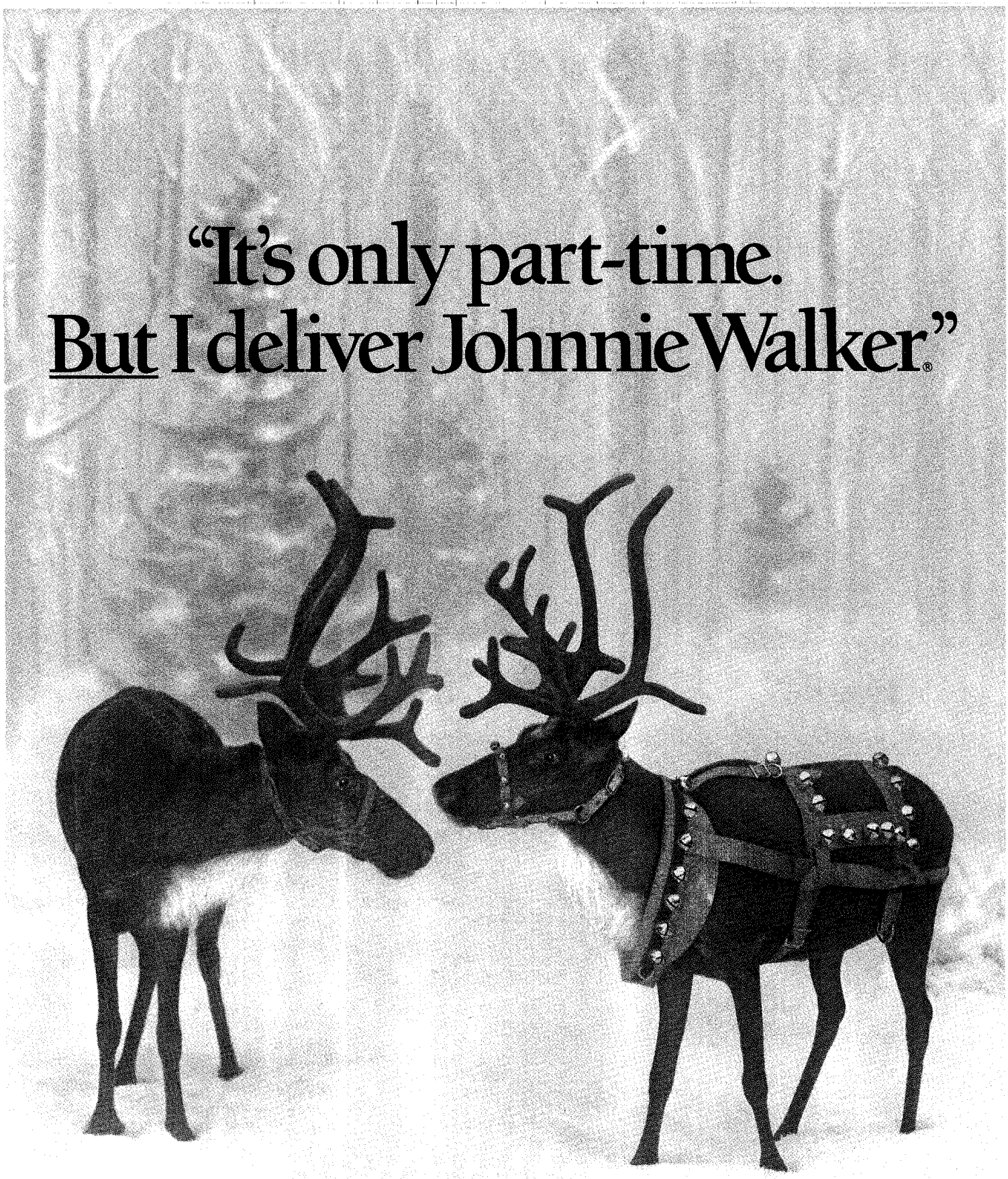

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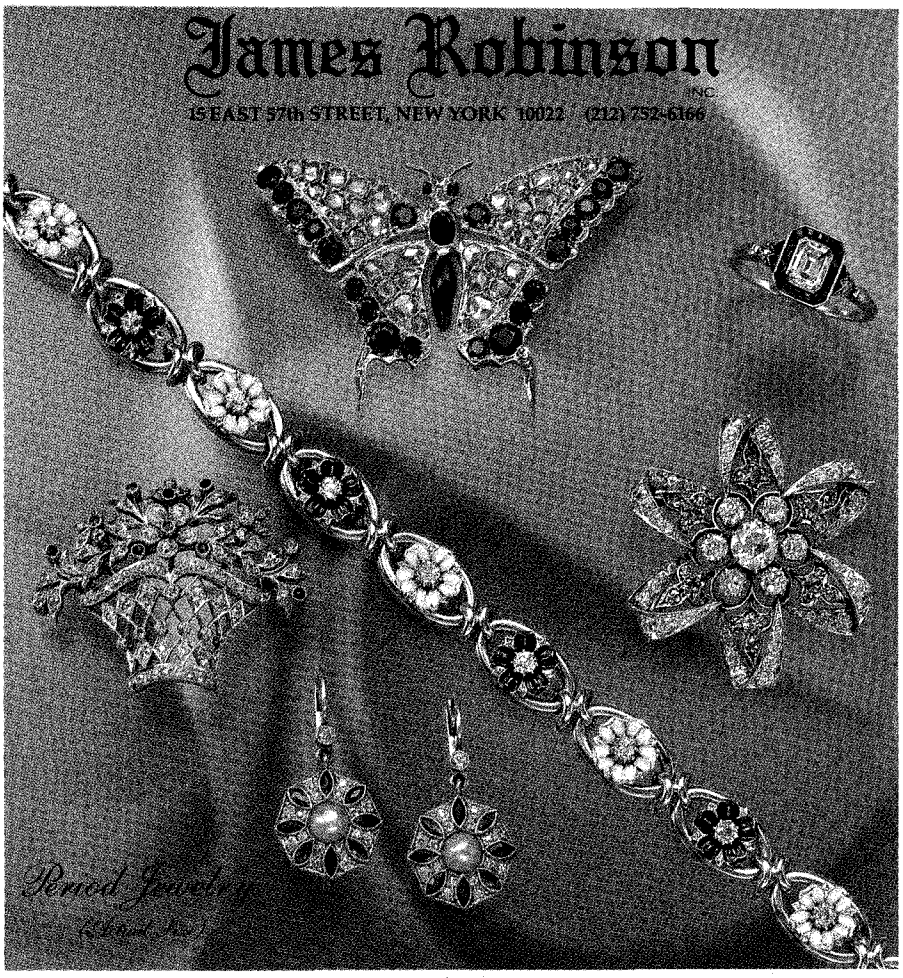

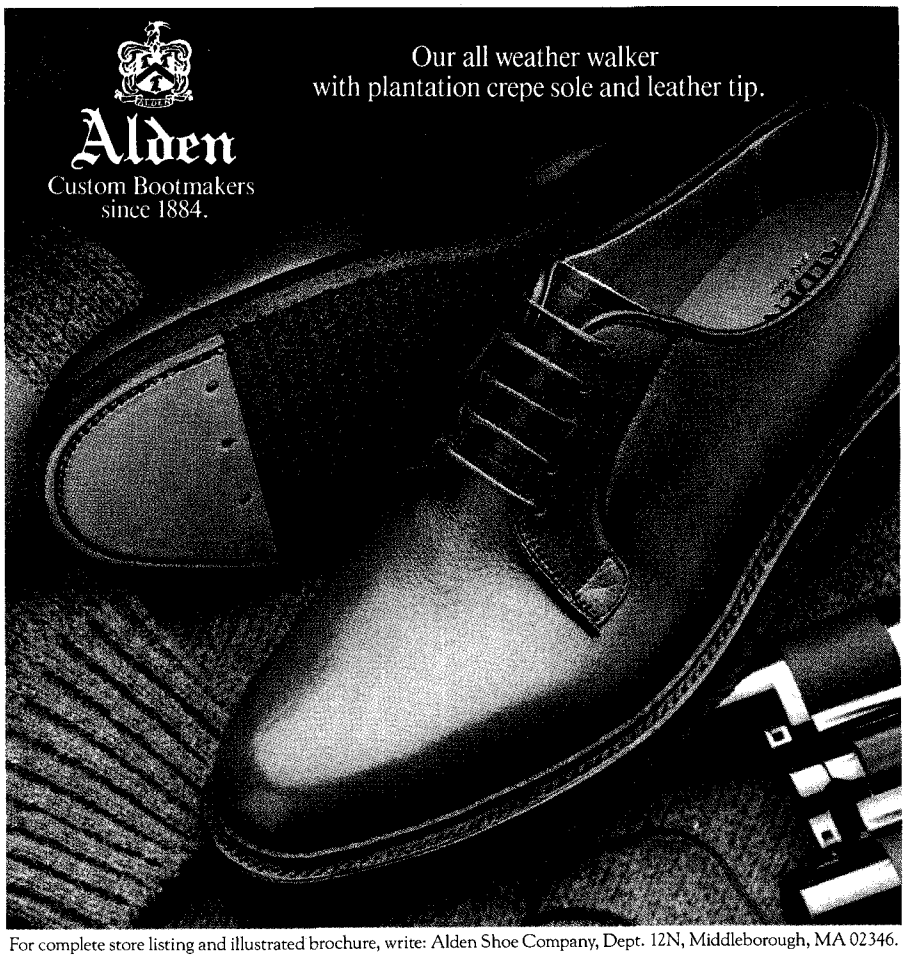

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one I spoke to could remember Nana ever getting cranky or harsh, or seeing him swagger around. In many months of spending time with him, I only once saw aggravation get the best of him.

Last winter, the Association had been invited to appear at the opening of an exhibition of antique Ashanti goldweights at the Montclair Art Museum. First, the club's cultural group was going to play the talking drums and do traditional dances in a nearby auditorium, and then Nana and his entourage were expected to attend a cocktail party at the museum. Montclair is a forty-minute drive from Brooklyn and the Bronx, so Nana had hired a van and driver to take some of the Ashanti to the show. About two hundred people were in the auditorium for the performance, but forty-five minutes after it was supposed to begin the van had not appeared.

Nana was dressed that day in his most resplendent *ntoma*, which has gold embroidery on dark-gold silk; a gold-beaded royal headband called an *abotire;* thick gold armbands and rings; and dozens of strands of gold-colored beads. The outfit was splendid, but Nana looked distraught and was pacing around backstage, ignoring the rest of the club members, who were clustered behind the curtain. His daughters, Susie and Mandy, dressed in bright skirts and also draped with gold-colored beads, were across the stage, practicing for the performance of the *adowa*, an Ashanti dance that involves mincing forward slowly as you sway and scoop the air with your hands.

"Oh, my! Oh, my!" Nana was muttering. "I get the van, and then it disappears. The queen mother is on that van. I'm down. I'm so down! I'm so down! I am so down!" He suddenly noticed Susie dancing. "Susie, come on!" he scolded. "More action!" He started to dance slowly in front of her, scooping his hands deeply beside his hips, his lips pursed. "More *action!*" he insisted. Just then, word came that the van, the queen mother, and the rest of the entourage had been spotted in the parking lot. Nana stopped dancing, clasped his hands to his chest, and squeezed his eyes shut. Later, after the performance, I went to the museum and, in the center of the main exhibit room, saw Nana enthroned on a platform, with his children and several

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elders seated around him. One elder was standing and holding the royal umbrella over Nana's head. Nana was sitting absolutely still, gazing into the middle distance. He now looked utterly serene and, for a moment, otherworldly. The room was empty except for the Ashanti, and then the partygoers started to wander in, and someone called over her shoulder, "Oh, Bob, look! It's that king!"

EARLY last summer, I received an invitation to the funeral of Dr. Gabriel Kofi Osei. The funeral, the invitation said, would have ninety chief mourners, twenty-nine special guests, and a service conducted jointly by the Reverend Dr. Kumi Dwamena and the Reverend J. O. Sarfo; at the organ would be Professor Ok Ahoofe. The rites were scheduled to begin at 10 P.M. and end, according to the usual Ashanti schedule, at 4 A.M. "We always stay up late. That's just the way it is in Africa," an Ashanti once explained to me. "We love parties, and no one ever gets to sleep."

The funeral was held upstairs in a community hall called Afrika House, in the Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn. Downstairs, in another public room, a group unrelated to the Association was holding some sort of gathering that had ascended to a level of enthusiasm not entirely in keeping with the funeral soon to take place above it. One of the chief concerns of the Asanteman Association, and one of the things Nana had hoped to change when he decided to run for king, is the difficulty of finding a suitable place to conduct Ashanti business. "We don't have a home of our own, and it's sad—very sad," Nana told me once, looking grim. "We want our own home. We could have classes there, and parties, funerals—everything. We would even like a school there for our children, so that they could learn the Ashanti language and culture." Then he brightened and said, "I think the king could probably have an office there, too." Earlier in the year, a few members of the Association had looked into the possibility of buying an abandoned house from the city, but at the moment the expense was too great.

Today, the Ashanti still have to rent halls and meeting places catch-as-catch-can. The monthly meetings are usually held in the Calvary Church basement, where libations are poured onto a yellowing linoleum floor, and where, because the basement is used most of the time as a day-care center, the king makes his speeches before a backdrop of cotton-ball snowmen, hand-outline turkeys, or crayoned-in flags, depending on the time of year. In his State of the Tribe address, last January, Nana had said to the members, "Yes, it is true that we need to have a place of our own for our meetings and public functions. I did not promise you this when I took office—I did not, because there was no fund in our cupboard. However, it has never, never gone out of my thinking cap." Afrika House is another frequently used meeting place; everyone had obviously become accustomed to the possibility that something wild would be going on in one room while a solemn tribal rite was going on in another.

On the evening of the funeral, a rainstorm broke out, and when I arrived I noticed many of the Association members running into the building and variously grasping umbrellas, funeral robes, and their invitations. The turnout wasn't expected to be especially large; the weather was forbidding, and Dr. Osei, a lawyer who had also been a professor at John Jay College of Criminal Justice, was not well known, or was known mostly as a quirky man—an iconoclast, a disbeliever in Western medicine (he had resisted nearly all treatment of his final illness, which was lung cancer), and a blazing advocate of African nationalism. He was a committed radical, and was openly political in a mostly moderate and self-contained population. Dr. Osei was not even a member of the Association, but the members had agreed to give him a traditional funeral.

Nana, the queen mother, the elders, and the chief mourners were seated at long banquet tables set up in a large circle. They were all dressed in billowy black-and-maroon funeral robes. At each person's place was a small plate holding sugar cubes, pieces of fresh ginger, and mint candies. I was seated next to Ataa Pokuah, a large, exuberant woman with light skin, freckles, and a broad, upturned mouth, who had been the queen mother for three and a half years before Ama Asantewaa was elected. She pushed the plate toward me. "Just like Ghana!" she exclaimed. "These are the traditional funeral

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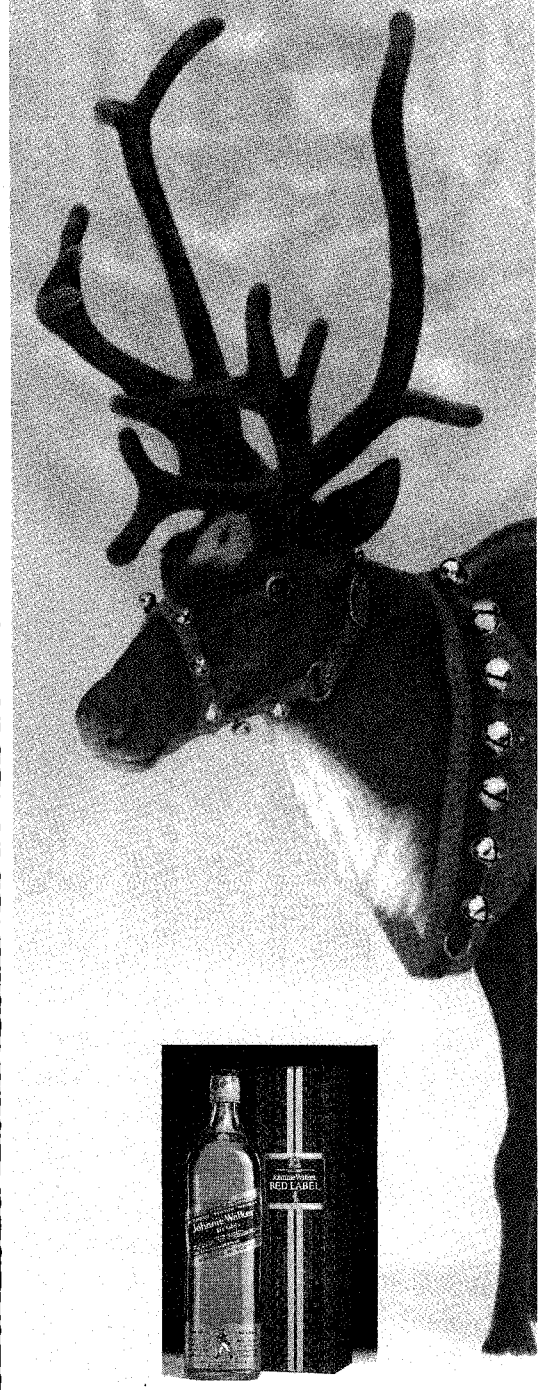

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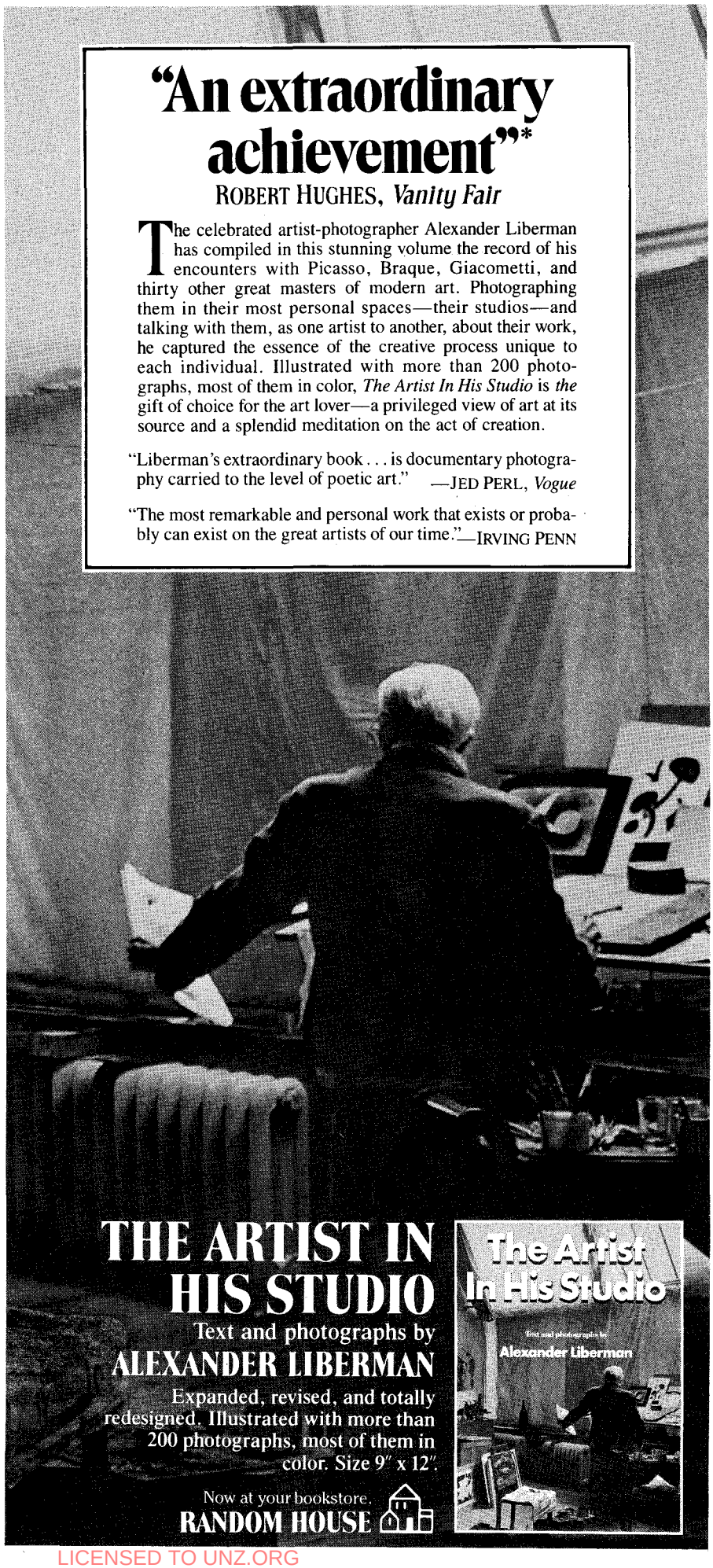
foods, bitter and sweet. The only difference is if we were in Ghana there would be doughnuts, too." I had arrived at midnight, when I thought the funeral would be at its peak, but Ataa Pokuah laughed, and said that it wouldn't really get under way until one or two in the morning.

By one o'clock, there were about eighty people in the room. As each person entered, he would shake the hand of every person seated at the table nearest the door and then at each of the others—an Ashanti custom that is collegial and welcoming and at the same time a serious impediment to traffic. At a few minutes past one, the lineup of funeralgoers extended down the stairs and onto the sidewalk. Nana greeted each guest, reaching his right hand out while he pulled his robe back with his left. On occasions like this, he doesn't speak publicly or direct ritual proceedings; his job is to sit in attendance and give his blessing. He is, in effect, a royal chaperon, and has about him an air of reserve and dignity. The job of chairing events and managing their ebb and flow belongs to Johnson Owusu-Manu, the junior elder who is Nana's chief spokesman. A chatty, high-spirited man with a pencil mustache and a puff of shiny black hair, who habitually wears a gold-plated Playboy-bunny pendant with his tribal clothes, Owusu-Manu is as much of a natural speaker as Nana is a pacifying presence. He is handy with a microphone and has told me again and again that he loves addressing a group. He is a master of matching his style to the mood of a crowd. Over time, I have been exposed to some of the many moods of Owusu-Manu. There is the Catskills tummler: "It's June, ladies and gentlemen. It rains. It stops. It rains again. You people in traditional clothing are having trouble. I know that. You're getting wet. You're having trouble driving. It's June. Don't blame me."

The hypothesizer: "We can't go forward with the performance because the spear-bearer isn't here yet. If we were a subway train, I would say we had a red light."

The theologian: "The Catholics pray to the saints. The Christians pray to Jesus Christ. The Ashanti pray to their ancestors. We are pouring our libation as an offering to our ancestors. If you want any more information, I would be happy to educate you



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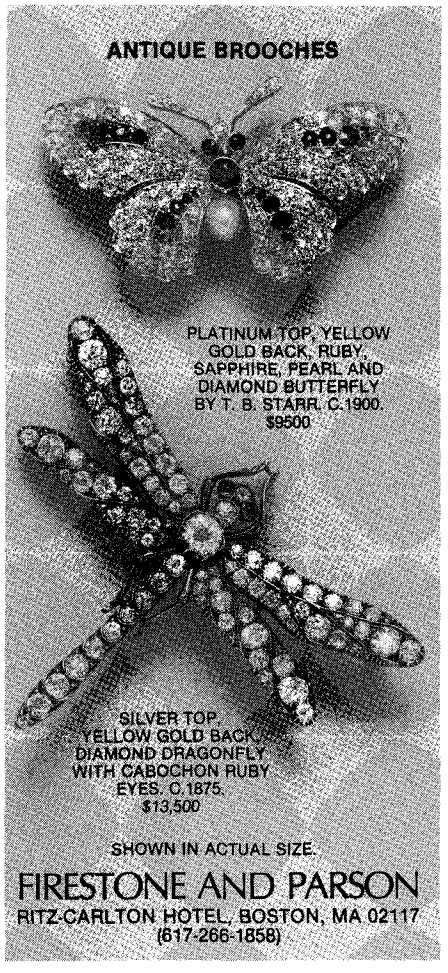

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At two in the morning, after the handshaking had gone on for about an hour, Owusu-Manu took the microphone and strolled to the center of the room and announced the pouring of the libation. His mood and speech were dark and serious. Nana watched with his head slightly bowed and his arms stretched out on the table in front of him. After Owusu-Manu spoke, someone turned on an eerie, droning, rhythmic chant record, and a group of ten or twelve mourners clustered together and began dancing in a slow shuffle around the room. As they passed Nana, he extended his right hand and pointed at them with the index and middle finger extended—an African gesture of encouragement. A look of immense sadness crossed his face. The dancers circled the room over and over, pausing in front of Nana as he waved his hand.

"Look at that," Ataa Pokuah said, pointing at Nana. "He's saying he accepts them." She looked so wistful that I asked her if she missed her position as a tribe chief.

"Oh no," she said, and grinned. "I *loved* being queen mother, but it really is a hassle. It's important for us to have the whole thing—the king and a queen mother and the elders—but after you do it you see how much time it takes. I think Nana Oppong feels the same way. It's *nice* to be king, but it's so much work. I'm busy. I just finished my eleventh year as a cashier at a D'Agostino supermarket on the Upper East Side. I have things to do at home. If I were still queen mother, it would be hard for me to do what I need to do for myself, because I would be so busy with the people. And I'm so busy all the time! Right now, I have to prepare a big funeral for my mother-in-law. I have to go to Philadelphia to buy a sheep to eat after the funeral fast, and I have to prepare the whole ceremony. For an Ashanti wife, it's one of the most important things you do—to

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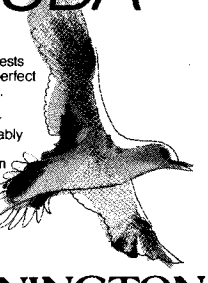

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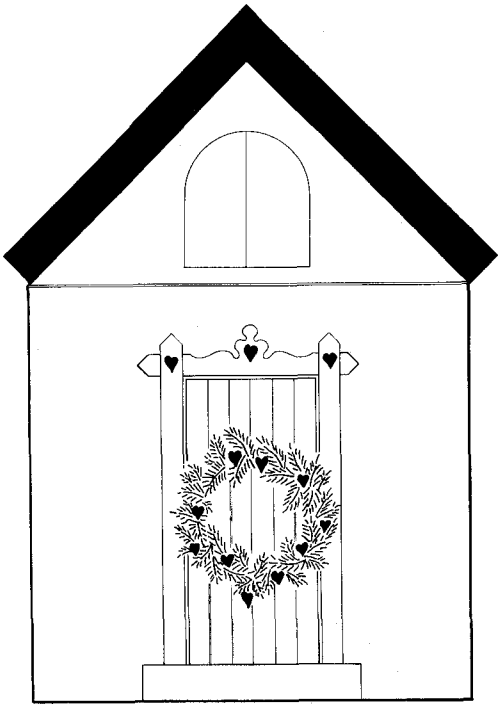
have a funeral for your mother-in-law."

BY the time of Dr. Osei's funeral, Nana Kwabena Oppong's reign was drawing to an end. The council of elders had met several times during the past year to revise the club's constitution, and one of the subjects they had intended to consider was whether to extend the king's tenure from two years to three or four. By Labor Day, though, it was obvious that no changes could be made before Nana's reign was over, and so the election of a new king was expected to proceed as planned.

For Nana, the matter of another term had been a delicate one. Springboarded into office on the strength of his modesty and lack of ego, he admitted to me that he had started to feel that he wanted a little more time as king. "My chief aim as king was to solve the big dispute with the old king, and I did," he told me one day when we were standing on his front stoop in Teaneck. "I wanted more people in the club, and that has happened. I wanted to find a permanent home for us, but that hasn't happened. The time was so short—so, so short. The new king will come in January. At home, a king is forever. I had so many things in mind for the club, and there are many of them I haven't had a chance to do. But if I push it people will think I want to stay, just like the other guy did. That would be a problem. If they just choose for me to stay without my asking, I'll accept it."

In the meantime, he said, he was leaving for a forty-five-day trip to Ghana, his first in almost three years, and he had arrangements to make both here and over there. The trip would be partly an official visit to the chiefs and the king in Ghana to report on the Association's status. On top of that, he is building a house in Kumasi for his family, and it still needs a lot of work. "In a few years, maybe five or so, I want to move back to Ghana," he explained. "Maybe, for a while, we'll just travel from here to there every summer before we move for good. It will be a change for us. I want to have a farm when we go back to Ghana. I want to see green things. Georgina can't believe this. She can't believe I want to be a farmer now. It will be a different life again. I still remember when Susie first saw an ant and



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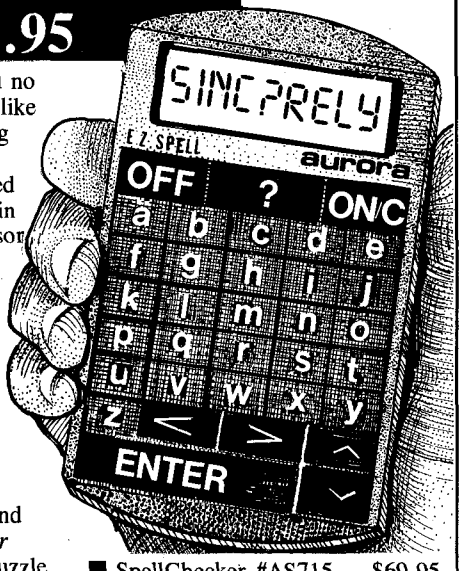

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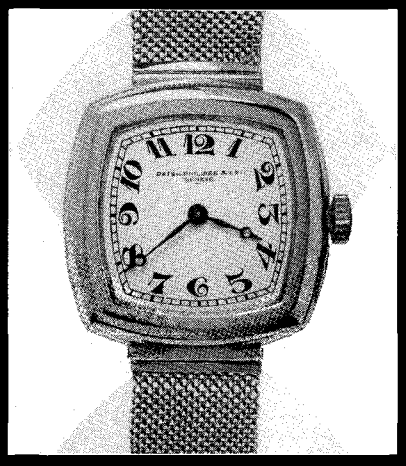

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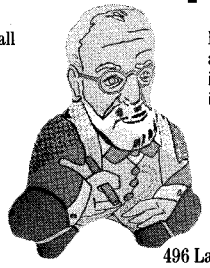

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she screamed and cried for an hour. Wait until she is in Kumasi! And Dennis—Dennis won't speak a word of Ashanti!" He started his big laugh. "Not a *word!* What will that be like? It's as if we had two worlds now." He went on to say that he was so excited about the trip to Ghana that he had started dreaming about it every night.

"I think the transition will be cool," he said suddenly. "I'll appoint an electoral committee when I come back from my trip to Ghana. It won't be like last time. I'll give back the throne and the robes. Three guys are already interested in being king. One of them is the guy I beat last time. I don't mind, really. I love being king, but I'm very tired. Being king is so, so much work. I want to have a rest now. Maybe I'll have a special job with the Association. Someone proposed that the old kings have a special job, like elder or adviser. I think it should eventually be changed to a four- or five-year king, though, and I think the king should get a little money, too. It's a very hard job. It takes so much time, and takes a lot of money. My phone has been busy all the time. I've had to drive all over, whenever someone needed me."

A man emerged from the house across the street, waved enthusiastically at Nana, and started into a hedge with ferocious whacks of a clipper.

"My neighbor," Nana said to me in a low voice as he waved back. "When I finally told him I was the king, he said he already knew it. He said he guessed it when I sent him gin for Christmas."

I asked Nana whether he would start driving his cab more once the new king took over.

He shook his head. "You know, my back hurts so much. My legs hurt. I really don't want to drive anymore. I want to work by myself now. I have a new idea. I'm going to open a wholesale beer-and-soda shop in the Bronx. All the Africans love to party, and they can buy all their beer and soda from me," he said. "Maybe I'll call it the King's Place." —SUSAN ORLEAN

•

Several types of fences and other barriers surround the exterior of the building. Guards are on duty at all times, bark loudly to warn people to move away from a fence and fire warning shots if the first command is disobeyed.—*Schenectady Gazette.*

Or met with giggles.

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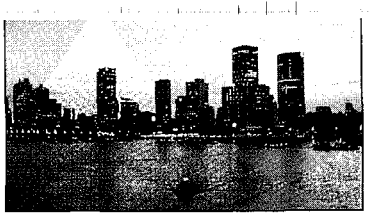
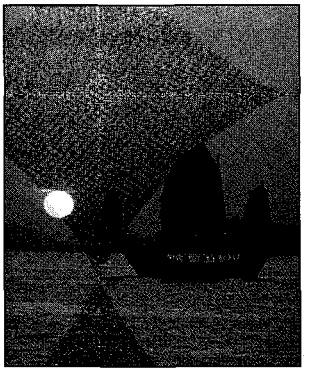


The Great Hotels of Asia



AND THE PACIFIC

The great hotels of Asia and the Pacific have personalities as distinctive as the countries they grace. Each of these properties not only reflects the dynamic nature of its surroundings, but also adds its own unique quality of excitement, sophistication, and tranquility to its exotic and energetic setting.

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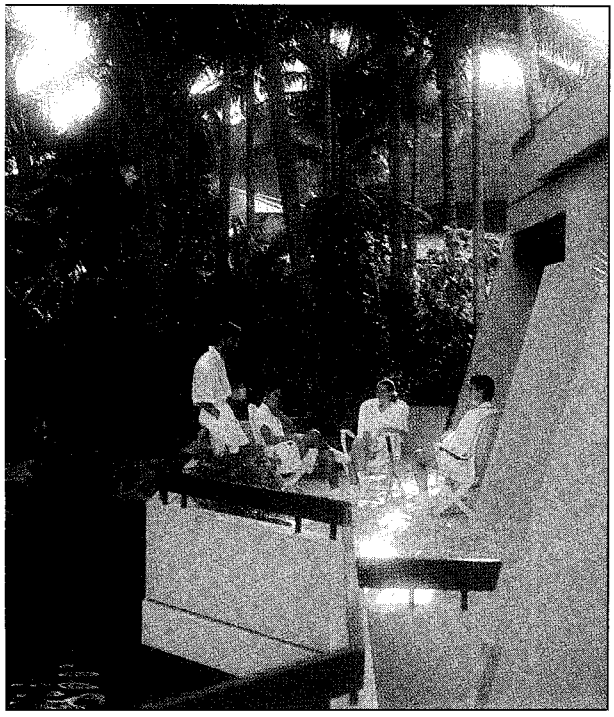
The Hayman Resort

ON THE EDGE OF THE GREAT BARRIER REEF



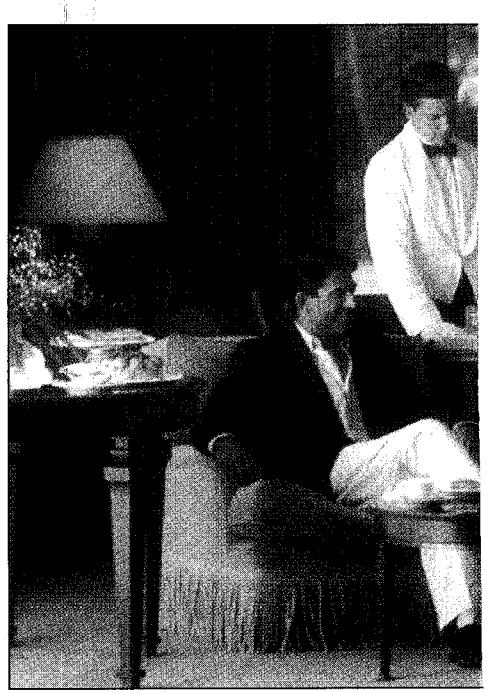
The tropical resort of Hayman Island, Australia, opened in April, 1987 near one of the world's most stunning natural wonders, the Great Barrier Reef. Just six months later, Hayman Resort, with its elegant rooms, extensive art collection, excellent wine cellar, and dramatically restructured landscape, was invited to join the Leading Hotels of the World.

Guests reach Hayman Resort by luxury yacht from Hamilton Island Airport, just twenty miles away. All luggage is transferred directly from the airport to the guest's room. The resort has a close, comfortable feel, while still functioning as a grand hotel. A staff-to-guest ratio of better than one-to-one assures fine service. Rooms and suites are decorated with elegant simplicity, from the all-natural fabric draperies and upholstery, to the polished marble floors. The Hayman Collection, an extensive collection of predominantly Australian art, brightens the walls in guest rooms, suites, and public areas throughout the resort.

There are four fine restaurants on Hayman. La Fontaine is the most formal, appointed with four Waterford crystal chandeliers. La Trattoria evokes the feeling of a peasant-style Italian restaurant. Another of Hayman's restaurants features Oriental specialties, and the Viennese Coffee House offers dinner in a more casual environment. To complement any meal at the resort, guests can choose from among the fine wines in the Hayman's substantial wine cellar.

There are three distinct landscape areas at Hayman Resort: the Formal Gardens, the Tropical Gardens, and the Japanese Gardens. Just away from the grounds of Hayman is the Great Barrier Reef, which can be explored from the resort's newest ship, the Sun Paradise.

Hayman is a resort that satisfies all the senses. It is a place where unobtrusive, discreet service and natural beauty join to free visitors — at least for a time — from the trivial worries of their daily grind.



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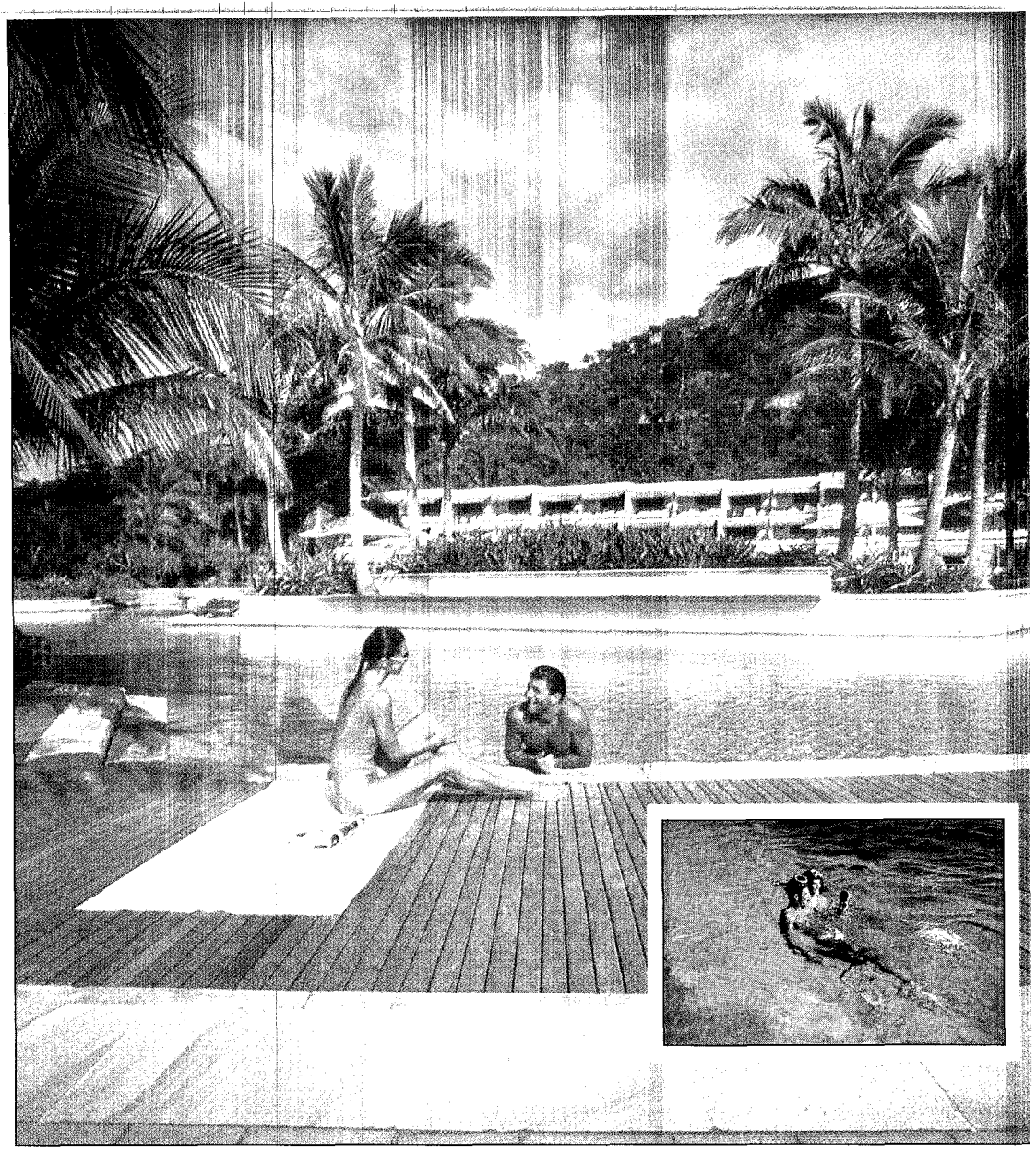

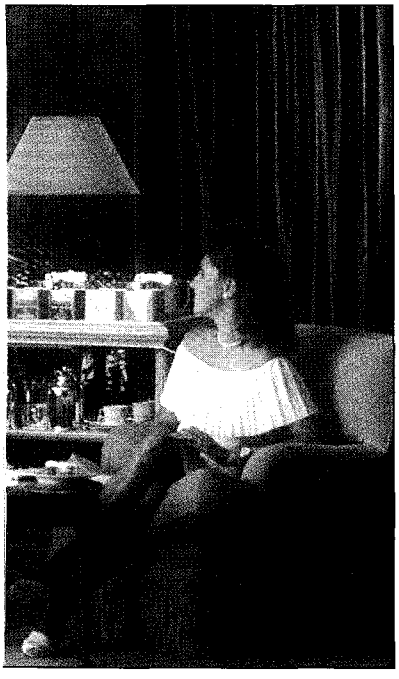

"Hayman's special ambience is created with antiques, custom-crafted furnishings, and a superb art collection."

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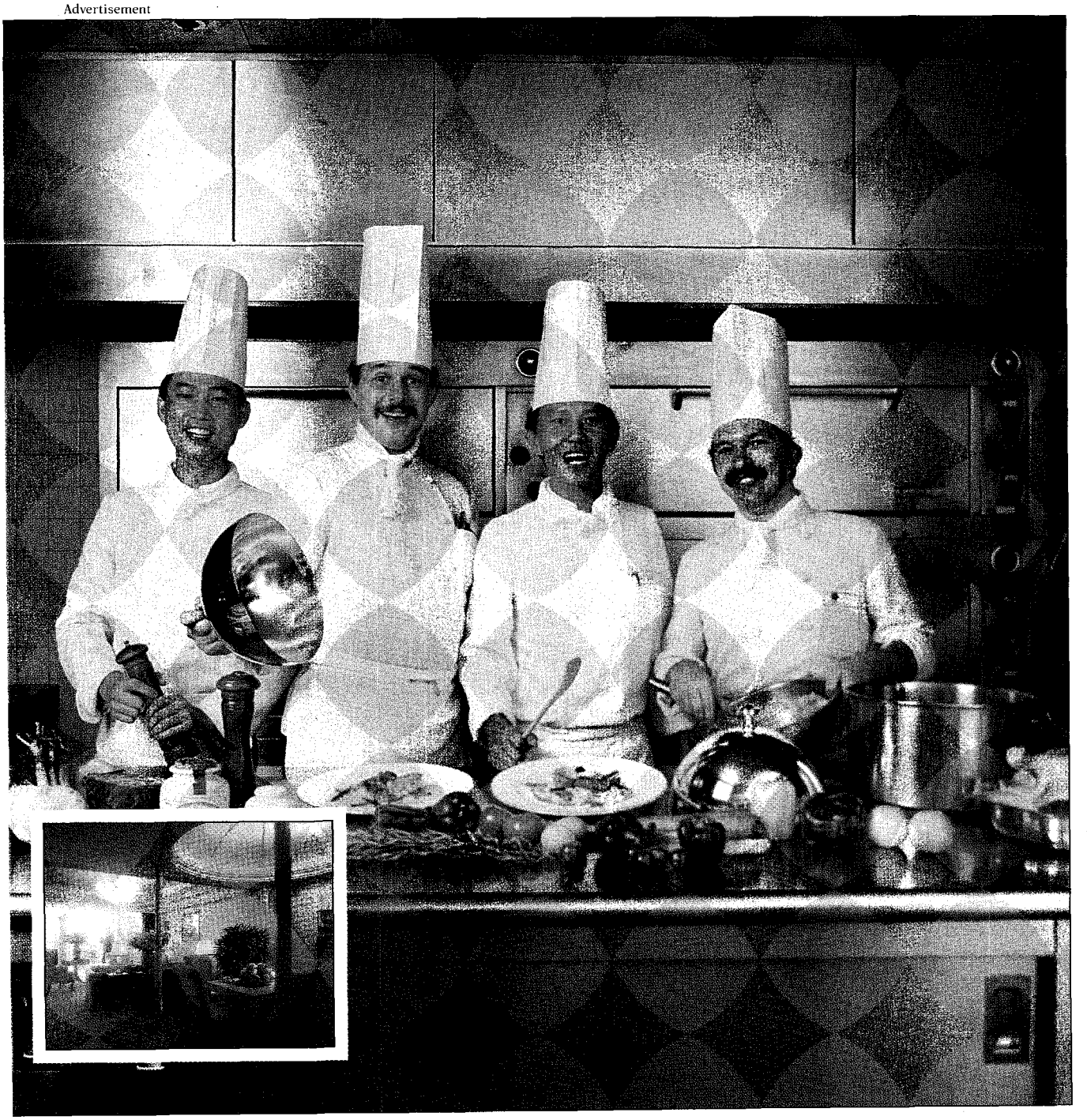

"Like its namesake, The Shangri-La is indeed an enchanting, special place."

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The Shangri-La

AN OASIS IN CENTRAL SINGAPORE

Singapore is one of the few business centers in the world that can be called a garden city. Since the early nineteen-eighties, the government, realizing that people need more than just functional utility, planted trees and flowering shrubs everywhere. And in all of Singapore there is nowhere quite like The Shangri-La, an oasis of relaxation in a harried world.

Like its namesake, The Shangri-La is indeed a special place. Forty per cent of the hotel's staff have been with the hotel since its opening in 1971, and over half have been there ten years or more. There is a serious desire here to provide guests with the best possible service.

Located just twelve minutes from Singapore's central business district, and two from the shopping bonanza along Orchard Road, The Shangri-La sits on fifteen acres of relaxing gardens and recreational facilities. The latter include outdoor and indoor tennis courts, squash courts, a three-hole pitch-and-putt golf course, and a comprehensive health club. For those who can't seem to escape from work, The Shangri-La also has a twenty-four-hour business center.

The hotel itself has three distinctive wings – the original Tower; the popular Garden Wing, with bougainvillea-laden balconies; and the Valley Wing, which features its own private staff, including personal valets and limousine chauffeurs.

In Singapore, restaurant entertaining frequently takes place in hotels. Here, The Shangri-La's size gives guests the choice of diversity with excellence, in formal or informal settings. Of particular note are the award-winning French restaurant, La Tour, and the Shang Palace, with exquisite Chinese cuisine.

The Shangri-La, which invariably ranks high on any list of the world's ten best hotels, has the easy-going manner of a superior resort, rather than the too obvious spit-and-polish of many lesser hotels.

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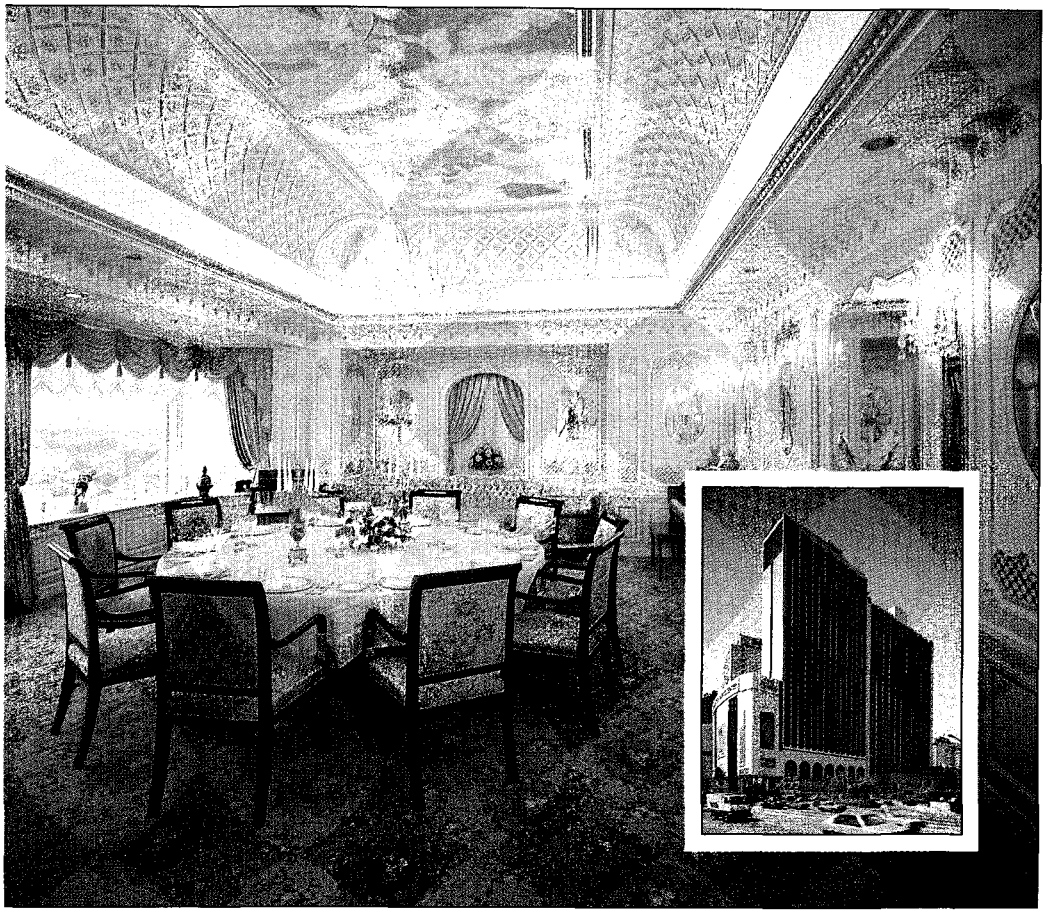

The Hotel Lotte

IN THE HEART OF DOWNTOWN SEOUL

The juxtaposition between consciously international, modern architecture and an atmosphere of quiet romance is at the heart of the Hotel Lotte in downtown Seoul.

With a total of 1,480 rooms, twenty restaurants, dozens of bars and lounges, a nightclub, Asia's largest duty-free shop, as well as an incredible array of other retail outlets, the Lotte is a bustling world in itself.

But romance abounds in the hotel's attention to detail. The Lotte's amenities exemplify the important distinction between taking good and great care of its guests. This approach is evidenced in the hotel's executive floors, which provide an entire spectrum of business services, as well as a casual lounge for making new contacts and greeting friends. Service is personalized from check-in to check-out, especially in the new tower, with its VIP lounge and elevator.

With twenty restaurants in the Lotte, the range of dining alternatives within the hotel is almost overwhelming. Several varieties of local Korean cuisine are presented, as well as Japanese, Chinese, and a range of Western foods. The Schöenbrunn, an exclusive continental restaurant named for the magnificent palace in Vienna, serves haute cuisine. Each dish in the Lotte's restaurants stands as a unique culinary creation.

The Hotel Lotte's striking design makes a distinctive mark in the Seoul skyline, and the luxury and care available here have established the Lotte as one of Asia's grand hotels.

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"The Lotte was designed to blend the best of East and West — modern practicality and a sense of romance."

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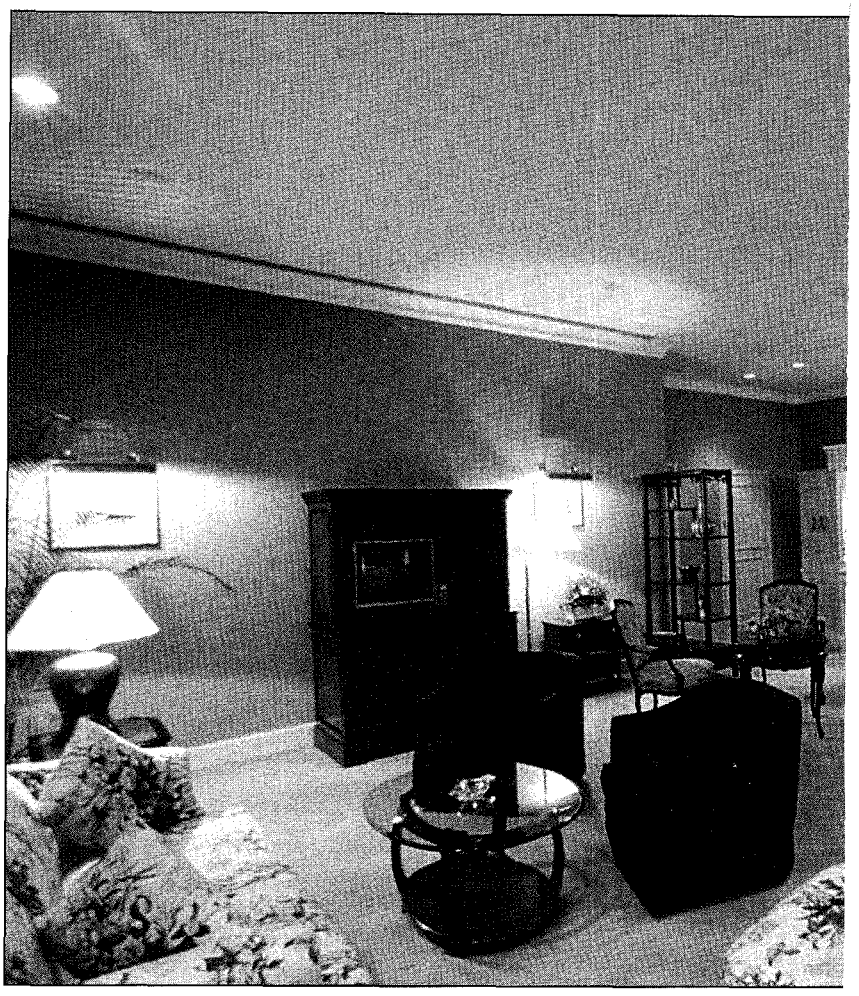
The Peninsula Group

DISTINCTIVE LOCATIONS IN HONG KONG AND MANILA



The Peninsula, built in 1928, was Hong Kong's first luxury hotel, and originally served ocean and steam-train travellers arriving from Europe or a dusty trip across China. It is in this long tradition of impeccable service that The Peninsula's staff operates today.

The queen of Hong Kong hotels, with 210 rooms and suites for guests, is also the center of the city's social life. Hong Kong's cultural and business elite still drop in for afternoon tea in the hotel's elegant rococco lobby, or entertain friends and clients at one of The Peninsula's fine restaurants.

The Spring Moon restaurant is thought by many to offer the city's finest Chinese cuisine, but the hotel's best-known restaurant is Gaddi's. A landmark since 1953, its classic French cuisine is still in top form – Gaddi's has been named Hong Kong's best restaurant for 1988. The Verandah Grill offers a breathtaking panoramic harbor view, and the Inagiku and Chesa restaurants offer Japanese and Alpine cuisine, respectively.

Located in the center of Manila's Makati financial and commercial district, The Manila Peninsula is the place where Manila's sophisticated society and business leaders meet to chat or quietly discuss a deal.

Opened in 1976, The Manila Peninsula has 514 rooms and twenty-one suites in its two eleven-story wings. The guest rooms here are a delight: large, spacious, well-lit, and well-appointed. The ten-room Presidential Suite features a private sauna.

There is a tropical landscaped garden to relax in here, and a large, sparkling swimming pool. The restaurants in the hotel are strictly gourmet.

The Manila Peninsula is visibly modern and elegant, and yet is a comfortable place to unwind after a hectic day in the city – whether from business, shopping, or sightseeing.

The Peninsula Group's newest hotel will be located in New York City at Fifth Avenue and 55th Street, and will feature 250 rooms and suites and a spectacular health club facility.

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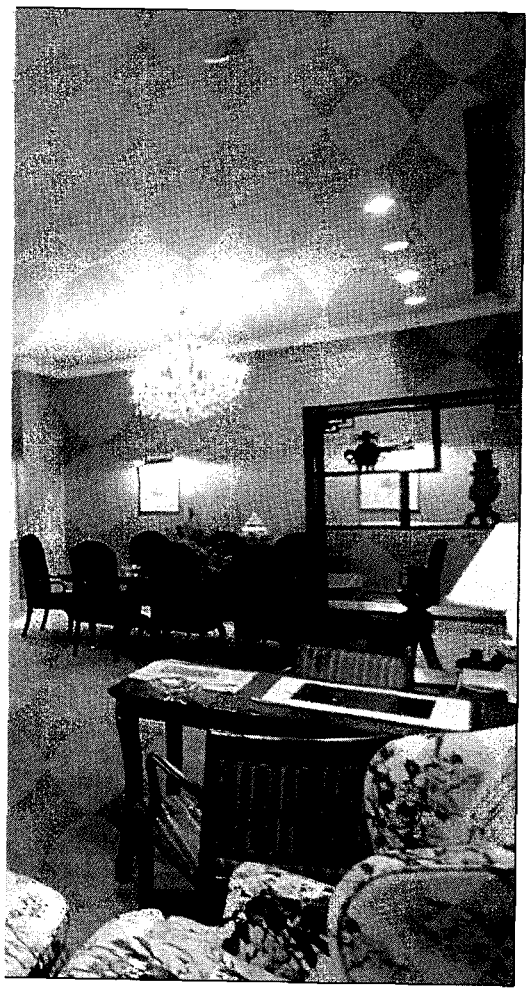

"The Peninsula hotels are at the center of elegant social scenes."

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"Its superb location and luxury rank The Westin Plaza among Asia's great hotels."

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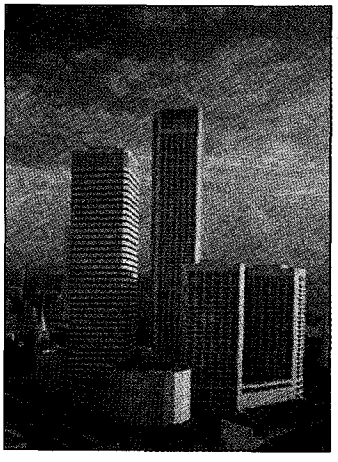
The Westin Plaza

LOCATED CONVENIENTLY IN SINGAPORE



One surprising fact about Singapore is that the hotel nearest in travel time to the island's ultra-modern airport and the luxury hotel most convenient to the central business district, convention center, shopping areas, and major cultural attractions, are one and the same — The Westin Plaza. This superb location is just one reason why the Plaza must be ranked among the great hotels of Asia.

Luxury is another reason for the Plaza's superiority. It is everywhere in this I.M. Pei-designed hotel, from the subtle nuances of the clean, crisp design — where windows have been placed to frame historic buildings — to the elegant blending of modern efficiency and Asian grace in the interior decor.

Apart from a state-of-the-art business and communications center which rivals the facilities available to many corporations, the Plaza offers its guests comprehensive health club facilities. Guests can play on the courts of the adjacent Raffles City Tennis Academy, and take advantage of the professional advice of Singapore's Davis Cup team coach.

Singapore is widely recognized as one of the best places to eat in Asia. Guests at The Westin Plaza can select from seventeen lounges and restaurants, including the Somerset Bar, Singapore's headquarters for international jazz.

Each restaurant at the Plaza strives to be the best representative of its cuisine in Singapore. Most are staffed by chefs from the cuisine's country of origin. The small, intimate Palm Grill, for example, is widely regarded as one of the region's best French restaurants. The Japanese restaurant, Inagiko, a member of the Tokyo chain, is austere, simple, and supremely elegant in the Japanese manner.

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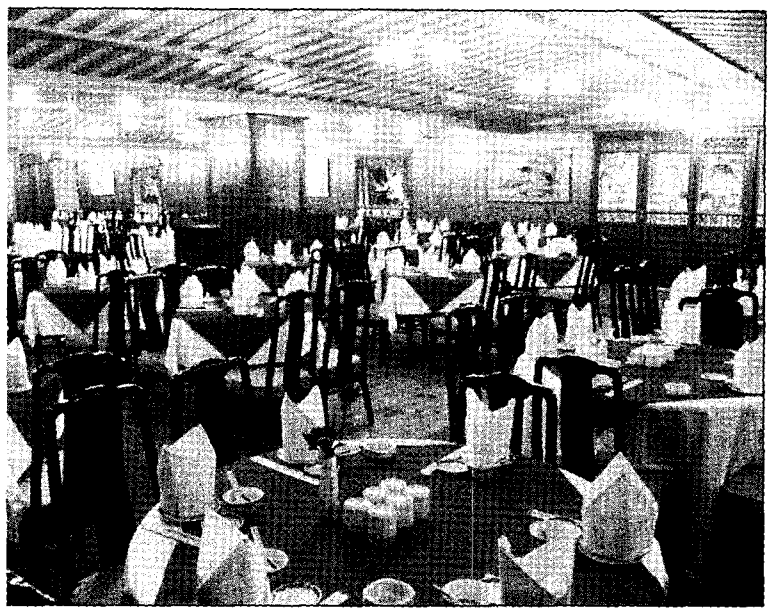
The Howard Plaza

IN TAIPEI — A CITY WITHIN A CITY



Although originally settled centuries ago, Taipei is essentially a new city, the product of Taiwan's seemingly relentless growth of the last three decades. Despite its often brash youth, Taipei is a far more typically Chinese city than Hong Kong or Singapore.

Within this setting, The Howard Plaza in the city's new Eastern Business District strives to combine the spirit of classical China with the most modern in hotel services. Traditional furnishings and decorative motifs fill the hotel's rooms and public spaces. Paintings by well-known Chinese artists are found throughout the hotel, and a special gallery stages regular art exhibits.

Built around a garden atrium, the hotel is a city within a city. There are six restaurants here, offering the best of American, European, Japanese, Cantonese, Shanghainese, and Taiwanese cuisine.

The Howard also features a state-of-the-art business center and banquet facilities that can accommodate ten to over eight hundred guests.

The health and fitness center of The Howard Plaza includes a steam bath and sauna, and there is an outdoor swimming pool to relax in as well.

And even with all the high-tech attributes the hotel boasts, the aim of The Howard Plaza's management and staff is personalized, traditional Chinese hospitality — based on what the hotel calls the rosewood spirit — solid, dependable, elegant, and warm in tone.

"The aim of The Howard Plaza is traditional Chinese hospitality."

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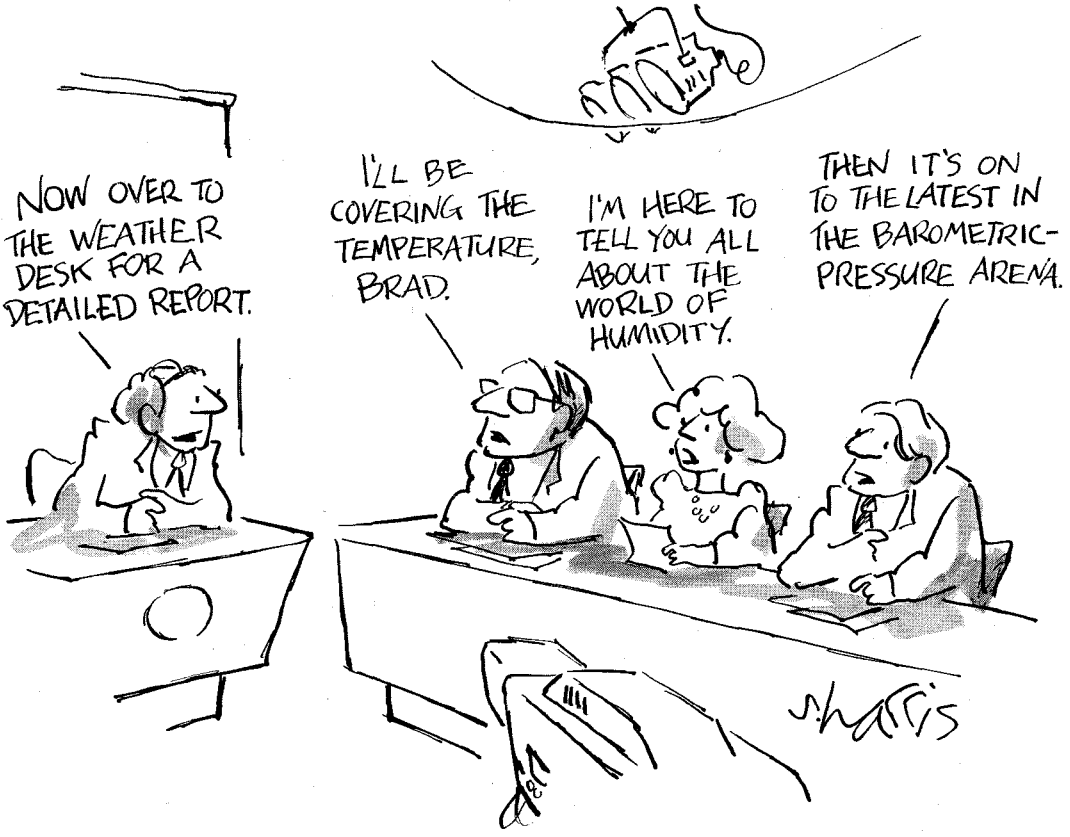
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

GIFTS FOR THE HOUSE

IN New England, the number of households in a village was once reckoned by hearths. If the kitchen is the center of the home, the heart of the kitchen is the stove, and there's a beaut in the window of Williams-Sonoma, 20 East 60th Street. La Cornue (sometimes referred to as *le piano* by French cooking pros) has been retrieved from Tiffany, where it's been on loan to star in a table-setting tableau. La Cornue is a professional stove with an exterior that is a designer's dream. It obviates a dining room, because no one would want to eat anyplace but the kitchen. This particular model has blue vitreous enamel facing, but it can be ordered in any number of finishes, including black, stainless steel, and copper, embellished with brass, stainless-steel, or nickel-plated trim. In addition to its looks, it offers the best of both worlds—gas burners, a gas oven (for roasting), and an electric oven (for baking). There's a gas-grill barbecue broiler on the hob, and also a *plaque coupe de feu* (a bull's-eye with two rings that provide graduated heat from the center to the outside). Substitutions are possible, and optional extras include a splash back, a pot rack, and a hood. The stove is made by a French firm that has been in business for eighty years, and it's built like a Mack truck. However, La Cornue has established a maintenance-and-service division in the United States, just in case. Prices range from $8,000 to $15,000. Well, look at it this way: it's cheaper than a Mack truck, and will last longer.

Although La Cornue deserves copper pots and pans, those unwilling to subject themselves to the cleaning and maintenance thereof should get themselves down to Dean & DeLuca, 560 Broadway (Prince), and have a look at the Japanese Zappa pots. Even if one is not interested in Zappa pots, one should take a look at D. & D.'s new territory. The store is a block long, with a basement and sub-basement to house backstage activities. It's modern, white, and bright, designed for heavy traffic, including strollers of both kinds. Temptations beckon on all sides, but if you make your way to the back you will find a line of Japanese cookware that is made of polished black iron, and is handsome and rugged. Some of the pieces have wooden lids. Insulated slipcovers are provided for the handles of others. A fifteen-inch wok—without a stand, because it's so perfectly balanced that it can sit on its round bottom—is $50. Stewpots come in four sizes, from $35 to $150. A crêpe pan is $30; a large corrugated grill pan with two pouring spouts, which can go under the broiler, is $55. A twenty-four-inch fish steamer, from Italy, with a removable rack, so that the fish can also be poached, is made of heavy-gauge stainless steel; $400, but everlasting. A streamlined breadbox, reminiscent of the thirties, is unadorned except for a black knob; $68. Heavy cast-iron kitchen scales painted in shiny red, black, or white, with a brass dish, cost $70. The weights are $60 (all-brass) and $40 (iron with brass insets). These are the brainchildren of an English designer, Robert Welch, who has also produced a cookbook stand, an egg timer, and a nutcracker. The cookbook stand has an iron base in red, black, or white, and, to keep the pages open, a cord with an iron bobble that matches the base—a big improvement on a No. 2 can of soup. It's $48. The egg timers come in black or red; the larger one (three minutes) is $34; the smaller (mysteriously, five minutes) is $20. The nutcracker, in black cast iron only, is heavy and threaded (like a vise), and, boy, does it work! It's $28. Then, there's a line of charming stainless-steel spoons, picks, and knives. The shafts are white plastic; the finials are silver-plated bronze and correspond to use: a bee in a flower (honey), a strawberry (jam), a terrine (pâté). There are at least sixteen to choose from; $20 each.

Before we leave the always bracing subject of durable housewares, the Lifetime Selectronic Dualit Toaster should be mentioned. It's a very large, serious toaster from England, originally designed for restaurants and for



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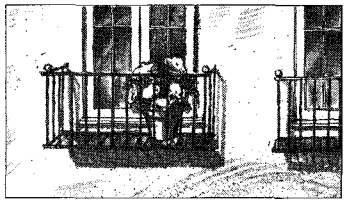

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homes with large families, like Buckingham Palace. The toast is raised and lowered manually by means of a black knob, and the machine makes an encouraging ticking noise when it's in operation. It turns itself off when the toast is done, and will keep toast warm for ten minutes while the cook scrambles. It's stainless steel and built to *last*, with the caveat that "all components are easily replaceable (should this ever be necessary)." The four-slice model is $249, the two-slice $189 at Williams-Sonoma. Conran's carries a toaster bearing an uncanny resemblance to the Dualit, but it's called the Waring Professional Toaster and comes in a two-slice model only, for $175.

LAURA FISHER, 1050 Second Avenue (55th), may not have a monopoly on cookie jars, but she certainly has a majority interest in them. It all started with the Andy Warhol auction at Sotheby's last April, when a hundred and seventy-five cookie jars went for a total of $247,830, which averages out to $1,416.17 per. Ms. Fisher happened to sit next to an English couple who aspired to one of these jars but were outbid, and she volunteered to scare up a few before they went back to England. She then hotfooted it down to the Sunday flea market on West 26th Street (the very flea market once patronized by Mr. Warhol), and found five. Cookie jars have taken off: two major coffee-table books are coming out on the subject, and already a mogul has had his outer office decorated with cookie jars. The prices are going up, up, up, but they haven't yet reached Warholian levels. Novelty cookie jars started in the early thirties. They are mostly from Ohio potteries, and there are three classes: the least costly are containers in the shapes of barrels or jugs or coffeepots; ones in the shapes of fruits, vegetables, or animals are the next step up; then come people. The animals and the people tend to have embonpoint and roly-poly faces, and to the unconverted are not as pleasing in appearance as the simpler containers, but to aficionados there is nothing like a pig in a green tuxedo, for $450, unless it's a black cook—or Mammy, as it's called (Andy Warhol said no collector should be without one)—for $1,000. A nineteen-sixties coffee-mill cookie jar is $65; a schoolhouse (ring the lid for cookies) is $195; a Santa Claus is $225.

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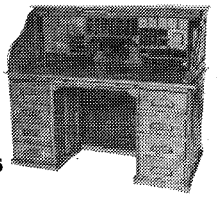

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Pantry & Hearth is a collection of American antique kitchenware assembled by Gail Lettick and sold out of her extremely pretty house in Murray Hill. Nearly everything is handmade, and the pieces are not just artifacts to hang on the wall. They are usable, and they have the warmth of things that have seen service. A square food chopper, possibly the only one in town, is $50. A round pie board, nineteen inches across, is $125. Breadboards are from $30 to $195 (for a large tombstone shape with a heart cutout), wooden bowls are from $65 to $2,800 (for a burl bowl eighteen inches in diameter), and glass rolling pins (to be filled with ice water) are $45. A brass colander with an iron-and-copper handle, deacquisitioned by Colonial Williamsburg, is $245. Penny rugs—made of small woollen circles bound with a blanket stitch and sewn on a backing so that they flop, like petals—are approximately two by three feet. They used to be put in the middle of a harvest table for decoration and coziness, and they are sweet; from $75 to $175. By appointment only: 532-0535.

Royal Copenhagen/Georg Jensen, 683 Madison Avenue (61st), has Christmas placemats with some weight to them, so that they lie flat. The only trim is a row of stitching inside the edge, and they come in green with red stitching, red with green, or red with gold; $8, and napkins are $4. Even better is a tablecloth of red and green concentric squares with a red tassel hanging from each corner. It's fifty-four inches square and could be used as an overlay on a large white tablecloth to great effect; $40. Barneys Chelsea Passage has paisley napkins in black, brown, and burnt orange that do not suggest Halloween, for $11, and, for festive occasions, is pushing tassels—the kind that are often seen hanging from keys (the English Country House look). As napkin rings, in dark green, burgundy, or beige, they look dressy and cost $12 each. The Frank McIntosh shop, at Henri Bendel, justly famous for its large supply of good-looking napkins, has some beautiful Italian linen ones in a floral paisley pattern. The colors are soft, and the backgrounds are predominantly blue, gray, green, or mauve, so that the napkins can be mixed or matched; $35 each. Paisley napkins of French cotton, with a bright-red background, for the Christmas-buffet trade, are twenty-four

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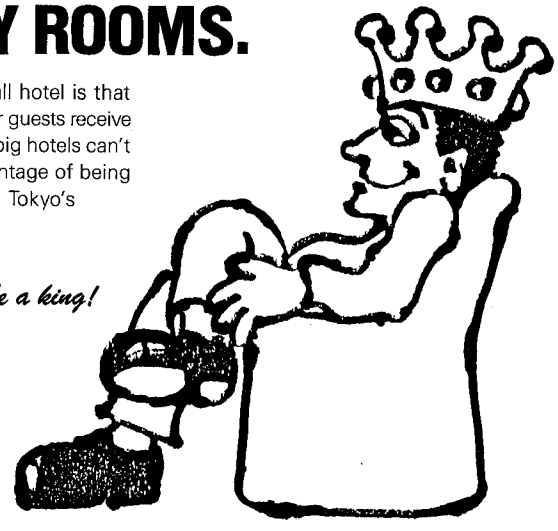

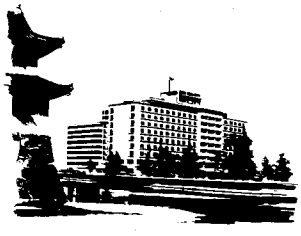

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Are Perfumes Aphrodisiacs?

I am often asked if perfumes can be considered aphrodisiacs. There is no evidence that they are. But the right perfume is never a mistake in an intimate moment, either. Smelling good is a game. It can be an attraction, or a rejection. Perfume is a strategy to make oneself more appealing, if properly used. Perfume works because fragrances communicate in a strong and powerful language. The first message a fragrance sends is: "I am here". Then it continues:— "I am elegant", or "I am daring", or "I love the outdoors" or "I am sexy", or "The night is my moment". It is not just a cliché that there is more to perfume than meets the nose. Fragrances stimulate a part of the brain which changes moods, transmits awareness of love, danger, desire and pleasure. Fragrances can rekindle the past, make you homesick, and bring back memories both happy and sad. Perfume's most important effect is its impact on the memory.

Two examples of different fragrances are provided by CALANDRE (opposite page) and LA NUIT (the following page). In French, CALANDRE means the grill of a car. Unexpected? Yes. But can you think of a better symbol to illustrate the mobility of the woman of today? LA NUIT is everything the copy promises. Jokingly I often say that CALANDRE is a "vertical" fragrance while LA NUIT is "horizontal". Crazy? But fun. By the way, both are superb.

Fernando Aleu, M.D.
PACO RABANNE PARFUMS
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inches square; $12.50. A young Englishman, Thomas Messel, has designed a lacquered octagonal placemat of some sort of composition material. There's an off-white faux-coromandel panel in the center—dour Chinese figures surrounded by Chinese florals (peonies, mums, leaves)—on a black background, and the mat is backed with faux suède; $55. Matching coasters are $20 each. (Do people still use coasters that fall off and go plop? Or do they just buy them for gifts?) A tray of lacquered wood in the same general pattern is seventeen by twenty-two inches and costs $360. A china pattern, Golden Thread, is from the workshop of another young Englishman, Viscount Linley (referred to by Mr. McIntosh as "one of the working young Royals"), and his partner, Matthew Rice. Six pale-blue butterfly medallions connected by three gold threads decorate the rim. A dinner plate is $55. Of quite a different genre is the American salt glaze from Maine. It has fruit or flowers in old-fashioned colors on a neutral background; $40 for a dinner plate, $16 for a mug. Trouvaille Française has 1925 damask tea cloths, thirty-six inches square, from the Hôtel d'Europe (it says so right in the damask) in Avignon; $25. By appointment only: 737-6015.

Conran's has French napkin rings that are silver-plated, and come in seven geometric shapes. They offer a lot of style for $12.95 each. Its Café dinnerware, trimmed in a small black-and-white checked pattern, runs from $4 for a demitasse and saucer to $14.95 for a coffeepot. Our, and apparently many others', favorite soup plates can be found at Jenny B. Goode, 1194 Lexington Avenue (81st) and 11 East 10th. They are black-and-white enamelled tin, with the owl and the pussycat in a boat (alas, not pea-green) and the first twelve lines of the Lear poem in the center, and unrelated drawings of animals and figures around the edge. They are a product of the Royal Academy of Art, and are yours for $9.50.

For the young, or for anyone buying in quantity, or for the kitchen or a summer house, Fishs Eddy (named after a town in downstate New York), 551 Hudson Street (Perry), is the answer to a mother's prayer. It's a small space jammed to the rafters with china and glassware bought from warehouses, not restaurants or clubs, so the stuff isn't scruffy. How about some dinner plates with HUDSON DAIRY CO. WE DELIVER FRESH on them in bold black letters? They're $9.50 each. Some Ford dessert plates, off-white with a tasteful gray logo? ($5.95 each.) A sauceboat from The Players? (It's $4.95.) U.S. Navy coffee cups, to remind you of the wardroom? ($2.50 each.) The North Shore Yacht Club? The Adirondack League Club? Twentieth Century Fox? Bernstein's Fish Grotto? Fishs Eddy is your place. It also has some unmarked china. Nine-inch plates, white with dark-blue borders, are $6.95 each. Individual cream pitchers are anywhere from fifty cents to $12. A square Old-Fashioned glass is $3.25, an outsized octagonal glass is $1.95, white porcelain glove molds are $28. There's no store quite like it.

ALTHOUGH Tiffany has never been known as the Bon Marché of Fifty-seventh Street, it's worth keeping in mind as a source of glasses costing $14 or less for almost any liquid the heart could desire, and they will all fit in the dishwasher except for the champagne flute. Furthermore, everything is washed before it's shipped, and is packed in that classy robin's-egg-blue box, tied with red or white ribbon. Frank McIntosh sells cone-shaped glasses suitable for vodka or aquavit, or caviar. The top of the cone when reversed becomes a glass and fits in the base, which, when filled with cracked ice, keeps the drink or the caviar cold. Anyone who can afford caviar can afford two of these for each person: one for drink and one for roe; $15. Jugs by Glass-Works, a glass studio in London, are to be found at Barneys and at New Glass/Gallery Nilsson, 138 Wooster Street. They are unique. Some are oval, some are square or hexagonal, some have handles, some don't. They are made of clear glass or sandblasted glass, or a combination of the two, with handles of black, blue, or clear glass. The prices range from $30, for a small oval jug without a handle, to $130, for a one-quart hexagonal pitcher in sandblasted or clear glass, both at Barneys. A square pitcher with a fluted-scroll handle attached to one corner is $95 at New Glass. At Contre-Jour, 190 Columbus Avenue (68th), soap dishes in black or white sandblasted glass in the shape of a racetrack are smart and $14.50 apiece. Hard candies wrapped in cellophane,

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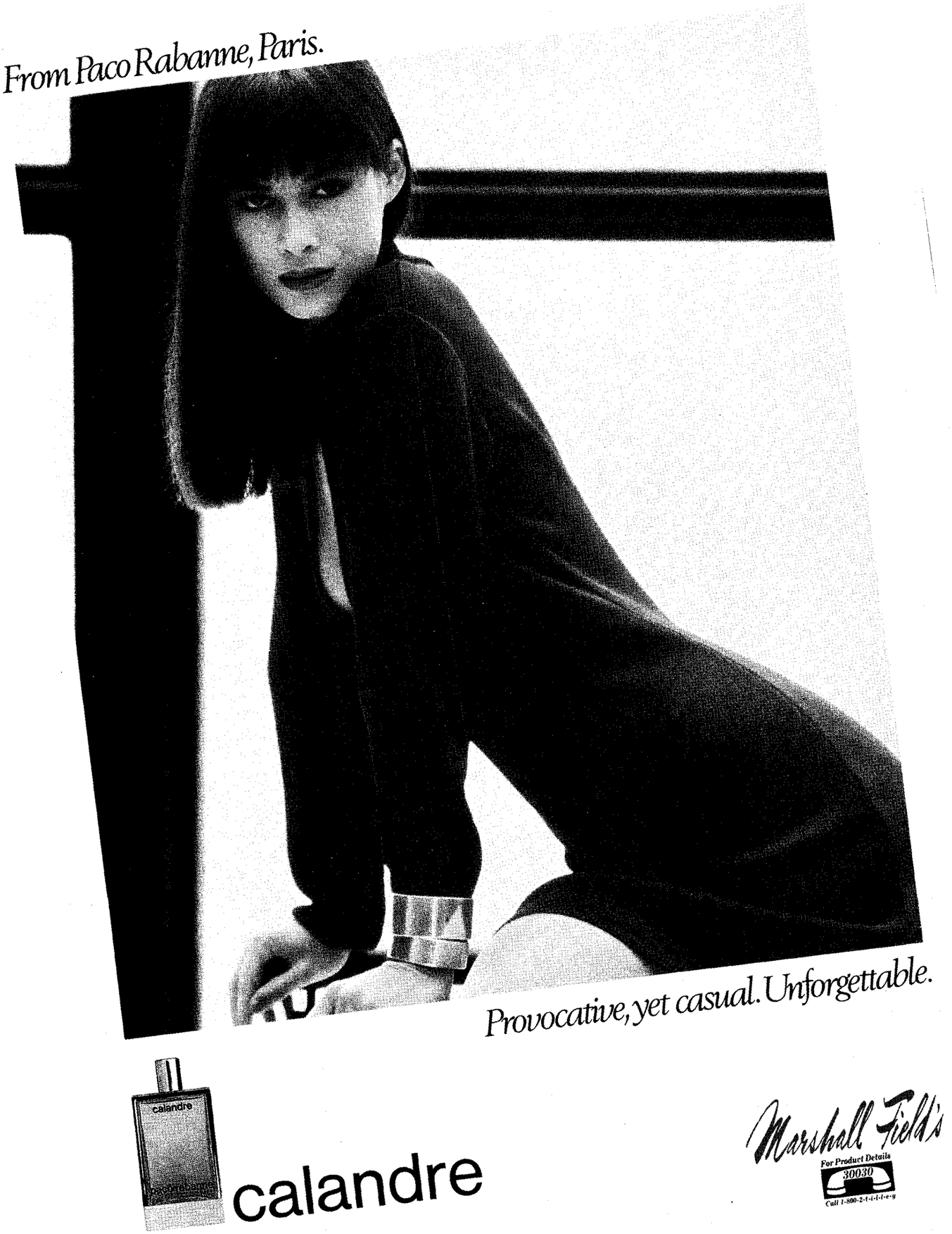
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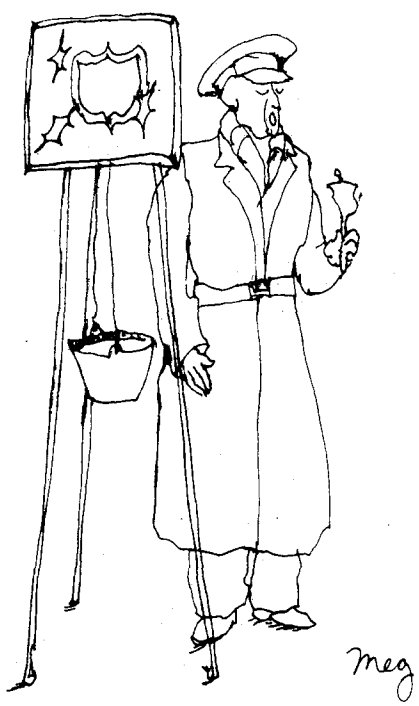
made of Murano glass, are $10 each, and much too lifelike to put in a Christmas stocking.

Halfway up Anglophilia Mile, the stretch of Lexington Avenue devoted to English decorative arts, is Peipers & Kojen, 1023 Lexington (73rd). It's one of the new breed of gallerylike stores (vitrines, with plenty of space between objects), and sticks out like a Corbusier chair in a room full of Chippendale. It has a small, carefully edited collection of glass, metal, ceramic, and wooden objects, designed and made by European artists, largely West German, French, and Italian. Everything is beautifully designed and beautifully made, and it is possible to see most of the goods by simply peering in the window. A stunning round Venini bowl, chrome yellow with a black base, is $250. A crystal ashtray (French), in the form of a broken cube, has a large blue marble that's supposed to be used to stub out a cigarette (if you will pardon the expression), but this ashtray is far too striking to be sullied with a butt; $150. The triple version costs $375. A sandblasted paperweight, an inch and a half square, with a miniature landscape seemingly sculptured on the inside (it's carved from the back with dental tools) is $250. The detail defies belief.

MOVING right along from tabletop to bed top, we come to Muriel Clarke, of Trouvaille Française, who got her hands on eight Grimaldi sheets from last winter's Monaco Christmas Charity Bazaar. They are heavy, heavy linen, with a handmade-lace inset along the edge, and are sublimely embroidered in grand mid-nineteenth-century style; if one's initials are either A.G. or R.G., so much the better. The sheets are ninety inches wide, more or less; all are "as is;" and all have been exquisitely repaired with French seams and tiny stitches (in fact, the repair work is as impressive as the embroidery); $125. Two square pillow shams are $125. The Jane Wilner concession at Barneys has some swanky duvet covers of a hundred per cent cotton. (Most duvet covers have a utilitarian look to them.) They come in two styles: one in ivory or butterscotch damask with fringe ($350 for the queen size), the other in a cotton-and-flax damask pattern, with flanged edges and cording ($325 for the queen size).

Treadles, 351 Bleecker Street, specializes in handwoven rugs, pillows, scarves, and shawls, and has some seventy-five weavers, mostly American, in its stable. The throws, four feet by six, are made of silk, silk and cashmere, alpaca, or cotton and wool, in a great variety of patterns and colors (there *is* a white-on-white); from $275 to $640 (for one made of silk and merino wool, with a voluptuous feel and "handle"). Conran's throws of soft tweed menswear fabrics come in misty, woodsy colors—blues, grays, browns, beige. The edges are blanket-stitched, and the price is right: $29.

WEAVING our way up l'Avenue de Madison, we spied some Steuben colored candlesticks in the window of Minna Rosenblatt, 844 Madison Avenue (69th). (Steuben stopped making colored glass in 1933.) A pair of alabaster-and-roselene glass with twisted stems is $1,200; a pair of amethyst-and-turquoise glass with the tops and bases scored like mushroom caps is $850. In a completely different vein, Barneys has a six-foot candlestick made of smooth wrought iron. The pole is an inch in diameter, and at the very top is a cantilevered branch for a fat candle which sticks out five inches. It's stark and dramatic; $195. For lamps that are out of the ordinary but not too demanding, take a look at Gary Stuber's. They are "constructed of earth elements, gypsum aggregates, wood fiber, and soft oxidized metal." But don't be frightened. A stepped plaster table lamp in a rosy sand color, with a bark shade, costs $285 at Contre-Jour. Zona, 97 Greene Street, has a standing lamp with a bronze-patina shaft and a Japanese paper shade ($695). Both lamps have a handcrafted but finished look, and the shades cast a lovely light. At Grange, 831 Madison Avenue (69th), a new store that sells mainly French reproductions of nineteenth-century furniture, there is a standing halogen lamp that falls somewhere between far-out and ho-hum—a look that those not on the cutting edge strive to attain. It has a round wooden shaft with a round black base, a black-lacquered ring circling the middle (off-center), and a black aluminum saucer top resembling a compote dish. It has a rheostat, and would fit in almost anywhere; $459.



For either the bedroom or the bathroom, consider some hand mirrors at Hands All Around, 971 Lexington Avenue (70th). They are from Oregon and come in a variety of woods, with a card identifying each, in case the recipient doesn't recognize bubinga when she sees it. The mirror is bevelled, and there is a hole in the handle, so that it can be hung up. There are two sizes; $30 and $40. Liberty of London, 229 East 60th Street, has a huge collection of appurtenances for bath or bedroom (or travel)—everything from hangers ($8) to a bag for toilet articles ($40 for the large size). It's the headrest pillow ($20), for reading in the bathtub, and the shower cap ($15) that caught our eye, because such things are usually hideous. These are covered in Liberty paisleys, florals, and Art Nouveau designs, including a particularly lovely peacock-feather print. Barneys has a bath sheet fit for a queen, with a large winged cherub in the center, surrounded by ribbons and bows, and a bunch of daisies at the bottom. It's French, and comes in white or écru-and-white, for $95.

In preparation for Clodagh, Ross & Williams, a stop at Art et Industrie, 106 Spring Street (Mercer), is in order. This gallery is in the vanguard of the avant-garde, and never disappoints. First, we tried out Forrest Myers' seats, perches made of woven aluminum and priced from $5,000 to $10,000. They are not for curling up in with a good book, but they are surprisingly user-friendly, though not as friendly as his Samoa Hammock, of corten steel and cadmium-plated wire, which is comfier than a rope hammock

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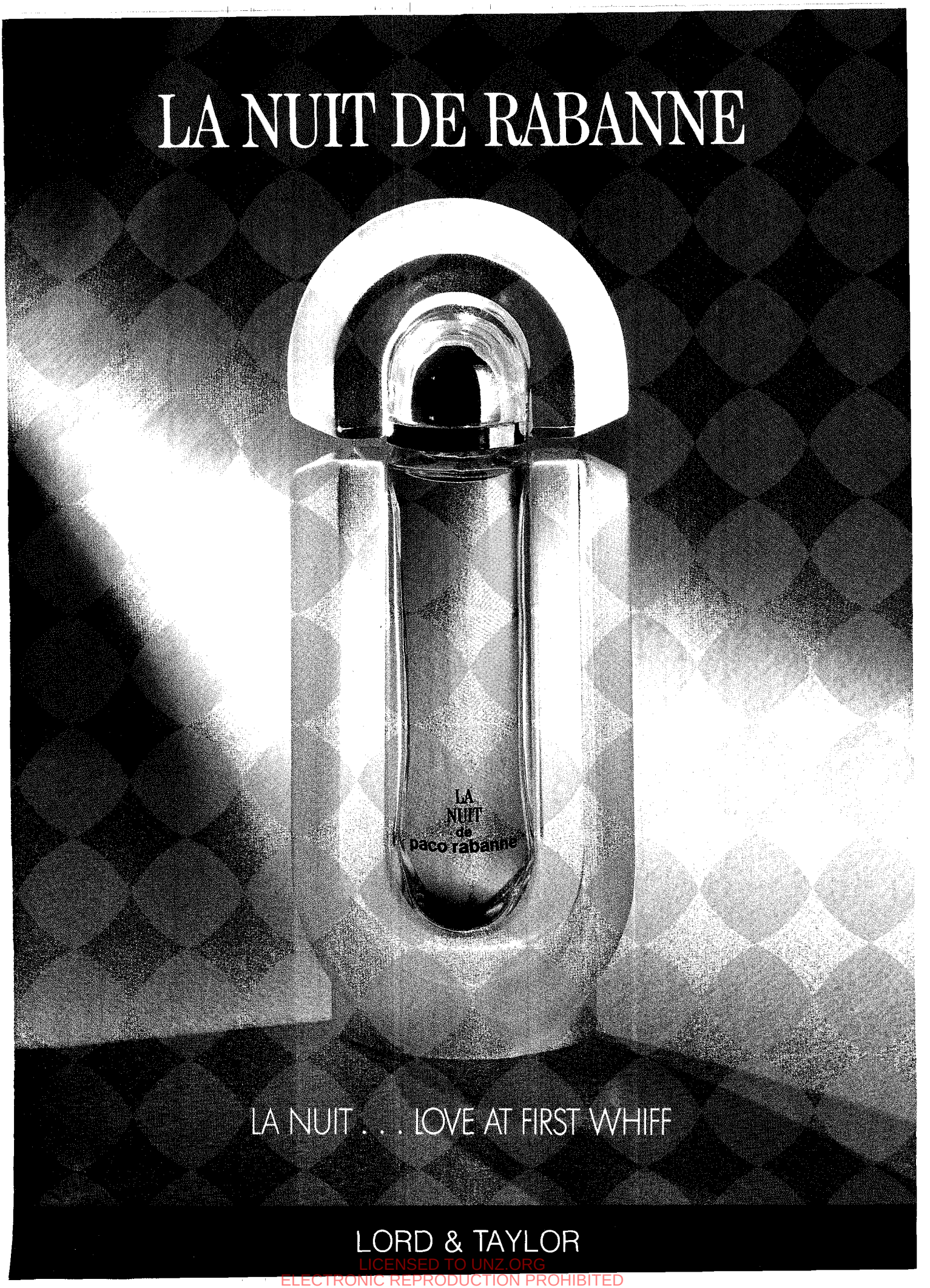

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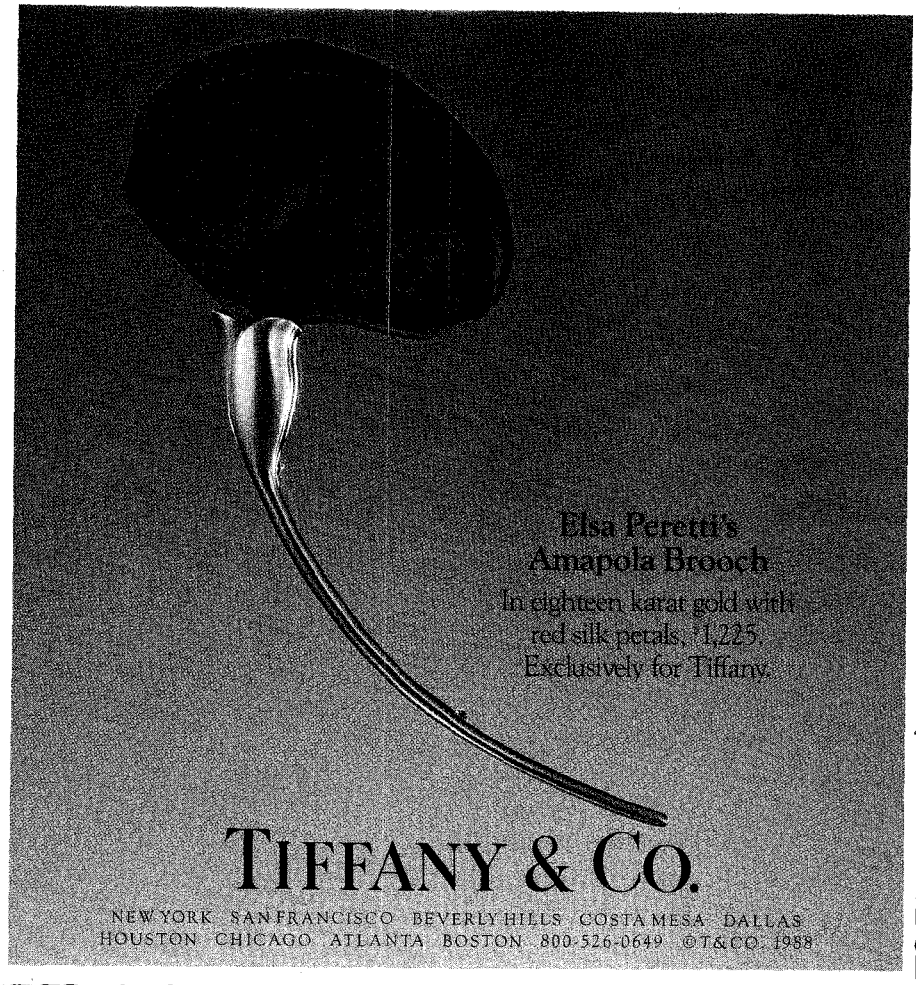

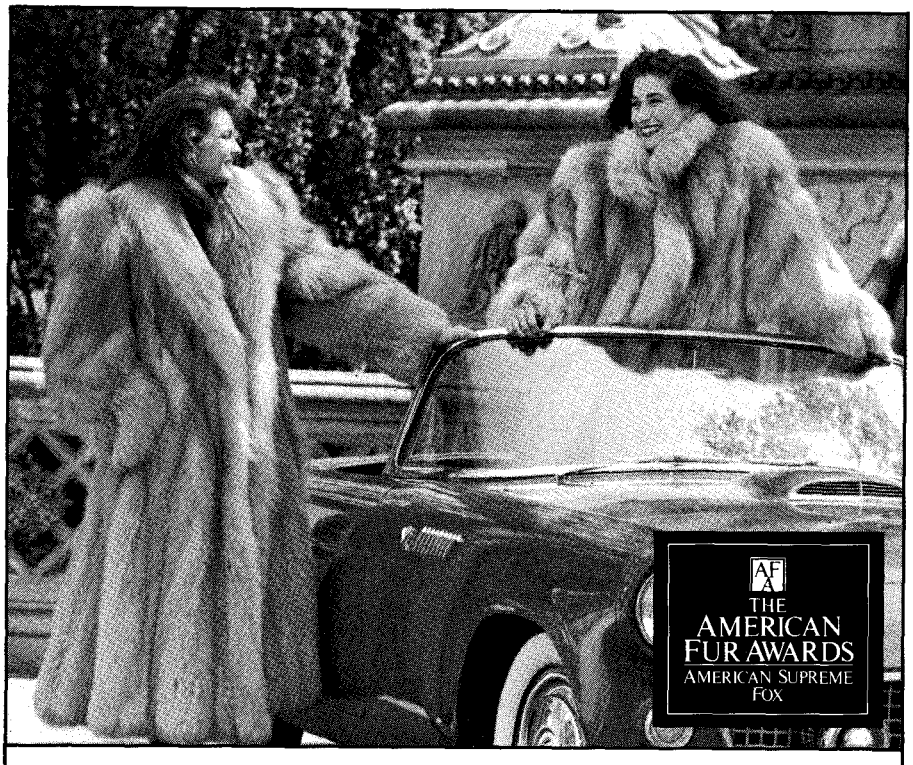

SORBARA

150 WEST 30TH STREET NEW YORK, NY 10001

but is already sold. Next, we sat on each of four Moon Cycles, tripod stools of different heights, by Terence Main. They are made of stainless steel, with a sort of Miró/Mayan iconography sandblasted on the top. Each leg is bent, but not at the same height, to form a footrest, and the legs are braced with a triangle. The feet sport suction cups, and these stools look as though they might indeed have landed from the moon. They are enchanting, and cost $7,000 for the set, or $1,750 each. (The ideal customers for this gallery would be the de Menil family.) Over at Clodagh, Ross & Williams, 122 St. Mark's Place, we were greeted by Sherry Williams, wearing jeans held up by suspenders made of leather and—the material of the moment—spring nickel ($84). We checked out a group of totemic fountains, a black leather screen with a built-in aquarium, and a round glass table with a fan whirling under the glass, and fastened on three useful items: an umbrella stand with a ring handle made of steel cable that is enclosed in vinyl tubing, is twisted around like a vine, and is braced with brushed steel ($340); a magazine rack like a flight of steps which is made of painted steel and has twenty slots, each one big enough to hold at least three copies of *Foreign Policy* ($125); and a Dutch high chair called Homage to Rietveld, with a yellow seat, a red back, a blue tray, and a white frame, so winning that a family would keep it around just to look at after the baby outgrows it ($350). Sointu, 20 East 69th Street, a tiny shop where they discriminate between good modern design and modern design that is simply different, has something called a Music Tower, with fifteen slots to hold tapes or twenty to hold compact disks. It's a black steel triangle, twenty inches long, that can be attached to the wall either in a corner or not; $30. A combined wood-carrier and basket—a black leather sling lifts out of a black steel frame—is $495, and handsome.

SOME BOXES: The stores are chockablock with boxes covered in paper or fabric—particularly nests of hatboxes and closet boxes. Anyone interested in anything to do with paper should make tracks for Kate's Paperie, 8 West 13th Street, where there are boxes of every size, from a Japanese box that could hold only a small pea to a "clamshell" box covered in marble-

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ized paper, with a leather spine. It's four inches by twelve by sixteen, and resembles a large bound book. It would make a smashing container for unsightly papers, or all those curled photographs that are going to be pasted in an album one day; $172.10. The container for the tiny pea is the smallest of a set of ten hexagonal nesting boxes, each covered in a different paper; the set costs $17.95. There is also a slightly larger square set ($19.95). Tin roll-'em-yourself cigarette boxes from Germany, circa 1935, designed to hold tobacco, and with a clip under the lid for cigarette papers and a design stamped on the top, are $9.95 and great-looking. Cherchez, 862 Lexington Avenue (65th), has archive boxes of pressed paper (lizardlike but not cheesy), in navy, red, and green, for $50. ffolio 72, 33 East 68th Street, has a large selection of cassette boxes ($85), compact-disk boxes ($120), two- and three-tier hexagonal Chinese picnic boxes ($110 and $140), and Pentaflex boxes ($95), all covered in marbleized paper. A telephone-book cover of paisley material is $40; in solid "snake" it's $50. The Patricia Funt Gallery, 50½ East 78th Street, has a black lacquer and gold toleware wig box, with wig, for $575. It's a simple barrister's wig, with the Lincolns Inn Fields label. (A wig stand here is $95, and would do nicely for a hat.) A wooden Victorian Bible box, cunningly crafted to look like a Gothic-revival cathedral, has the initials and dates of birth of family members carved on it; $3,500. Some knockout boxes are to be found in the stationery department of Bergdorf Goodman, made by a German named Suse Güllert. They are heavy black cardboard squares and rectangles, piped and lined in bright yellow, red, or turquoise linen. The lids are sometimes in sections, cut in geometric shapes—triangles and trapezoids. A box with a square base has a square red lid that sets in catercorner so that the points extend over the edges when the lid is in place. They are beautifully made—it's the precision as well as the design that sets them apart from the herd; $110 to $115. Some other containers: A neat little chrome-plated ice bucket (Japanese) has a rack, so the ice doesn't sit in a puddle; a slot in the lid for the ice tongs; and a handle. It's $18, at Williams-Sonoma. Dean & DeLuca has a stainless-steel serving bowl that no one would hesitate to

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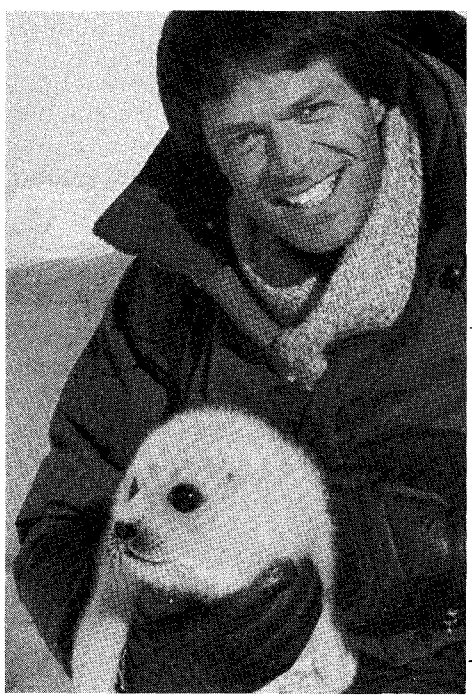

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bring to the dining-room table. It's twelve inches across, and is made of brushed steel, with a one-inch band of polished steel around the top and a polished-steel interior, and it's light, but not so light that it will dent; $45.

THE ultimate in minimalist clocks is at D. F. Sanders, 386 West Broadway and 952 Madison Avenue (75th). It's a disk twenty inches in diameter, made of glass, with a black rim, a red sweep hand, white hands, and NO numbers or dots whatsoever; $150. You could probably boil an egg by it, but you might as well check the time by looking at the sun. Contre-Jour has a gray concrete alarm clock, by Chris Collicott, with a rust-colored rim around the dial, and twelve black Roman numerals; $140. At Clodagh, Ross & Williams, Chris Collicott's Time Table, a small round three-legged table of oak that has a clockface with large black Roman numerals under a glass top, is $980. It's good-looking as well as clever. Conran's has a rectangular table clock, with a cream face, bold black Arabic numerals, and a chrome frame. It's the kind of clock that would have had a silver frame in bygone days (and probably would have cost about what this one does); $60.

USELESS BUT BEAUTIFUL: Three blown-glass flasks, with silver-plated screw tops, in opaque red, black, or white. They can't be stood up—they have to lie on their sides. They're $440 apiece at Peipers & Kojen. A miniature Shaker table and eight chairs (with taped seats), and two Shaker rooms, made by a man who fell upon hard times and was taken in, along with his family, by the Shakers at Sabbathday Lake, in Maine. In appreciation, he made these miniatures, perfect down to the last detail (including tippers on the back legs of some of the chairs), and better made than a lot of Shaker furniture. The table and chairs are $1,500; the two rooms are $8,000, at Jones Road Antiques, 1050 Second Avenue (55th). An eighteenth-century Welsh love token consisting of a knife and fork linked by a chain and lock, the whole carved from one piece of fruitwood, is both rare and moving; $2,200 at Patricia Funt.

FOR the gardener, Pierre Deux, 369 Bleecker Street and 870 Madison Avenue (71st), has a nineteenth-century copper watering can, with brass joinery and a dome spout almost seven inches across. It's adorable, and useful, and costs $1,250. This store also has several antique watering cans of galvanized tin which look like the ones in nursery rhymes; from $95 to $125. Hand-blown pale-green glass bells, used in France to force plants (although perhaps not by the average peasant), are eighteen inches in diameter, and cost $350. A Victorian brass faucet in the shape of a swan would do nicely in a garden, or for a sink in which flowers are arranged; $1,250 at Patricia Funt. Clodagh, Ross & Williams has vases of galvanized wire curved to form a vessel, the same way a French lettuce basket is made. Dried flowers would look terrific in them; from $60 to $260 (for one sixteen inches high, with a delicate wire collar). Cherchez has some pretty white bisqueware pitchers from England, six and ten inches high, for $38 and $68, respectively. A hand holding a vase is $36, and a column bud vase of clear glass is $10. Contre-Jour has steel frogs from Japan, called kenzans. They have brass pins, and a steel grid to hold branches in place—and look good; $8 for a single, $14 for a double. Vera Neumann is a textile designer, famous for the Vera scarves that were worn by many women in the forties and fifties (and maybe sixties). Kelter Malcé, 361 Bleecker Street, bought up a lot of her silkscreen prints at auction. They are largely flowers and leaves—iris, daisies, sunflowers, poppies, wheat, bamboo. The designs and the combinations of colors are decorative, particularly at $24 apiece.

There is a new trend: wooden objects that look as though they were made by one's children in Shop, or what used to be called Manual Training, in perhaps the seventh grade. Some birdhouses at Conran's, for example: there's a house (with a flag), a church, a chalet, and a schoolhouse (with a bell and a flag), painted old-timey colors—barn red, gray-blue, off-white. From $29.95 to $65. Christmas-tree-shaped candleholders that hold five, seven, or nine candles are $10.95, $14.95, and $24.95, respectively. The New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park West (76th), has a painted wooden St. Nicholas in two sizes, eight and twelve inches, for $45 and $57. A large wooden wreath with a red wooden bow is $57.

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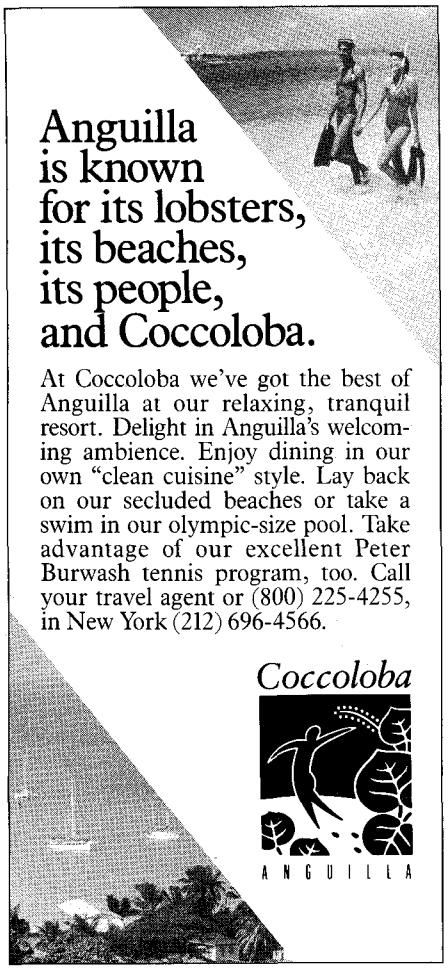

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As an antidote to faux Manual Training, Royal Copenhagen has paper ornaments ranging from $7.50 to $28 (for mobiles), and small oil lights in either triangular or flying-saucer shapes, ranging from $20, for a three-inch triangle light, to $40, for an eight-inch flying saucer. The wicks are made of fibreglass and never burn out, and a funnel comes with each, but not the oil. For the avant-garde tree, Clodagh, Ross & Williams has a nineteen-foot string of twenty lights, from England, made of white folded triangles that look like origami, on a silver nylon string; $75. Kate's Paperie carries more than a hundred different papers, none with Santa Clauses. There is everything from tissue paper, for $2 a package, to hand-marbleized paper, for $20 a sheet. There is even paper with a real butterfly and real leaves pressed into it, for $11.95 a sheet. There are also shopping bags of handmade paper, in four sizes, from $3.25 to $5.25. But it's the iridescent mesh ribbon that is most alluring. A fine brass wire is woven into each side, so that the ribbon holds its shape however you twist it; from $3.20 a yard, for ribbon three-quarters of an inch wide, to $9.50, for six-inch. Three-inch "Silent Night" ribbon—a parchment background with scattered black notes and an occasional word—is $3.95 a yard. Two-inch dark-green or red ribbon, with a gold thread, is $4.20 a yard. This ribbon is not for children. Nor are the Christmas stockings at James II, 15 East 57th Street: made by a Philadelphia woman, they are of Victorian lace, silk, ribbon, brocade, velvet, and other rich fabrics, but we did overhear a customer saying that she had bought five for her grandchildren; $385 each.

As for stocking stuffers, Contre-Jour has cardboard pens in many colors for $2 apiece. A reddish coiled pot-scrubber at Dean & DeLuca is ideal for scrubbing cast iron and also has style, because it's Japanese; $1.50. Sterling bottlestoppers, with a cork base, in seven shapes like the tops of cocktail shakers, are $15 apiece at Frank McIntosh. A round clear-plastic stamp-holder is $8 at ffolio 72. At E.A.T. Gifts, 1062 Madison Avenue (81st), a large assortment of small presents for grownups who have not yet put away childish things has been arranged in an inviting orderly manner. There are snow globes and small stuffed animals

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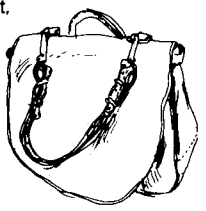

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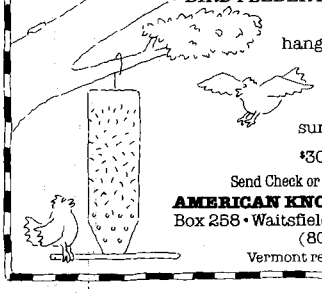

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and miniature dishes, and, for $3.50, a lump of coal in a round box. Gallery 91, 91 Grand Street, and Contre-Jour stock a series of extraordinary white origami cards, by Masahiro Chatani, which have absolutely nothing to do with Christmas. They open up to three-dimensional architectural themes —stairs, wedding cakes, arches, Amsterdam houses, among others—and are wonderful to look at; $3.75 each. What many people would like to find in their stockings is "The Book Lovers' Borrow Book," a booklet containing thirty-six literary bookmarks (Dickinson, Colette, G. Eliot, Faulkner, Yeats, V. Woolf)—six of each, with stubs. If you a borrower or a lender be, this is for you; $5.95 at the Morgan Library. The Morgan also carries a heavy cotton toy bag with St. Nicholas and other Christmas motifs printed on it ($14) and John Julius Norwich's annual Christmas Cracker, a twenty-four-page compendium of whatever literary tidbits please his fancy; $4.50, and a soothing way to end a long hard day.

THE CHRISTMAS TABLE

FOR one-stop shopping, be it gifts for the house or food for the table, or both, it's hard to beat Dean & DeLuca. There is room for serious shoppers along with the sightseers, and the help is willing, on-the-way-to-able, and very cheerful. (Overheard at the fish counter: Woman, pointing to two rows of humongous shrimp, one pink, one white: "What kind are these?" Clerk: "Pink and white shrimp." "But what are they called?" Clerk: "Pink and white, just like you and me"—said with a big smile.) The gift department, in the back of the store, is under control, and Joel Dean, who is in charge of it, is the picture of calm, the eye of Hurricane Giorgio. The food section is not yet in high gear, because the kitchens are in their shake-down phase, and Giorgio DeLuca looks as though he could use a pair of roller skates. But Brigitte Weil, in charge of sweets, has come up with a cake for Christmas and New Year's only—December Rose, a very special, very perishable chocolate layer cake with raspberry filling. It's frosted with whipped cream and decorated with silver dragées and fresh pink or red rose petals. One that will feed from twelve to fifteen costs $42. Brigitte also has individual pumpkin cheesecakes, rather too large for most individuals, for $5.50. (Pumpkin is this year's flavor-of-the-season.) Giorgio hadn't yet come to grips with his Christmas-dinner menu at the time of our visit, but there's plenty of fresh *uncooked* food: birds, suckling pigs (to order), baby lamb chops no bigger than a fifty-cent piece, a tank where live lobsters and Dungeness crabs live in harmony, sea urchins, smoked meats, smoked fish, and a superabundance of produce, including a sensational squash called Delicata. Between Produce and Housewares, there are several items to consider for presents. Sugar, for one. Old-fashioned rock sugar—multicolored, Shocking pink, fire-engine red, Easter-basket green, or Ming yellow—is $6.50 a pound. Giorgio paused briefly in mid-flight to extoll a half-pound box of Pierre Koenig's kosher chocolates, from Metz, made under rabbinical supervision. A dark-blue-and-gold box of twenty chocs, with different fillings (mostly chocolate or nuts, one marzipan), is $20. Now that olive oil has been decreed to be better for us than butter, we can all feel easier in our minds about buying expensive olive oil. D. & D. sells two noticeably superior olive oils: Lungarotti (seventeen ounces for $13.50) and Huile d'Olive de la Vallée des Baux (seventeen ounces for $12.95). The former is fruity, the latter is oilier and heavier, and, in this league, it's splitting hairs to say one is better than the other. Giorgio says that the connoisseur's choice of rice for risotto is Carnaroli—superior to Arborio rice because it has a pleasing crunch. He's right; $5 for thirty-five ounces. Cartwright & Butler's box of ten bouquets garnis for poaching fish is $3.70.

OVERWORKED adults in the market for a Christmas dinner at home cooked by someone else, a dinner superior to any other catered food we have ever had, should call New York Cuisine, where Earle Sieveling is the chef. Once a principal dancer with New York City Ballet, he retired in 1973 and took up cooking. He is self-taught, has worked as chef in restaurants like Odile (which he also owned), and is a perfectionist about the freshness of food and the balance between taste and texture. Perhaps the best news of all is that he doesn't own a deep freeze. For

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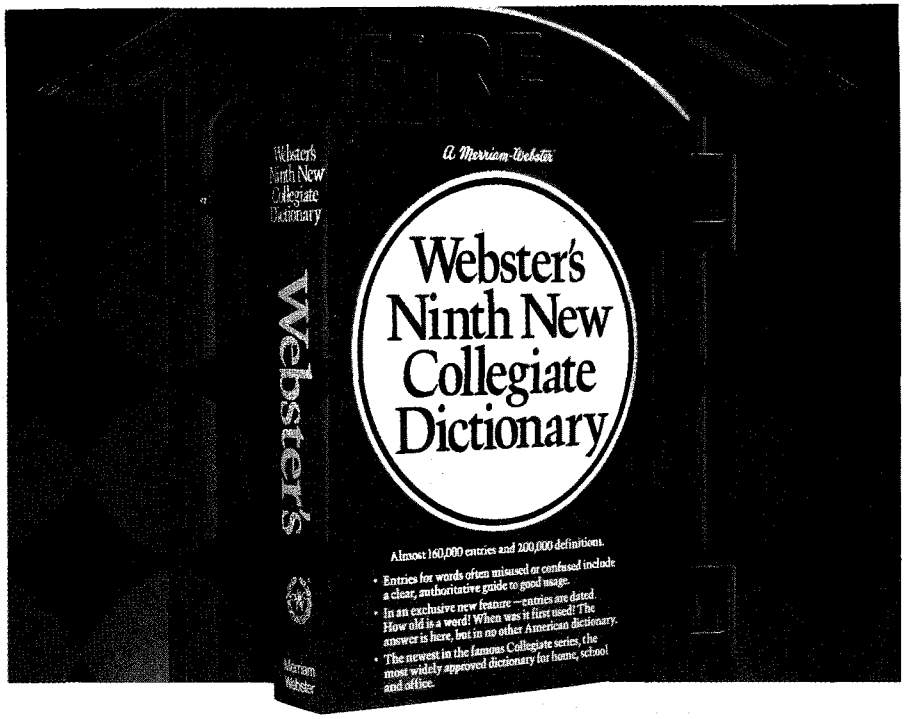
the Christmas–New Year season, he is offering the following. (Prices quoted are for four servings.) Appetizers: mille-feuille with smoked Irish salmon, Sevruga caviar, and crème fraîche ($36); mille-feuille with gravlax, dill, and crème fraîche ($28); oyster stew with twelve oysters ($20)—*Ça coule dans la gorge comme le petit Jésus en culottes de velours*. Entrées: boneless quail stuffed with veal and fennel seed, on a bed of polenta, with a sauce made of the meat juices and cognac ($64); a turkey tourte with spinach, shallots, and potatoes, in puff pastry ($48); a tourte with veal instead of turkey ($52); wild-rice-apricot-and-pecan stuffing ($14 a pound). Dessert: a paskha (a Russian cheesecake) made with dried fruit and nuts, serving six to ten ($24). All orders must be placed four business days before delivery, and there is a delivery charge. No deliveries on Christmas or New Year's Day. Telephone: 925-2853.

If the above is too haute, call Peter Dent, 120 Hudson Street (North Moore). Of the dishes we tasted, the hors d'oeuvre of choice is the salmon rillette; it's $24 a pound, and delicious with black bread. Goose with apples and prunes will serve five; it costs $75 cooked, $55 ready to cook. Boned lamb en pistache (like a cassoulet without the sausage), with white beans and whole garlic cloves, is $8 a portion. The side dishes we tried—a pumpkin gratin, braised leeks and celery, cranberry-and-orange relish—are all $8 a pound. For dessert, there is a Paris Brest, a ring of pâte à choux filled with brandied whipped cream, for $24. (The name comes from a small pâtisserie in the suburbs of Paris along the route of a famous bicycle race from Paris to Brest, in 1891. The cake was made in the shape of a bicycle wheel to commemorate the event.) Both the apple and the pear Tatin are glorious—the best. Thin pastry, plenty of fruit, completely caramelized except for the crumbly edges. Each is $25.

The Silver Palate, 274 Columbus Avenue (73rd), is no slouch, either, when it comes to Christmas fare. It has been sold, and when the new owner was quoted as saying he would keep the image of class while trying to make sales more mass we were nervous. All is well: the Christmas dinner is up to the usual high standard. Among the hors d'oeuvres, the mushrooms stuffed with wild mushrooms, walnuts, and



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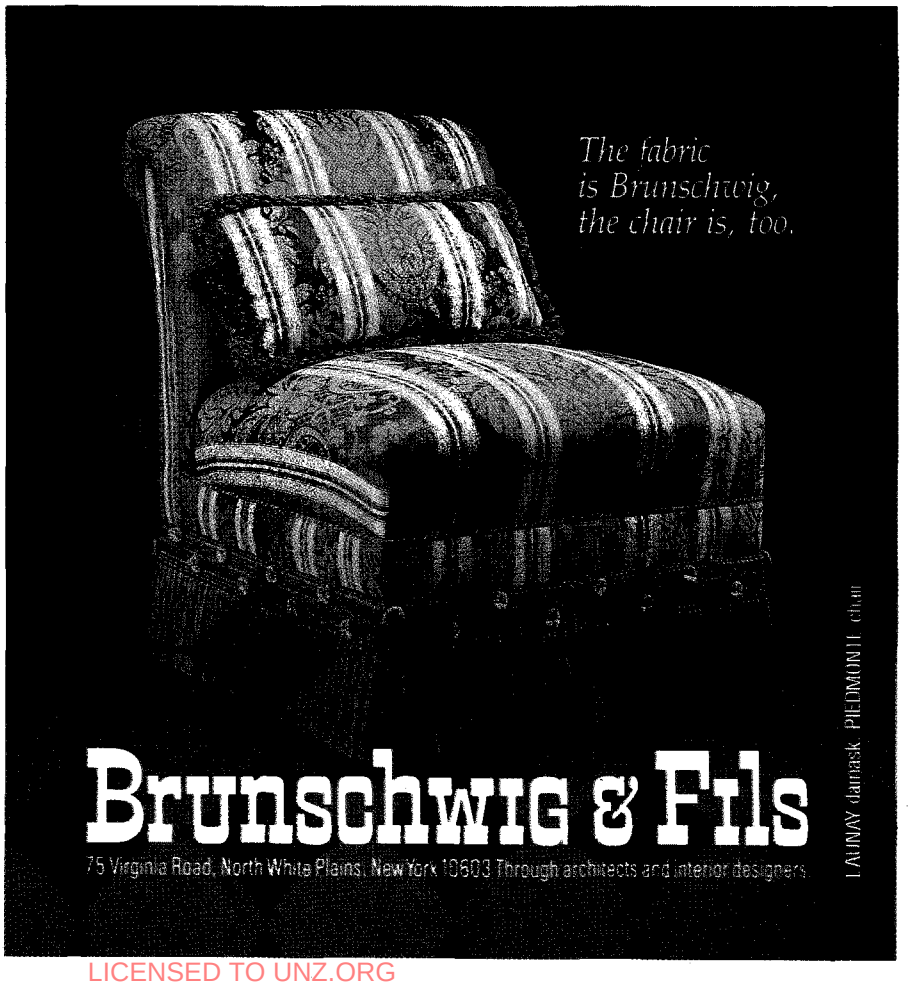

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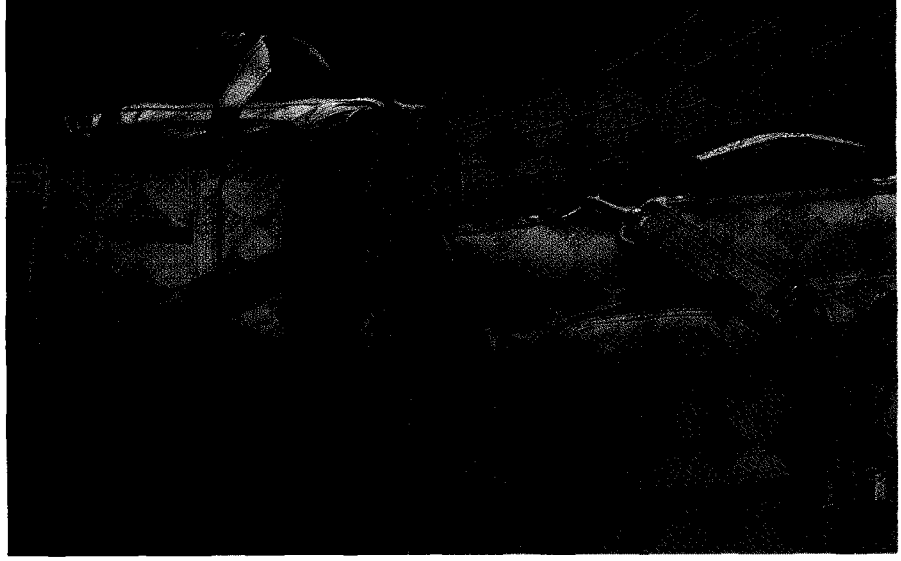

cream cheese are outstanding, but cost $1.85 each (they are labor-intensive); there's more mileage in the smoked-trout pâté with red onion, dill, and capers, a half pint of which is $9. There is a choice of soups, all excellent —a question of palate only. They are spinach and garlic in a broth with fine-chopped carrots and celery; cranberry-and-beet borscht; and wild-mushroom bisque; $6.30, $7, and $8 a pint, respectively. As an entrée, there is ham or roast capon, but go for the rack of lamb (eight chops) with garlic and rosemary ($52). Either the braised red cabbage with glazed chestnuts ($10 a pound) or the parsnip-and-pear purée ($9 a pound) or the spinach purée with hazelnut sauce ($9 a pound) is an ideal accompaniment. The chocolate hazelnut torte (the kids can have ice cream and chocolate sauce) is $30, and will serve six to eight.

CHRISTMAS dinner is of no great interest to Eli Zabar, who runs E.A.T., 1064 Madison Avenue (81st), with an eagle eye (and seems to have one in the back of his head). When pressed, he came up with baby chickens stuffed with confetti rice (i.e., bits of vegetables and herbs) and surrounded by roasted carrots, potatoes, and whole cloves of garlic. (Eli would surround chocolate cake with whole cloves of garlic if he thought he could get away with it.) The chickens are roasted at very high heat for a short time; $17.50 each. Having got Christmas dinner out of the way, Eli told us that he's "into the convertibility deal in appetizers," with bread as the foundation. He now makes focaccia, splits it in half horizontally, and treats it as an open-faced sandwich, like pizza, or bakes it with a filling. He then cuts it up into smaller pieces for finger food. A four-inch square of focaccia baked with zucchini and onions, or potato and onions, is $10, as is an open-faced focaccia with tomato, cheese, herbs, and black olives. The baguette sandwiches serve the same purpose; a ten-inch-long baguette topped with ham, cheese, salami, and sweet-and-sour grilled eggplant, or else with tomato and mozzarella, is $10, and, for the convertibility deal, can be cut into twenty pieces. Bread is what really interests Eli. Downstairs, they bake loaves weighing from two to twenty-five pounds and flour-screened with stars, hearts, or moons; $4.50 a pound.

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Things are looking up in the cheese world. There is once again some good French cheese: Vacherin Mont d'Or, the best of all possible cheeses, is back in business, at $20 a pound; half a pound of a Reblochon, Le Val Montjoie, or a superb blue cheese, Bleu de Gex, is $7.50. Of all the sweets here, the very small chocolate cupcakes, with shiny chocolate frosting, are at the top of the class; $2. The food at E.A.T. has a spontaneity and a colorfulness that are irresistible.

Aquavit, a restaurant at 13 West 54th Street, has several things to recommend it besides the food: it's attractive, and so are the staff; the aquavit dispenser, a circular contrivance of glass and chrome, divided into eight sections, one for each flavor, is not to be missed; and, finally, there are small bowls of garnishes—a lineup of paper-thin sliced cucumbers (cut on the diagonal), dry sliced horseradish, eggs sliced the long way, rémoulade (a kind of Russian salad), and many other treats. The Smørrebrød—a choice of ten open-faced sandwiches, for $8 each, two for $12, available at lunch—can be picked up between noon and 3 P.M. They are beautiful to look upon, and taste as good as they look. The most conventional is the egg salad (with bacon, tomato, and chives); the most unusual is fried flounder fillet (with rémoulade, shrimp, and caviar). There is also roast beef (with fried onion, horseradish, and rémoulade) and smoked salmon (with scrambled egg and asparagus; $2 extra). From noon to 7 P.M., there are six different kinds of herring, smoked Swedish salmon, and gravlax that can be taken out, but best of all are the Scandinavian shrimp, in the shell, cooked in very salty water and flash-frozen in Sweden. There is a choice of sauces for them: lemon mayonnaise or caviar mayonnaise. To sit around a table with a big bowl of these shrimp, finger bowls, and plenty of paper napkins would be a treat for all; $6.50 for half a pound.

To pad out a buffet supper, or just to give the cook a break, Priscilla, 35 Jane Street, makes two substantial and soothing dishes. One is a vegetable frittata, with potatoes, green and red peppers, spinach, two kinds of squash, peas, mushrooms, eggs, and scallions. It's both colorful and Christmassy; $4 for half a pound. The other dish is that old warhorse macaroni and cheese, revived by Priscilla under the name

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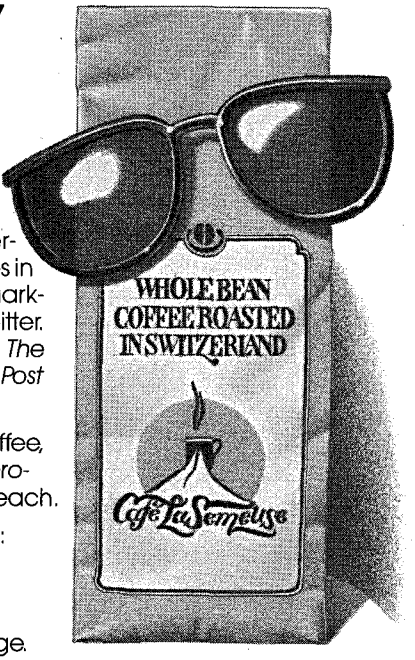

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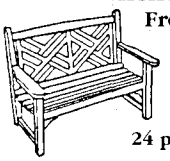

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Tennessee Macaroni and Cheese. It's crunchy on top, very cheesy, very buttery, and very good; $4 for half a pound. The latest-model tea loaf here is apricot-and-raisin, and deserves an extra star; $5 for about three-quarters of a pound, which is also the price of Priscilla's Hobbit Tea Bread, made with lemon juice and poppy seeds. Small, plump, heart-shaped fudge cakes are $1.50 each. Only the Best, 198 Henry Street, in Brooklyn Heights, has a new owner—Richard Wilson, a tenor with a master's from Juilliard, who is still studying, and who hopes to finance his music with his food. He inherited the staff from Good Taste, and they continue to turn out exceptionally good soups, salads, and main dishes. Mr. Wilson, who does some of the baking himself, has come to his new job armed with several trustworthy cake recipes from his grandmother in Oklahoma, most notably the Bourbon Pound Cake with Pecans, which is $1.50 for a fat slice. Almond Lemon Pound Cake is also $1.50 a slice, and Raspberry Almond Meringue Squares are $1 each.

The window of William Poll, 1051 Lexington Avenue (75th), features huge Chocolate Fantasies (which Stanley Poll tells us are ordered by private people, not only by corporations), but what is perhaps of even more interest to most people is the huge variety of sandwiches that this store has in its repertoire. It can run up over seventy different kinds, from Brie ($4) to fresh Beluga caviar ($75). There is a choice of six thin-sliced breads, and the management doesn't stint on either the fillings or their ingredients. A new line of ice cream, Perchè No!, from California, is superior both in taste and in texture, and comes in four flavors, pumpkin (natch), mocha chocolate chip, espresso, and vanilla (with specks of vanilla bean); $7 a pint.

The reign of Steven Jenkins, formerly of Fairway Market, has begun at Balducci's, 424 Sixth Avenue (9th), and the first indications are the numerous signs—neatly and legibly printed by hand—on everything: cheese, cooked dishes, vegetables, cakes. The wild mushrooms, for instance, have signs giving the common name, the Latin name, directions for cooking, and a bit of history. The look of the prepared foods has already improved (less gloppy), and Mr. Jenkins has plans for adding some "simple peasant dishes." For Christmas, there is fresh duck liver from Périgord ($20 for five ounces), fresh foie gras ($5 an ounce, $7 with truffles), and Russian Osetra caviar and Mandarin Beluga caviar (each $15 an ounce). Although Chinese caviar has come a long way since it was introduced into this country, in 1980, the flavor doesn't measure up to Osetra. Wild turkey, which tastes the way unwild turkey tasted in olden times, and wild boar are $10 and $18 a pound, respectively. Cheese is Mr. Jenkins' particular field of expertise, and he told us that the Vacherin Mont d'Or is now pasteurized, but *barely* pasteurized, making it possible to import it without doing away with the taste we love; about $15 a pound. He's particularly proud of a Colton Bassett Stilton. It is the best that one can buy, he says, and Balducci's is the only store in New York that carries it; $7.69 a pound. Tourrée de l'Aubier has a sign saying: "We just can't bring ourselves to call this fine stuff 'Anthem to the Dawn.' Because what it is is a false Vacherin Mont d'Or. Full flavored, cow's milk cheese banded by Norway Spruce, $7.99 lb." Since we hadn't tasted the real stuff in two years, he could have fooled us. Bleu de Gex is $9.99 a pound. Toma della Valcuvia is made by hand, not machine, like real Brie and Camembert, and tastes like Camembert; $8.99 a pound.

THERE is no dearth of pâtisseries as sources of Christmas desserts. Everyone makes a bûche de Noël, so we will slide over that subject. The croquembouche is nearly ubiquitous, but Jean Kahn, of Les Friandises, 665 Amsterdam Avenue (92nd), will construct a croquembouche *house*, like a gingerbread house but made of pâte-à-choux puffs filled with hazelnut cream; it has white-icing snow and candy decorations. A ten-inch-tall residence that will serve eight to ten people is $90. This year, Ms. Kahn is making a traditional Oxford Holiday fruitcake without marzipan (as well as with), in one- or two-pound loaves, for $12 and $24. A round mini fruitcake with marzipan is $3.75. Soutine, 104 West 70th Street, has, as usual, an authentic, made-by-hand (that of Susan Kluger, an Englishwoman) plum pudding, in a white crock; $20 for one weighing a pound and a half. Mrs. Kluger decorates her traditional English fruit-

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cake with pale-green marzipan icing and a white dove holding holly in its beak. Lovely to look at—and to eat, depending on how one feels about fruitcake. It's $25 and weighs two and a half pounds. Five small fudge cakes in a box are $5, and a delicious pumpkin cheesecake with whipped-cream icing that's big enough to feed ten people is $12. Frédéric, 1431 York Avenue (76th), is a German pâtissier, with a handlebar mustache out to his ears, who speaks five languages, and both he and his shop are straight from "The Nutcracker." All breads and pastries are made on the premises, and among the multiple choices the following stand out: stollen, which is authentic and the best we have eaten ($8.50 for a pound, $17.50 for two and a half pounds); a basket platter of assorted Christmas cookies—butter, hazelnut, sand, gingerbread, and meringue, to name a few—some decorated, some plain, and some tiny, which come in different shapes, including mushrooms ($13.75 for a pound); gingerbread houses, no two alike, with a chocolate Santa, white icing, meringues, bunnies, trees, candies, and, in some cases, chocolate fences and doorbells ($30 to $75, according to size). The petits fours are refreshingly small; Paris Brest, éclairs, raspberry barquettes, tarts, and cygnets are six for $5.25. Yes, he makes a cold pumpkin soufflé—on a cake base, with chocolate sauce. One that will serve from four to six is $16.50. And these are just the tip of the iceberg at Frédéric's. Marquet, 235 Smith Street (near Atlantic Avenue), in Brooklyn, is a mom-and-papa pâtisserie opened last May by a young Frenchman and his American wife. Jean-Pierre Marquet can knock off a bûche or a croquembouche with the best of them, and he also makes an almond Dacquoise, in three sizes; $2, $12, and $17. The tiny cookies with long French names—Langues de Chat, Palets au Raisins, Fours Poches (almond spirals), Cailloux Lunaires (chocolate macaroons)—are $7 a pound. A bag of three madeleines or three friands is $1; a Petit Four Glacé au Rhum (one mouthful) is twenty-five cents. Everything is delectable, but most delectable of all is the brioche; we can think of nothing we would rather have for breakfast on Christmas morning. An enormous loaf is $3.50; a single brioche is sixty

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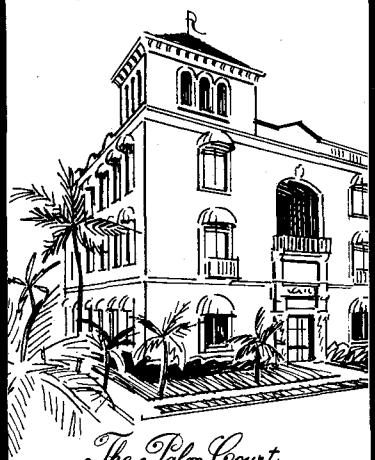

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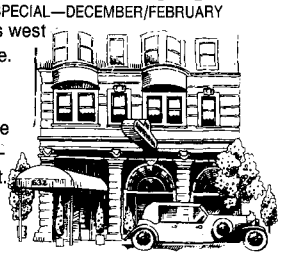

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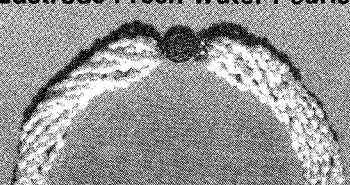

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The Chelsea Baking Company, 259 West 19th Street, has added a Brest de Noël to its list of Christmas desserts. (Paris Brest is the pastry of the season.) The one at Chelsea is a fat wreath filled with Grand Marnier cream, dusted with powdered sugar, and topped with "NOËL" and a sprig of holly in marzipan; $24 for one that would feed twelve. Last year's English Trifle was such a success that it is being offered again; $30 in a non-refundable glass trifle bowl. A gingerbread house twelve inches high is $85 and requires a week's notice. Chelsea now sells its own ice creams and sorbets, in many flavors, but the smallest size available is two and a half quarts. (There are also two-and-a-half-gallon containers, for mass feeding.) The pumpkin and cranberry ice creams are especially good ($11 each), and so are the cranberry sorbet and the apple-brandy sorbet, which has texture and a real apple taste ($16). Sweet Exchanges, part of the Chelsea Baking Company, makes six cakes, all with booze, which can be shipped to arrive on a specific date. One will serve sixteen people. Of the six possible flavors, the Irish Whiskey is the most successful; $22. Houghtaling Mousse Pie, 235 Mulberry Street, makes six kinds of chocolate-mousse pie and eight kinds of truffle cake, either all-chocolate or chocolate combined with other flavors, including hazelnut, almond, raspberry, and peanut butter. We preferred the all-chocolate in both categories, and a test group of ten pretty much agreed. The pies come in three sizes, at prices ranging from $6.50 to $20; the cakes in four sizes, from $5 to $20. The prettiest, as well as the easiest to serve, is a small chocolate-truffle tart in pleated gold foil; $1. Gift packaging and deliveries are possible, for a little extra. Telephone: 226-3724. Kathleen's Bake Shop, 155 East 84th Street, will sell a platter of assorted Christmas cookies (enough to feed ten or twelve) for $30, and the chewy gingerbread men are $5 for half a pound of small fellows, $1.50 for a ten-inch one. The lemon squares are new this year; eighty cents each. Kathleen's cookies are about the nearest thing to homemade ones that we've been able to find. Peter Dent makes small gingerbread women, clad in white-frosting petticoats, which are thin and gingery without biting the tongue; thirty cents each.

The cakes made by Bennie Banks, an account executive for Radio TV Reports, are a triumph. His cakes started as a hobby—he made them for his church and his friends, who encouraged him to market them. He uses only natural ingredients. The cakes are baked in a large bundt pan, and are so rich that one will feed from twenty to thirty people. The butter cake will last at least a week, and the rum cake will last two weeks; $21.95 each. Mr. Banks delivers free of charge in Manhattan, and will deliver an order of three or more to other boroughs. Telephone: 876-7522.

Now for the muffin men. José Estrada and Gary Crissey started the Connecticut Muffin Company, 206 Elizabeth Street, in 1984, with eight kinds of muffins. These days, they turn out twenty-one kinds, plus cakes, scones, and brownies. Everything is handmade. Bakers wearing masks and with rubber gloves up to their shoulders mix the dough by hand. Between ten and twelve thousand muffins are baked

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today and delivered tomorrow to hotels, corporations, and stores, such as Bloomingdale's. The muffins are very large, because, with rare exceptions, that's what the clients want. We couldn't sample all flavors, but the cranberry-orange muffin, the Dutch apple, and the lemon-blueberry were memorable. (There is a five-grain muffin and an oatmeal–oat bran muffin for health nuts.) The company makes six kinds of scones. José Estrada spent a lot of time in the public library doing research on scones, and he finally found a recipe for a plain one dating from the time of Robin Hood. It was called the Archer's Scone, but the measurements were "a pinch of this, a dab of that," he says, and he was forced to experiment before he lit on what he calls the Old-Fashioned Buttermilk Scone. All these products can be frozen, but not refrigerated. Covered, they will keep between a week and ten days; muffins and scones cost $1.10 to $1.50.

WHEN Stephen Fass, of Macy's, was asked how much his Beluga caviar (Iron Gate) is going for these days, he said, "Three fifty-four ninety-five for fourteen ounces, and it's staying there." Osetra is $194.95. Presliced Norwegian salmon and Scottish salmon are $16.95 and $26.95 a pound, respectively. Tourrée de l'Aubier, the faux Vacherin, is $6.95 a pound. Effie Marie's Rum Butter Cakes come in two flavors, Lemon Poppyseed and Apple Walnut Spice. We tried the Apple Walnut and it was terrific, in spite of having a one-year shelf life and a two-year fridge life; $8 and $16, according to size. (Mr. Fass explained that the reason for the plethora of liquor-imbued cakes is that liquor consumption is down. What to do with all that booze that's not being drunk? Put it in cakes.) Macy's has been inspired to install a refrigerated checkroom, enabling customers to check the perishables and go to the movies.

The word from Murray Klein, of Zabar's, is that, as of December 15th, Zabar's will be charging $300 for fourteen ounces of Beluga, $140 for Osetra, and $119.95 for Sevruga. Presliced Norwegian and Scottish salmon are $11.98 and $16.95 a pound. An arresting gold-and-orange package of Zenobia pistachios, weighing a pound, is $5.95, and don't forget the extra-virgin, first-cold-press Italian olive oil; it's $4.98 a litre, and hard to beat.

Here are a few presents that the cook might like to have on hand during the holidays. The cheddar-cheese straws at Canard & Company, 1292 Madison Avenue (92nd), are superlative. Canard makes its own, and they are chewy when they first emerge from the oven, then crisp up as they cool. They are eleven inches long, and can be frozen; eighty cents each. Tuscany Toast is all over town, in four flavors —plain, pepper, pesto, and tomato and onion. The toast is buttery, and doesn't have that fake taste; it's around $2.75 a package. Old Denmark, 133 East 65th Street, always has a sponge cake in a loaf shape, and it will last at least two weeks unfrozen. It looks and tastes homemade; $6.95 for a pound and a quarter. Small cheese biscuits with some snap to them are packed in pint boxes and have a long shelf life; $3.85. Urbani Truffles, 452 West 25th Street, sells truffles in every form: white and black; fresh, vacuum-packed, and flash-frozen; in slices or pieces, and

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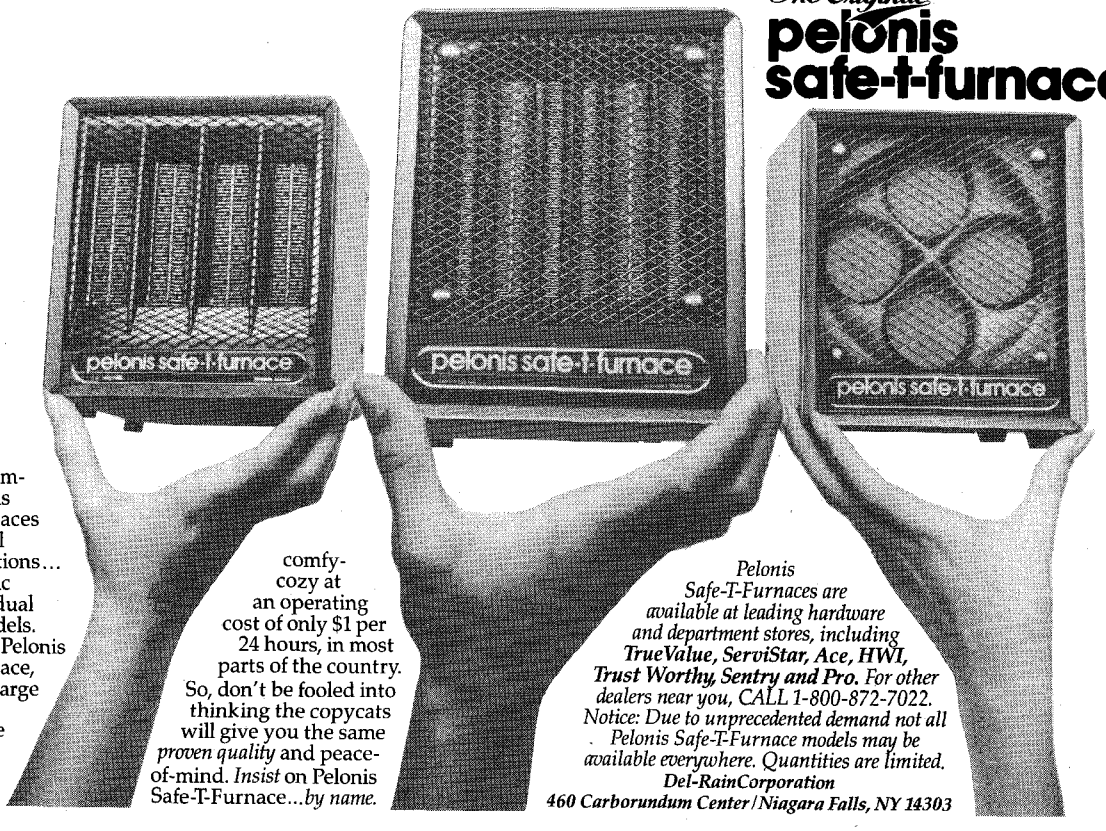

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whole; boxed, canned, and bottled; and in tubes of truffle paste and bottles of truffled olive oil. Seven ounces of flash-frozen whole white truffles are $500; a three-and-a-half-ounce jar of whole white truffles in water is $250; seven ounces of flash-frozen black truffles are $195. The owners, Andrew and Rosario Safina, say that the best are, of course, the fresh truffles (they were $50 an ounce at the end of November), next are the flash-frozen, then the whole bottled truffles, and then the oil (which is better value from the point of view of flavor than the slices, pieces, etc.). A bottle holding a little less than two ounces of the oil is $23. Well, you can always go stand outside the door of No. 452 and sniff.

FREDERIC and Angela Covo, the owners of Normandie Chocolat, 338 East 116th Street, have moved into the rear of their store, bag, baggage, and children. This does not seem to have cramped their style, however. They are now making chocolate money—ingots and coins, wrapped in gold paper in a see-through box, for $5 and $6, respectively. There are both conventional and Victorian Santas, for $8 and $10, and a Victorian Christmas tree, for $9. The Covos designed a four-inch chocolate angel for Altman's, which is available only at Altman's, for $3.75. The New Year's Special is a black top hat that's really a wine cooler, containing a champagne bottle filled with chocolates in Christmas shapes, plus a box of chocolate truffles; $55 or $65, depending on the number of truffles. (A one-pound box of truffles is $25.) All the solid chocs come in a choice of dark, milk, or white.

L. A. Burdick is a one-man band who makes exquisite chocolates in clean but Spartan quarters in Brooklyn. The couvertures are from Switzerland, the heavy cream and butter from New York State. He learned his trade in Switzerland, and uses only fresh fruits, real coffee and teas, and good liqueurs as flavorings—no extracts or essences, colorings or preservatives. And no molds—the candy is formed, cut, dipped, and decorated by hand. We are talking *crafted* chocolates here. There are ten varieties, including Earl Grey (Mr. Burdick is, as far as we know, the only chocolatier in this country to make chocolates flavored with tea), and chocolate mice, with silk-cord tails in

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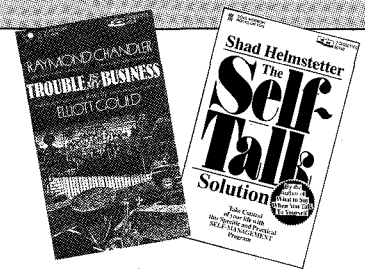

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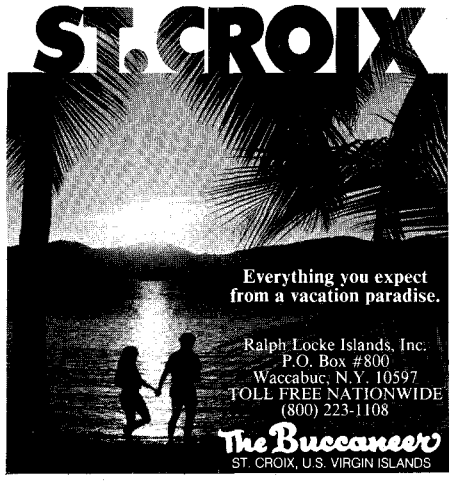

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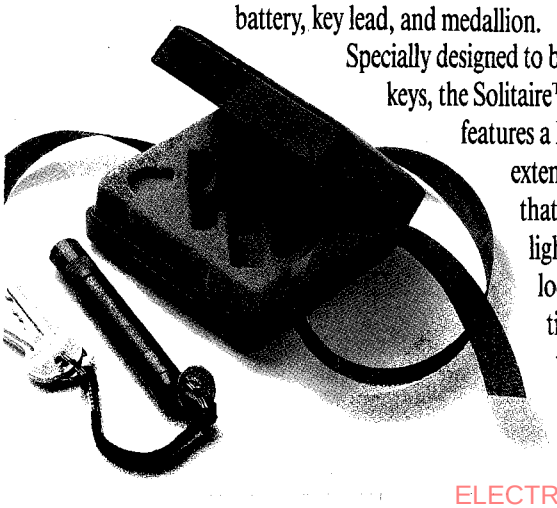

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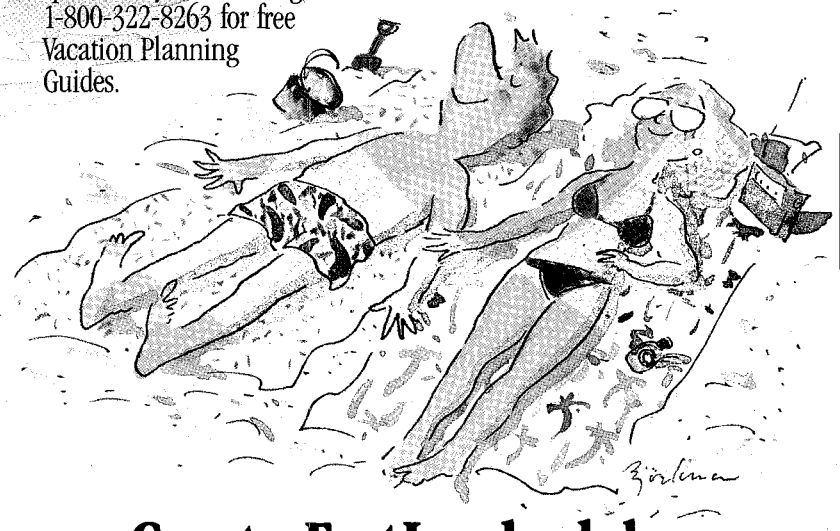

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green, red, or yellow. (There is a deplorable trend toward mouse-shaped food this year.) The chocolates are the smallest around except for M & M's—about sixty to a pound. They're packed in redwood boxes and tied with ribbon that has a blob of sealing wax on it, and the package, both inside and out, is worth every penny. Mr. Burdick is so busy confecting that he hasn't had time to promote, but the chocolates are sold at Dean & DeLuca, in bulk, for $36 a pound; at Zona, 97 Greene Street, for $18 a half pound, in a rectangular box; and at Two for the Pot, 200 Clinton Street, Brooklyn, where they can be had loose or in the half-pound box or in a small square box that holds twelve pieces, including a small mouse, and costs $14.

Perhaps the most welcome gift of food would be a basket of fruit from Manhattan Fruitier, 210 East 6th Street. Telephone: 260-2280. Lee Grimsbo and Jehv Gold have gone from beautifully composed baskets of perfect fruit to even greater artistic heights, *en français*. The fruit baskets come with biscotti, cheddar-cheese sticks, or chocolates, for $75, $100, and $150 each. (Should Mr. Burdick's chocolates be required, there's an extra charge of $15 or $25.) A Plateau de Fruits is a green crate, with a gilded finial on each corner, lined with juniper, lemon leaves, and holly and filled with the following: a Winter Banana apple, a Chinese pear, Spanish clementines, green muscat grapes, and small baskets containing cherries, kumquats, lady apples, and Seckel pears. The fruits, and the greens, too, change seasonally; prices start at $100. For decorating a very swell dinner table a Feuillage de Fête at each place would do nicely. It consists of leaves of organdy and silk, four dragées in very fine veiling, a thistle, a bud, berries, and some of that wired ribbon from Kate's Paperie. A set of two, in a box, costs $32. Table Topiary uses the same elements as the Feuillage, but it's crowned with a small golden apple, and there are pebble candies in two shades of green in the planter; $40. There are two styles of wreaths, both based on English boxwood and white pine: a soft-toned heather-and-juniper combination, and a bright wreath of red peppercorns and yellow-tipped incense cedar. An eighteen-inch wreath is $55, a twenty-four-inch one is $95. A welcome and welcoming sight on a front door.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

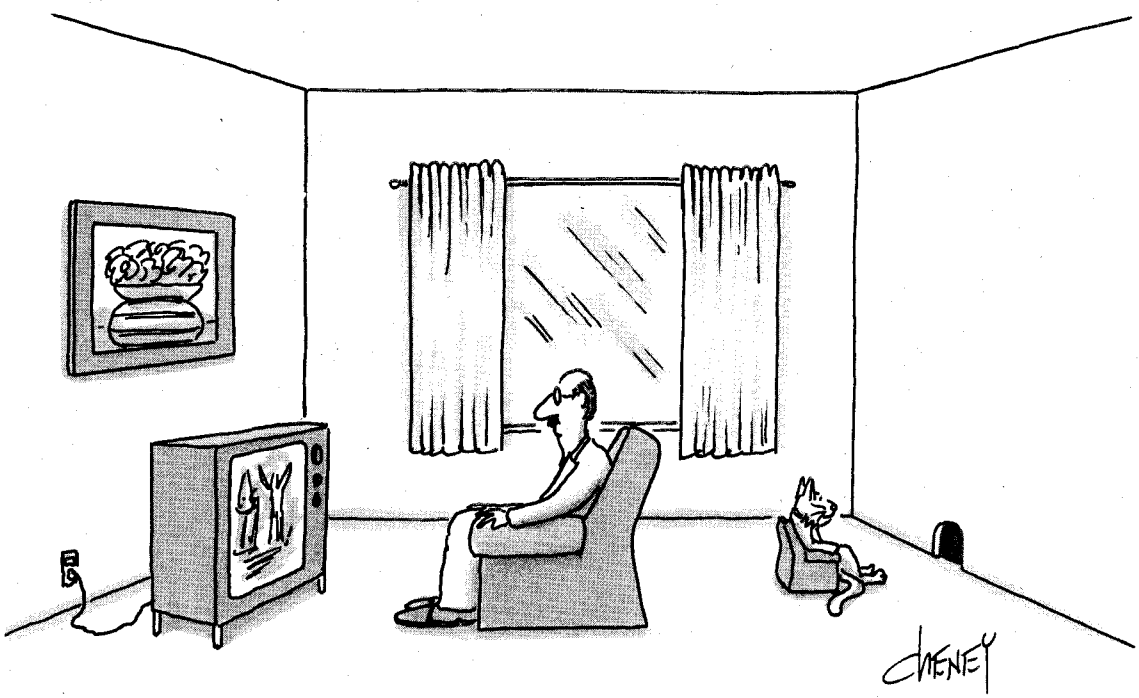
Symphonies and Song

CARNEGIE HALL has taken a step toward bettering the unhappy acoustic result of its 1986 restoration. At most concerts this season, a row of "absorptive panels . . . set into free-standing screens"—thus the official description—has spanned the stage, arranged in various configurations. I give them a cautious welcome but delay any detailed comment until I have attended more concerts in their company. The Vienna Philharmonic, plus screens, certainly sounded magnificent in Carnegie last month in a program of Beethoven ("Leonore" No. 3), Bernstein ("Halil" and "Prelude, Fugue & Riffs"), and Brahms (the Fourth Symphony), conducted by Bernstein. The "Leonore" closing pages surged on a tide of excitement and joy; pulses raced, hearts were full. The Brahms seemed to me music-making at its highest—of a kind that spoils one for less elevated, less beautiful performances. Bernstein gave a look-no-hands account of the scherzo. Shrugs of his shoulders, quick glances sometimes reinforced by a little pecking movement of his head, an occasional shift of body weight as Brahms tossed a tune around the platform were enough to secure a performance at once merry, flexible, and precise. Bernstein's rapport with the Vienna players seems complete. The music flows, sings, soars.

Mozart and Peter Maxwell Davies formed the program of the Scottish Chamber Orchestra's Carnegie concert last month, conducted by Sir Peter. His slow, tense, brooding cantata "Into the Labyrinth" was sung, carefully and conscientiously, by Neil Mackie; a very jolly account of "An Orkney Wedding, with Sunrise"—composed for the Boston Pops—ended the evening. The Mozart was a buoyant "Haffner" and the D-minor Piano Concerto with Cecile Licad as a neat, rather cool soloist. The orchestra is an alert, unmannered, most musical ensemble; it would have been good to hear Davies's Oboe Concerto, the first in a set of ten concertos he is writing for it, with its principals as soloists.

DAVIES's dramatic song cycle, or one-woman opera, "Miss Donnithorne's Maggot," was well performed last month by the American Chamber Opera Company—better than I have heard before. Lynne Vardaman, a resourceful, poignant, and entertaining actress, showed a rare ability both to span the extravagant vocal range and to make the words not merely intelligible but telling. Miss Donnithorne, a real-life Miss Havisham, lived for thirty years, in Sydney, amid the moldering remains of a wedding breakfast prepared for a bridegroom who failed to show up. Her only solace, we are told, was books. ("Great Expectations" could have been among them.) Randolph Stow, an Australian poet, wrote words and Davies wrote music for her Maggot, Dump, Rant, and Reel—old terms for musical pieces, whose characters are thereby defined—with a prelude, recitatives, and interludes. Images from the past, images of the present, scraps remembered from her reading, scraps of dirty songs she has heard urchins sing in her garden pass through her disordered mind; pain and moments of an almost triumphant joy mingle. It is an astonishing work. At the first performance, given at the 1974 Adelaide Festival by the Fires of London, Mary Thomas burst out of a huge wedding cake on whose tiers the six instrumentalists (the "Pierrot" quintet plus percussion) were ranged. Later Fires productions used various onstage dispositions of singer and players. At the Chamber Opera presentation, which was given in the Manhattan Marymount Theatre—New York's petit Bayreuth—the players were in the pit, and Miss Donnithorne had the stage to herself. In a larger house this might not be a good idea, but here intimacy and the excellent acoustics conspired to create distinctness and balance at once. The dramatic force of the score had never been in doubt; I had not realized before how beautiful it is. Andrew Joffe was the stage director. Douglas Anderson, conducting, drew eloquent lines from his instrumentalists.

"Miss Donnithorne's Maggot" was given on a double bill with Bruce Adolphe's early opera "The Tell-Tale Heart" (1978), after Poe. The Poe tale is a monologue. Adolphe, his own librettist, lays out a scenic enactment, assigns roles not just to the narrator but to the old man and to the police officers of the tale, and adds another character, one Helen. There are no "rules" for successful metamorphoses from page to stage; Adolphe may well have thought, I'm writing an



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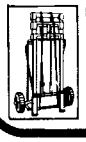

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opera, and I must somehow get in a female voice. But such merits as Poe's taut, brief narrative—presumably a parricidal fantasy—possesses seem to be diffused. The Poe poems introduced—including "To Helen," "The City in the Sea," "The Happiest Day"—are intruders. Nevertheless, this was a promising first opera from a twenty-three-old composer; the entry of the detectives, with snappy surrealist chatter, and the pounding of the murdered man's unsilenceable heart are both skillfully handled. In Adolphe's later operas "Mikhoels the Wise" and "The False Messiah" that promise has been fulfilled. Stephen Pearlston, in the principal role, was strong; the other singers were not.

IN October, Jack Beeson's "My Heart's in the Highlands," after Saroyan, was given its stage première by the Center for Contemporary Opera, in the Kathryn Bache Miller Theatre—the old McMillin Theatre, thoroughly renovated—at Columbia. (Eighteen years ago, a shortened version was presented by the National Educational Television Opera Theatre.) The execution was not good enough to disclose whether there is much substance in the piece, but charm and sentiment could be discerned, just, through a halting production and self-conscious performances. Adam Plotch, making his operatic début, as the nine-year-old Johnny, was the only artist fully at ease on the stage. The Center has a distinguished advisory council, with Dominick Argento, Phyllis Curtin, Carlisle Floyd, Otto Luening, Ned Rorem, Virgil Thomson, and Hugo Weisgall among its members. If any of them advised on this production, they must have blushed at the results.

"THE ROMANCE OF THE ROSE," a "fifteenth-century music drama" compiled by Paul Echols, was staged at Mannes College, by the Mannes Camerata, in October. The Camerata work I have valued most has been its revivals of early operas: Peri's "Euridice," Gagliano's "Dafne," Vittori's "Galatea," Cavalli's "Giasone." But Mr. Echols' dramatized anthologies of early music that sets passages from or can be related to the themes and characters of the old romances have given pleasure, too; "The Romance of the Rose" follows Mannes's

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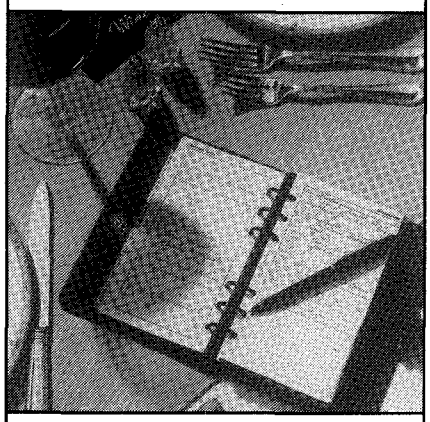

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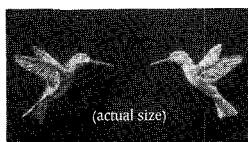

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> Within my twenty yere of age,
> Whan that Love taketh his corage
> Of yonge folk, I wente sone
> To bedde, as I was wont to done,
> And fast I sleep; and in sleping,
> Me mette swiche a swevening,
> That lykede me wonders wel.

And well may the poet have been wondrously pleased with it, for it was a dream of gardens, strange encounters, adventures, sieges in quest of the lovely red Rose first seen in a fountain's crystal mirror.

In Mannes's big music room, the audience was tiered down the two long walls, on either side of a painted floorcloth at once meadow, maze, and map. Here the enchanted garden suddenly appeared:

> Ful long and brood, and everydel
> Enclos it was, and walled wel,
> With hye walles embatailled,

and decked with images of Hate, Felonye, Vilanye, and others. The setting, by Pepper Ross and Mr. Echols, and the costumes, by Emelle Holmes, took their inspiration from Burgundian "Romance of the Rose" illuminations. The music was by Busnois, Barbingant, Brumel, Dufay, Isaac, Morton, Grimace, the elusive Pykini, and Anon. The performers were at once singers, players, and speakers (on period instruments, and with period pronunciation). The songs and dances ranged freely through the room. The young voices were fresh and steady; Alexandra Montano's was especially pleasing. —ANDREW PORTER

•

"Inside the Third Reich" (6:00) ('82) ★★★ Young Albert Speer becomes Alfred Hitchcock's personal architect then minister of armaments and war production.
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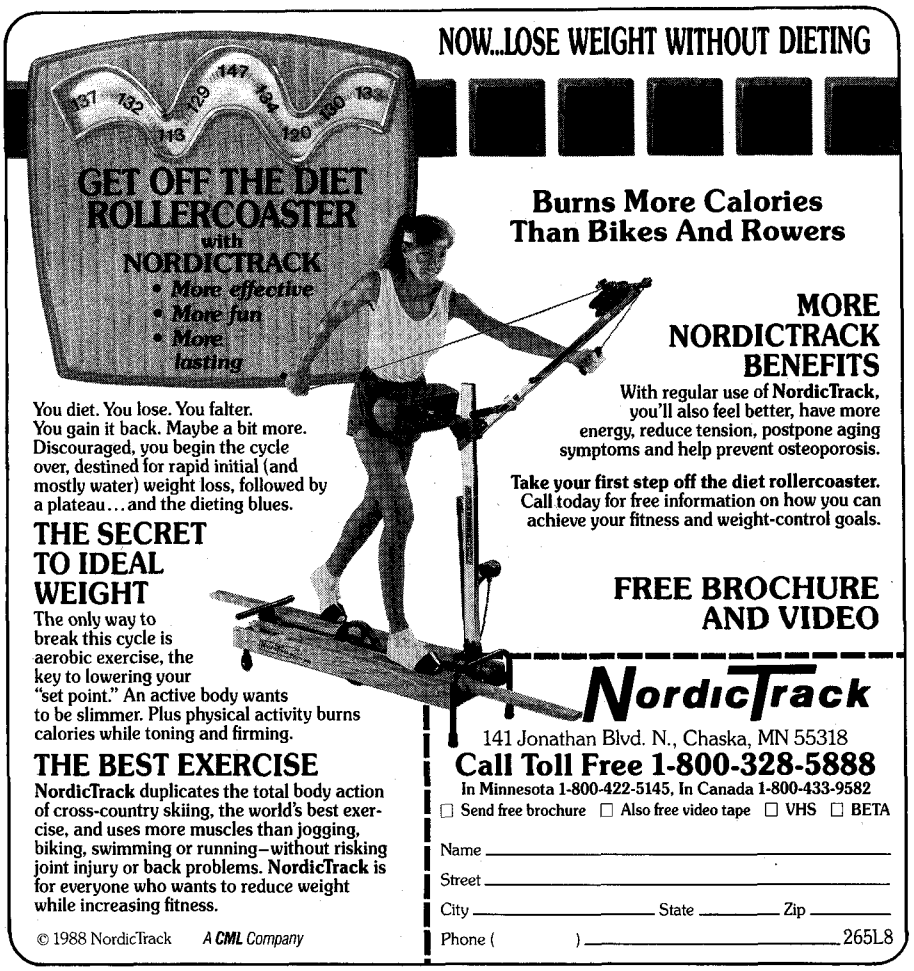

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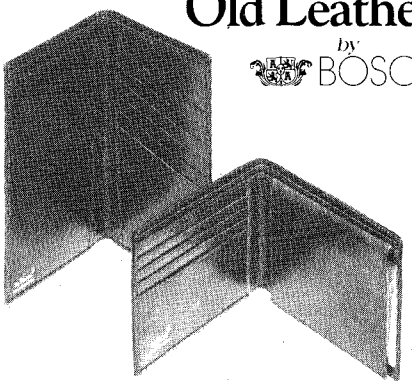

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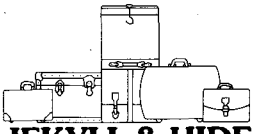

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

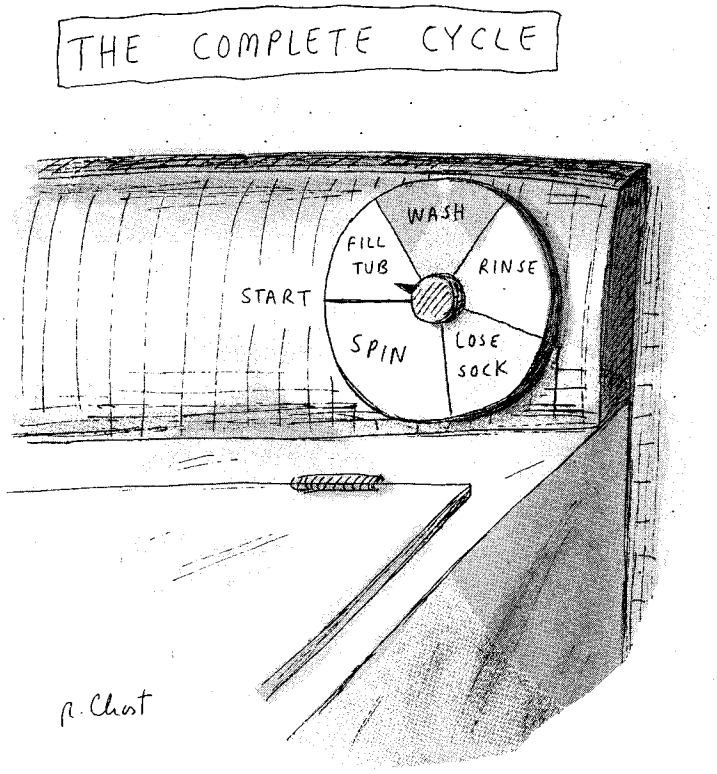
Ghosts

Dickens' "A Christmas Carol" seems like ideal screen material, and it has been filmed over and over again, starting in 1901, and with versions in 1908, 1910, 1913, 1914, 1916, and so on. Yet as far back as box-office figures go it has never really been a hit—maybe because it's about a wasted life. (The spectacle of a miserly old man getting his comeuppance is not particularly enticing.) And maybe the story's familiarity has worked against it; whatever the latest version was, people could feel that it held few surprises. If "Scrooged," starring Bill Murray, breaks the jinx (as I assume it will), the reasons aren't hard to find. Murray plays the character as roughly his own age (thirty-seven), and the script, by Mitch Glazer and Michael O'Donoghue, who teamed up when they were on the writing staff of "Saturday Night Live," plays off against the bewhiskered triteness of the tale; for example, we don't have to be reminded which of the original characters the new ones are based on. The best reason is that "Scrooged" is a striking, outsize entertainment. Murray's Frank Cross, a yuppie egomaniac who's the youngest network president in history, is the meanest man in television. (That's the same as meanest man in the world.)

The picture is no more than a blown-up series of skits, but they come together, and what they're getting at is "TV has scrooged us, even the kids among us—especially the kids. It manipulates us and makes us cynical. It debauches us." Frank Cross is the living essence of TV. Dickens' Scrooge is a deviation from the norm, but Frank Cross, given his business environment, is only a crazily heightened version of the norm—and not just in his careerism but in his hip knowingness. He's casually contemptuous of the people who work at the network headquarters and of anybody he encounters outside. He's indifferent to anything but ratings—i.e., his own career. His "personal" pet project for the holidays is a live telecast of "A Christmas Carol," with Buddy Hackett as a leprechaun Scrooge; it has Christmas-card "authenticity" with Vegas razzle. But TV itself has taken us beyond the point where the three ghosts could appeal to a network president's intellect or emotions: Frank Cross has an answer to everything—he has been delivering heartfelt messages about the network's obligations for so long that responsibility and morality are just blah blah to him. It's as if some Zen therapy was needed to shake him up. So the three ghosts start beating up on him, and the movie turns into a comic revenge fantasy.

When the Ghost of Christmas Present—Carol Kane as a Sugar Plum Fairy out of the "Nutcracker"—abuses Frank (kick, slap, wham, pinch), she's a sadistic whirligig. She revels in punishing him. Carol Kane is a weirdly dainty comedienne, as she demonstrated as Mrs. Latka Gravas, on "Taxi," and opposite Billy Crystal in "The Princess Bride;" here she's a giggly Pre-Raphaelite angel-witch with gossamer wings and with glittering stars in her golden curls. Her madness is infectious. (I had a flash of how different "Wings of Desire" might have been if she'd played the speechifying winged aerialist—maybe with her Gravas accent.) The film transports Frank from one place to another by an ingenious device: pretty Sugar Plum bops him so hard he blacks out, and then he comes to at his brother's or his secretary's or wherever he can undergo a jolt of recognition.

The structure actually stays quite close to Dickens; it's the tones that are different. Frank is such a sleazeball son of a bitch that his self-centeredness keeps us laughing. And the movie itself is a Christmas cornucopia: it keeps popping surprises. Bobcat Goldthwait is the mild little executive whom Frank fires on Christmas Eve, never expecting him to return with a double-barrelled shotgun. John Forsythe, with his resonant moneyed voice, is the phantom of Frank's old boss, the network chief who died seven years earlier on the golf course and wears the moldy remnants of a rakish golf outfit. (An occasional golf ball emerges from his skull.) Robert Mitchum is the genteel, polite chairman of the board, who's even more of a maniacal burnout than Frank. David Johansen (also known as the lounge singer Buster Poindexter) is an actor of absolute confidence as the grinning cabbie whose identification card reads "Ghost of Christmas Past." And the peerlessly wicked John Glover, who may have the highest, sharpest cheekbones in the acting trade, is the new executive who's bucking to replace Frank; he sports a collegiate "Tennis, anyone?" haircut. Famous faces keep turning up—Alfre Woodard, Nicholas Phillips, John Houseman, Mabel King, and there are glimpses of Susan Isaacs and Mary Lou Retton. When four street musicians play "We Three Kings of Orient Are," they're Miles Davis, Larry Carlton, David Sanborn, and Paul Shaffer.



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TV contains multitudes; even the people behind the box and in the box do time in front of it.

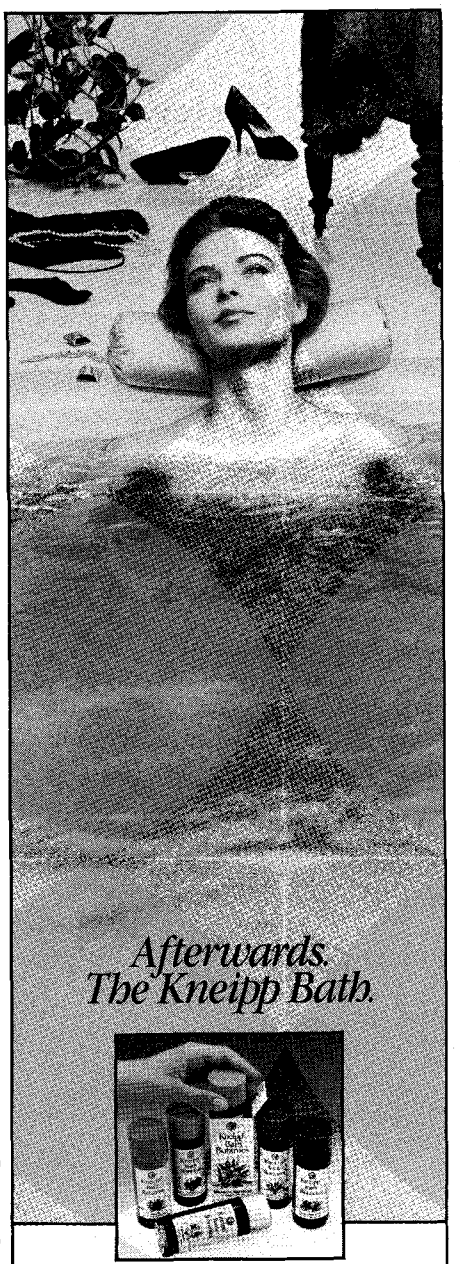
This satirical extravaganza has a visual advantage over most big comedies: it's set in a stylized, made-up universe with deep blues and black backgrounds—suave and velvety. Its vision of New York is the lacquered city in the sky that artists used to dream about. The Seagram Building, which serves as the exterior of the network headquarters, is a seductive emblem of power—especially when the movie has you looking down the steep face of it. Vertigo is part of the skyscraper's seduction. So is its awesome coldness. And the modified Deco of the elevators and offices says "Come play here." The production designer, J. Michael Riva, and the cinematographer, Michael Chapman, must have shared a lust to prove that style can undercut the danger of sentimentality. The heartlessness of the film's beauty is exciting: you're looking at life in an executive's dark mirror.

Every now and then an image takes over. Michael J. Pollard plays a homeless man whom Frank refuses to help; Frank sees him next sitting up in an alley with icicles hanging from him, his eyes still shining with love of life. Frank meets the Ghost of Christmas Future in an elevator, pulls away the clothes covering the Ghost's chest, and sees what's inside: a collection of lost souls screaming and gnashing their teeth. (It's like a wild, stray thought.) Somehow, Frank's hallucinations manage to be satiric and funny—they're never just macabre. Though the director, Richard Donner, can't be said to have a great comic touch, he knows how to scale the scenes, and he does hit the gags on the button. The editors take it from there and keep the movie leaping. Even the dead spots—when, for instance, Karen Allen, as Frank's onetime girlfriend, grins her Woodstock free-spirit grin and the camera is transfixed—move fast.

"Scrooged" uses the Dickens framework for an allegory of a yuppie rediscovering the sixties spirit (whereas TV, as a selling medium, has been celebrating the yuppie revolt against the sixties spirit). As the picture goes on, and Frank the powermonger begins to crack, his slicked-down hair gets freer, messier, and curlier; he begins to suggest a long-haired kid of the sixties. That's easy. What isn't easy is his attempt to express his new feelings. When Frank interrupts his telecast and speaks, you hear Murray pleading with the movie audience, asking people to accept the unhip message of love, so that "the miracle of Christmas can happen every day." He's saying, "This isn't so offensive, is it? I know I seem like an ass up here, but it really would help if people treated each other with more consideration—you know it as well as I do." I felt that Murray believed every word—that this was what the movie was leading up to. It goes against the grain of the Murray you've come to know, but you're forced to recognize that he's trying to find an equilibrium between hip and unhip. He's trying to take the kinks out of his soul—or, at least, out of Bill Murray the hipster character's soul.

Since the film's sixties spirit merges with moral uplift, you may feel your back stiffening. Murray is asking you to believe in the maudlin crap that TV hands you—it's the old Sunday-school/Capraesque number. (Very likely the moviemakers have no other idea of what the alternative to TV's zapping the soul out of you could be.) But when you hear the sentiments you can also hear the intentions behind them—Murray is trying to push past the "Saturday Night Live" put-ons. The whole movie breathes his desire to make direct contact. He's saying hipness isn't all, and the proof is in the amazing performance he gives. It's a triumphant parody of yuppie callousness. And it's much more: Murray's freewheeling, screwy generosity is what makes this huge contraption of a movie work.

IN "High Spirits," a busload of American tourists arrive at a castle that's advertised as the most haunted place in Ireland. The producers may have been hoping for something on the order of National Lampoon's Irish Vacation with a jigger of "Ghostbusters." But even though they whacked away at the film, it's still clear that what the writer-director, Neil Jordan (best known for his 1986 "Mona Lisa"), was trying for was an Irish phantasmagoria—a "Midsummer Night's



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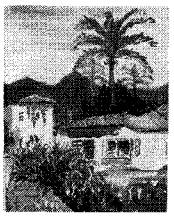

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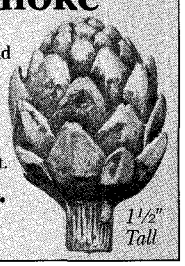

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Dream," with love swaps and ghostly transformations. The producers put the film through a series of American previews, then recut it, removing between fifteen and twenty-five per cent of the footage, in the hope, it appears, of making it less complex and less delicate—easier for audiences to understand. All they succeeded in doing was messing up Jordan's film—now it's neither one thing nor the other. It has lovely ephemera, though, and once you're past the first fifteen minutes or so (which are clumsily antic) the moody texture can take hold of your imagination. At its best, the film is a soft Irish kiss.

There may never have been a movie ghost who was as sexy and ethereal a love object as Daryl Hannah is here. With her flower-stem neck tilted and her long legs sheathed in a lacy, diaphanous gown, she's the bride who was murdered by her husband (Liam Neeson) on their wedding night and has been doomed to reënact the death scene each night for two centuries. Now one of the Americans (Steve Guttenberg, unfortunately) intercedes. There's paranormal grace in the way Hannah and Neeson pass through stone walls, and when Hannah puts her hands through the wall and over Guttenberg's eyes it's like being teased in a dream. When she makes love to him by passing her body through his, it's perfect poetic sex.

Peter O'Toole is the gentleman souse Peter Plunkett, who's trying to save the labyrinthine Castle Plunkett from foreclosure and keep the villagers in the jobs that are their only means of support; he's busily—and ineptly—staging apparitions for the tourists when the real ghosts come out of the crumbling walls. (The exteriors were shot at the medieval Dromore Castle, which was once the county seat of the earls of Limerick and is said to have been a model for Ludwig's rococo castle in Bavaria, which, in turn, was a model for the castle at Disneyland.) O'Toole's Plunkett has a comic heartbreaker of a scene when the ghost of his father (played by Ray McAnally) appears and the dissolute son becomes plaintive and young-boyish as he chides his daddy for leaving him without warning or preparation. The keening melancholy in O'Toole's voice hovers in the air long after Daddy apologizes. (O'Toole's voice is his spirit.)

Beverly D'Angelo does some risky comedy as Guttenberg's rich, unsatisfied wife, who stretches her mouth wide yowling at him and then, encountering the ghostly Liam Neeson, melts. D'Angelo doesn't have Daryl Hannah's heaven-kissing height or the sweet irony that Hannah brings to her scenes, but she has her own walloping gorgeousness. She's like a more brass-lunged version of the young Joan Blondell. Batting her big eyes and swinging her hips, D'Angelo knows how to be the tough city girl and yet make you understand this girl's yearnings. The character she's playing is American but she's also Irish; D'Angelo holds the picture together. Jennifer Tilly is nifty as the flirtatious Miranda, who has sworn off men (temporarily), and Peter Gallagher is the doubt-ridden Brother Tony, who is just about to take his final vows; they have a scene together in a revolving bed that spins faster and faster. Liz Smith (of "A Private Function") is Plunkett's wonderfully pie-eyed mother; normally it's disturbing when a widow talks of her long-dead husband as if he were still around—here it's natural. Donal McCann (of "The Dead") is the skunk-drunk tour guide; Martin Ferrero (of "Miami Vice") is a skeptical parapsychologist; and Mary Coughlan, who plays one of the villagers, sings an Irish song in a low, almost conversational voice—its plainness can get to you. Guttenberg isn't actually bad as an amiable, love-struck ninny; he shows a tender side, and he's blandly silly-funny when he recites lyrics by The Big Bopper. But the role might have more tingle if it were filled by an actor who could suggest that he was shifting from one love to another, and that this meant changing realms.

The picture has special effects by Meddings Magic Camera Company, which are in an altogether different style from the usual ones, by Industrial Light & Magic. They're less industrial and more like storybook illustrations. Sprites with comet tails flit through the air. A white horse speaks in a thick brogue. The nuns who gather accusingly around the tempted Brother have scarily stiff wimples and pinpoint eyes; they're domesticated de-

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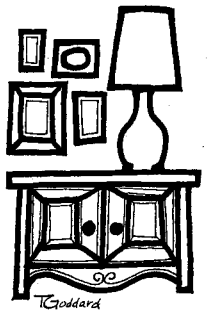
mons—something you could whip up for Halloween. Stones fly out of a wall as if by command (while O'Toole at his most cadenced expresses stupefaction). And when the tour bus, which has sunk in a misty bog, rises and flies you're not sure for a second or two what's going on. The cinematographer, Alex Thomson, wants you to stare a little. Nothing looks newly processed; the magic here feels like magic—it's dark and cobwebby, and even a little musty. And when an effect doesn't quite work—like the small boy who turns into a cardboard cutout—you're bothered by its not working, because the conception is promising and you wanted to feel the mystery. The tattered "High Spirits" can't be called a good movie, but I'd call it an inspired one. The repeated reënactments of the two-hundred-year-old murder are spooky, beautiful, and passionate; they're a poet's distillation of the mechanical nature of movies.



JOAN PLOWRIGHT as Nellie, the prudish unmarried dressmaker, and Billie Whitelaw as Margo, the widow with a roving eye who works in a munitions factory, are sisters in "The Dressmaker." They head a cast that includes Jane Horrocks, as Rita, the seventeen-year-old niece who has lived with the two since her mother's death, and Peter Postlethwaite, as her butcher father. The setting is Liverpool in 1944, and the plot centers on what happens when the sallow, skinny Rita falls in love with Wesley (Tim Ransom), a Yank from Mississippi. She's frightened of his hands on her and keeps slapping him away. There is certainly a tinge of comedy in the situation, but there is also a tinge of queasy horror. As you watch poor Rita in the throes of romance, you perceive that the movie is about morbid respectability. Plump and placid in her corset, Nellie, the head of the family, is raging inside; she would like to kill.

The script, by John McGrath, is a model of fullness and concision; he has adapted the 1973 Beryl Bainbridge novel (published here in 1974 as "The Secret Glass") so that the movie develops a cumulative force. Directing his first feature, Jim O'Brien—a major presence in British TV (he co-directed "The Jewel in the Crown")—makes it possible for the actors to create a maze of claustrophobic subtexts. "The Dressmaker" is airless. (It's not a director's movie; it's an actors' movie.) But this isn't a defect. The airlessness is part of the tension. You avidly watch every detail: the gloating smiles of a neighbor (Rosemary Martin) whose bosomy daughter (Pippa Hinchley) gets herself engaged; the lumpy-faced butcher's squeamishness, and his misery when he observes his daughter's unhappiness.

And, of course, you see Plowright's Nellie, with her bright, beady brown eyes, and her containment; her clothes armor her like a tank. And you see Whitelaw's Margo, in her skimpy dresses, frilly at the bodice and tight at the bum. Maybe it's all the years Whitelaw has given to acting Beckett's plays—her blue eyes stab you. She seems to have become the nakedest of performers. In the novel, Nellie recalls how Margo looked after she'd been persuaded not to marry again: "Her face, the look in her eyes for all to see—there was something indecent in the explicitness of her expression." That's exactly what we see. I doubt if either Plowright or Whitelaw has ever before been this scarily effective onscreen. Nellie's sureness seems rooted in her flesh. Margo, the good-time girl, the pushover, feels the force of Nellie's contempt, and does her bidding.

Beryl Bainbridge is very readable, but you don't feel a strong necessity in her writing. This almost-really-good aspect of her novels may be liberating to moviemakers. Bainbridge was an actress before she became a novelist, and possibly the mixed tones of her writing give actors elements to fuse. Her "The Bottle Factory Outing" was filmed in Toronto, in 1982, as "Heartaches," and the actors (especially Margot Kidder and Annie Potts) surpassed themselves. Here the whole cast seems to rise to the occasion. Jane Horrocks' comic and forlorn Rita hangs on to her idea that Wesley, the Mississippian, is her boyfriend even when he stands her up, week after week. Rita's defeated, slumping, eyes-cast-down posture stays in your mind. So does Billie Whitelaw's blinding sky-blue gaze—it feels as if it will stay in your mind forever.

—PAULINE KAEL

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

DECEMBER 1

As George Bush now assembles his own Administration, the long struggle he went through to get where he is recedes in our national memory. The dew is on him, as it always is, for however long, on our new Presidents. By now, his victory, which was a solid one in terms of the numbers, is largely seen as inevitable and the campaign as a minor set of events on his way to the White House. All but lost are the probable lasting effects of the election and the surprisingly strong (and little noticed at the time) showing that Michael Dukakis made—strong enough to cause the Bush camp considerable concern toward the end and a fair amount of tension on Election Day. The interesting thing is that Dukakis came close at all. Bush seemed to have everything going for him this fall: a popular President campaigning hard for him, sufficient prosperity, a world in which there were no apparent immediate threats to the nation, a pleasant personality, a background that at least suggested familiarity with national and international affairs, a campaign team that was long on experience and highly disciplined, and a willingness to do whatever was necessary to win. His nomination had been sealed a lot earlier than his opponent's had, and, unlike his opponent, he had a clear path to his Convention. At the same time, the Democrats' longtime advantage of a substantial lead in the number of people who considered themselves Democrats had been effectively erased.

Yet Bush's being written off earlier as an ineffectual candidate in bad political shape was not unconnected with reality; last summer, his own people had felt that they faced daunting obstacles, and even they hadn't foreseen Bush's metamorphosis (with a little help from his advisers) into a strong, disciplined campaigner. In July, when Bush and his close friend James Baker, who was to become his campaign chairman, went on a fishing trip to Wyoming, Baker told him they had a very, very steep hill to climb. After the Democratic Convention, Dukakis was seventeen points ahead. Bush was seen as Reagan's loyal Vice-President and little else, and even Baker was not sure whether Bush could overcome the negative views of him once he slipped the yoke of simply being Vice-President, as he did when he saw Reagan off in New Orleans. Bush certainly had all the desire that is required of someone trying to become President—and Dukakis apparently didn't. Bush had been trying to become President for more than ten years, had run for the nomination once before and as the Vice-Presidential candidate twice. Against him was a rookie who was way beyond his depth in Presidential politics, backed up by a campaign that was short on Presidential-campaign experience and riven by internal feuding—a man with a personality that was destined to not wear well and with obviously thin knowledge about foreign-policy and defense matters, and who seemed for stretches of time this fall to have doubts about what he had got himself into, and to be unhappy, even depressed, about what he was going through.

The rookie factor is much underestimated in Presidential politics. It is no accident that since John Kennedy all our elected Presidents but Jimmy Carter had been around the track before. They had run for the Presidential nomination, for the Vice-Presidency, or the Presidency. According to someone who would know, Dukakis hadn't even paid much attention to national politics before he ran for the Presidency. He had been content to be governor of Massachusetts, which had been his goal in life. He enjoyed the work, and the comfortable pattern of going home to have dinner with his family every night. Unlike most people who run for the Presidency, he had not had a consuming desire to be President; he was talked into making the race by John Sasso, his closest associate, and by his wife (whom Sasso also worked on), and, with good reason, viewed the possibility of his even being the nominee as a very long shot. Other people with greater stature and more national experience were in the race at that point. All of a sudden, he had to acquire the desire to be President—and, an adviser says, by the time he got to the Democratic Convention he did. But as the fall election approached he was stumbling around, unable to find a coherent rationale for his candidacy, rejecting a lot of advice—good and bad—and insisting on running the race his

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way. What some aides are now willing to refer to as his "depression" in August was caused, as one adviser puts it, by his sudden realization that he didn't know how to run for the Presidency. When he finally found his voice, at the end, and became the happy warrior, it was too late. Too many mistakes had been made and too much time had been lost. His persona had indeed become a liability. That he was able to come as close as he did bespeaks real weaknesses in the Bush candidacy.

The Presidential campaign of 1988 did something new to our Presidential elections. A degradation occurred which we may have to live with for a long time. The Bush campaign broke the mold of modern Presidential politics. Negative campaigning of a new order of magnitude has now come to Presidential politics. And it worked. Future candidates may not feel the need to run the kind of campaign Bush and his people did, for the Bush strategy was born of Bush's own considerable weaknesses going into the fall campaign, and future targets of such a campaign will undoubtedly be more adept than Dukakis was at handling such attacks. Whether Bush could have won without it, or whether Dukakis could have won under any circumstances, we can never know—though there is no end of theories on these questions. After each election, we enter the land of unprovable hypotheses. What we do know is that attack campaigning has now "risen" from state politics to Presidential politics, and that the moral many will draw from this year (at both the state and the Presidential level) is that the way to win is to go on the offensive against your opponent early, distort positions to whatever degree you can get away with, play upon people's fears and prejudices—and never let up. It used to be a rule of thumb that a candidate must set forth his own proposals before attacking his opponent, and when Bush started to attack Dukakis in June, on such matters as the Pledge of Allegiance, the death penalty, the A.C.L.U., and the Massachusetts furlough program, it was widely said, even by some Bush advisers, that this was a mistake, that Bush should instead be laying out his positive agenda. (Bush campaign officials had tested these issues with focus groups at the end of May and found them promising.) Though, as the campaign went on, Bush interspersed the attacks with proposals, his people showed a skittishness from time to time about his lack of a clear positive agenda. There is also evidence that their campaign tactics began to backfire toward the end. The moral that future tacticians might draw from this is not that such a campaign should not be run but that it should be run better.

In an era of declining standards, especially in television, which dominates our culture, it should be no surprise that our political life, which is symbiotic with television, has been affected. A shorter attention span, the demand for instant gratification, schlock, and even a form of violence, have all spilled over into politics. The importance of television in Presidential campaigns has been understood for some time, but something new happened this year. Political advertising on television reached new levels in negativeness—in amount and degree. The Bush camp has a point when it complains that the Dukakis campaign also ran negative ads—but they weren't as effective as Bush's were, nor did they engage in the same amount of distortion. A higher proportion of the Presidential campaigns' budgets was spent on ads, and a higher proportion of those ads were negative. (A similar dynamic was going on in Senate races. Ed Lazarus, who was the pollster for Ohio Democratic Senator Howard Metzenbaum, who successfully fought off a challenger who tried to play rough, said, "The fact that everyone spends more money on television changes the way voters make their decisions about the candidates, and how smartly you spend that money changes the way that candidate comes across to the voters. The issues mean less and less and the ads mean more and more.") There was no dearth of money for the Presidential candidates to spend on television. In addition to the $46.1 million in funds each received through the public-financing system, and the $8.3 million each national party can spend, each camp raised an estimated fifty million dollars in "soft money"—large contributions by individuals, corporations, and unions which cannot legally be donated to the candidates but can go to the national party, or state parties, for "party building" activities. Soft money, which the Republicans first used in a big way in 1980, has made a mockery of the public-financing system, which was supposed to reduce the role of big contributors.

Television coverage of the campaign also slipped some notches. The sound bites were shorter than before, and an even greater emphasis was placed on the visual impact of what the candidate was doing and the setting in which he was doing it, and an even lesser one on what he was saying. Roger Ailes, Bush's media adviser, has been quoted as saying that the three things that will get coverage in a Presidential campaign are gaffes, attacks, and good visuals, and that his campaign tried to avoid the gaffes and provide the attacks and the visuals. Susan Estrich, Dukakis's campaign manager, says, "You didn't make the evening news unless you attacked your opponent, responded to your opponent, or laid out a new program." Among Ronald Reagan's legacies will be the way politics is covered: visuals count for much more than they used to. An aide to one of the campaigns says that if an event didn't have a good visual the television people covering it would consider that bad campaigning, or even wouldn't cover it. Some television reporters and producers took it upon themselves to suggest better lighting or a different setting; with a speech laying out a program, they would demand that the program be boiled down to four points with four bullets, and say that otherwise they wouldn't be able to put it on the air. A good sound bite was also required—to be pointed out to the reporters and producers in advance—in order to get an appearance on the air. There is no reward for thought: thought doesn't make a good picture. Another Reagan legacy is the importance of likability as a factor in choosing our President. Reagan has taught a generation of people what is important in politics and what to like in a candidate.

Michael Dukakis's defeat was largely self-inflicted. Much blame has been laid on his staff, and while some of that blame may be valid he is the one who chose the staff and who did not insist that more experienced people be brought aboard. Unlike Bush, Dukakis played a strong, detailed role in his campaign. Some combination of his stubbornness, arrogance, and inexperience led him to think he knew more about running a

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Presidential campaign than he did—until it was too late. He has never been good at taking advice. It is not unusual for the staff of a man who has won the nomination to regard itself as up to the job of running the general-election campaign, and to be loath to bring other experienced people in. Unlike the Republicans, the Democratic Party is not long on people with experience in winning general elections, and even those involved in a losing campaign who might have learned something are usually shut out by the next nominee's group. Grudges carried by the Presidential candidate and his staff from the primaries can—and this year did—end up shutting out some talented people.

But more was wrong than the mechanics of Dukakis's campaign: Dukakis was simply not up to it. Even some people who had supported him felt at the end that it was just as well that he had lost. All along, there was reason to question whether he could be a successful President. His arrogance and humorlessness raised the question right away—or should have—of whether he would wear well. His lack of commandingness, his peculiar inability to step up to the big ones—the second debate, an hour-and-a-half interview on "Nightline"—raised questions about whether he was large enough for the job. His publicly displayed moodiness raised questions about his inner stamina—something he had told us often he had in abundance. Some people who have known Dukakis a long time think that somewhere along the way he lost his nerve.

After months of searching for a theme, he finally found one in "I'm on your side," which he began to use shortly after the second debate, in mid-October. Dukakis, according to the people around him, knew that he had done badly in that debate and had probably blown his last chance to win the election. He hadn't felt particularly well on the day of the debate, and too many people had told him to do and be too many things, and at a crucial moment he gave one of his flat performances. Dukakis was going into a free-fall in the polls following the second debate, and the "I'm on your side" message was designed to win over core Democrats, whose support should have already been cemented; it was not seen as a message for winning a majority of all the voters, but if it worked as it should maybe something would turn up. As a campaign strategist explained it, "No one thought it would get us fifty-one per cent of the votes; you can't get fifty-one per cent in this economy with that message, but you could get to forty-six and hope for a break, maybe a Bush mistake."

When John Sasso returned to the Dukakis campaign on the day before Labor Day, he talked to Dukakis about the possibility of using the "I'm on your side" theme, and, Sasso says, though Dukakis sort of liked the idea, he wasn't ready to go with it, and the campaign had already invested a lot in the theme of "Bring prosperity home" and talk of the "middle-class squeeze." (Among the problems with the "Bring prosperity home" theme was that the trade deficit, which the Democrats had been able to use to advantage in 1986, was dropping.) Moreover, other staff members argued that "I'm on your side" wasn't an encompassing enough theme for winning the election. As the Dukakis campaign next turned to "The best America is yet to come," there was still a sense within the campaign that a strong enough message hadn't yet been found. Dukakis, who had been themeless in the primaries, sat through endless, enervating discussions of what his theme should be for winning the Presidency. The theme "I'm on your side" had the elements of populism and class conflict—an implied challenge to Bush as a creature of privilege—that a number of Dukakis advisers thought should be major components of his campaign. But only rarely, toward the end, did Dukakis engage in the kind of sarcasm that can punch home an attack on class. (Dukakis continued to eschew the anti-Japanese xenophobia that some of his advisers were urging. His campaign organization in Ohio finally put on the air an ad with the Japanese flag; several state organizations, frustrated with the Boston headquarters' indecision over ads, or refusal to approve sharp ads, went out and made their own.)

When Sasso returned, there were many things to be done to belatedly get the campaign in shape for the fall, and the candidate was dispirited and directionless, and had lost confidence in his staff, which in turn was unable to get through to him. Sasso is one of the very few people Dukakis has ever taken advice from—and it wasn't easy for even Sasso (who sometimes had to throw fits) to get him to listen. A side effect of Sasso's coming in was that many campaign aides stopped what they were doing until they got new directions from him. There were considerable tensions between Sasso and Estrich, each of whom also had loyalists within the campaign. Lines of authority remained unclear. In early September, Dukakis's "negatives" were in the forties—up from about twenty-five just before the Democratic Convention, and eighteen just after it—thanks to Bush's attacks and Dukakis's failure to deal with them.

Dukakis went into the final three weeks of the campaign, after the second debate, in a very weak condition. Effective as the new theme may have been—it was effective enough that Bush coöpted it at the end—Dukakis had to convince people that a man who had been painted (with help from himself) as weak on crime, patriotism, and defense was on the side of the average American. The very shifting of messages was costly—it takes a great deal of time and effort to establish a theme. A number of Republican strategists say that Dukakis would have been far better off using "I'm on your side" early and sticking with it. Sasso now agrees with them.

Everyone is an expert on how Dukakis should have handled Bush's attacks, but at least one Democratic politician who was himself the target of attacks some years ago says that it is a lot easier to know what to do if you're not the person who is being attacked, that he himself was paralyzed. And not everyone counselled Dukakis that he should respond to the attacks: Mario Cuomo admitted in late October that in his advice to Dukakis he had underestimated the power of the attacks. Around the same time, Dukakis said, "Maybe, with the benefit of hindsight, I should have tried to respond sooner"—but he still passed up several good opportunities to do so. Though Massachusetts politics are not gentle, Dukakis had never encountered any-

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thing like this before. Though he had from time to time in the past engaged in some tough tactics, he really does believe, as he kept saying, that campaigns should be positive. He felt, an adviser says, that in laying out his programs on health and college education and housing he was running the kind of issue-oriented, substantive campaign that people keep saying they want. But maybe they didn't want it from him. Dukakis, for better or worse, is a good-governmenter. By instinct, he is more reformer than roughhouse politician, more Brookline than Boston, and he was in some ways a political naïf. He had functioned in an essentially one-party situation, and had done nothing that could have prepared him for a big, bruising campaign for the Presidency. In August, when he was being urged by his staff and others to fight back, he stubbornly resisted, arguing that he wanted to run a positive campaign, and that he was not well known enough and did not have enough of a programmatic base to go against Bush. (A biographical ad his campaign had been running in August was dropped when polling indicated that a lot of people aren't keen on immigrants.) Dukakis argued that if he started responding to Bush's attacks nothing else would get through to the voters. For all anyone knows, he might have been right—but this would not have ruled out a swipe or two that might have caused Bush to back off. (Dukakis was also concerned about something else: that the Biden-tape incident made him vulnerable to the charge of being a negative campaigner.) The Bush people were surprised that Dukakis's responses to Bush's charges were so lame.

When people say that Dukakis should have responded to Bush, they are actually talking about various things. To some, it means that he should have met the attacks head on, to others that he should have carried his own attacks to Bush, tried to put more of the focus on Bush. In June, Dukakis's advisers had tested with focus groups the crime issues that Bush was to use against him so effectively, and knew that these issues, in particular the furlough program, could be a big problem—especially since Dukakis had resisted changing the program after Willie Horton brutalized the Maryland couple. Tom Kiley, a Dukakis campaign strategist, says, "We saw it to be potentially more damaging than any other thing we tested." Dukakis's most effective response to the furlough issue—that his own father, at the age of seventy-seven, had been tied up and robbed and his own brother had been killed by a hit-and-run driver and he didn't need any lectures from Bush on how victims of crime and their families feel—had been twice put in his acceptance speech at the Democratic Convention, and twice Dukakis took it out. (He didn't give this response at all until shortly before the second debate, and then neglected to give it, as planned, in the debate.) His aides unanimously thought it was imperative that Dukakis deal with the issue before the Republican Convention, where much would undoubtedly be made of it, and made specific proposals, but Dukakis refused. (One proposal was that Dukakis go to North Carolina, where an ad that an "independent" group was to run on the furlough issue was being tested, and denounce the ad. The thought was also that the scene would be captured for a Dukakis ad.) An adviser says, "His view was the one a lot of us had in May—that the contest was one of character and leadership, and he held the cards." Dukakis gave no effective response on the Pledge issue until the end of the Labor Day week (when he called Bush's charges "garbage" and McCarthy-like), and then he didn't say anything more about it until the first debate, when he said that he resented Bush's questioning his patriotism. By then, Bush had moved off the flag issue, having pushed it a bit too far with his visit to the flag factory in New Jersey in late September. At the same time that some were telling Dukakis to respond to Bush, others were saying that to do so would put the campaign on Bush's turf. In the end, he never built an effective case against Bush—though a number of his advisers believed there was one to be built. Dukakis would say to his advisers, "No one cares what I think about George Bush."

Dukakis, an adviser says, didn't understand the difference between governing and campaigning; in governing, one puts out positive messages and proposals; in governing, one doesn't have to keep repeating oneself. (Dukakis felt that after he had given the response on the furlough program he

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didn't need to repeat it.) There was nothing in his experience to tell him that negative campaigning—of the sort and on the scale that Bush was doing—would catch on; he didn't understand value attacks. His life—being a law student, a process-oriented governor, a teacher at the Kennedy School—had been the life of reason. He thought that negative campaigning had to do with attacking the other person's proposals, or record, but not his values; he didn't comprehend the importance of symbols, and neither did many of the people around him. Moreover, one adviser says, virtually no one around Dukakis believed that Bush could get away with running such a negative campaign all fall. (Had he had a more effective opponent, he might not have.)

In August, Dukakis's staff proposed that he carry the campaign to Bush, and begin attacking Bush right after the Republican Convention, just as Reagan had begun attacking Walter Mondale right after the 1984 Democratic Convention, to keep him from building a head of steam. But Dukakis's mind was on Massachusetts, and he insisted on taking his annual tour of the western part of the state, and was dispirited by polls showing Bush pulling nearly even with him in his own state. Richard Wirthlin, Reagan's pollster, who also advised the Bush campaign, says, "It's my guess that the Willie Horton/crime/Pledge attacks would have had less than half the impact they did had Dukakis in the early phase taken his own message to people." He goes on, "A campaign has to respond to an attack—sometimes the response is to turn it back against your opponent, sometimes it's another issue, sometimes it's taking some other part of that issue that is more favorable and driving it back to your opponent's face. The Dukakis people never understood that, and Dukakis talked about these issues in a desultory way. It was like watching a campaign respond in slow motion." Lee Atwater, Bush's campaign manager, told colleagues that Dukakis should have begun his populist campaign of the last couple of weeks of the election much earlier, probably at the Democratic Convention. Atwater said, "If I ever got seventeen points on top of somebody, I'd get on top of him and keep swinging so that he doesn't get going. By the time he did it, he was too much on the defensive. If they'd come out of the Convention with that and kept going, we'd have been hard pressed to come back."

Lloyd Bentsen says that he told Dukakis shortly after the Republican Convention that the attacks on him "were not just outrageous but they were having an effect." Dukakis, Bentsen says, "was incredulous that they would have any effect at all." He adds, "If you don't answer it, it becomes part of your image. You have to answer these things." Bentsen (who is careful to speak well of Dukakis) says that Dukakis could have responded to the attacks (preferably with ads) and still offered his positive program. Bentsen (whom some Dukakis advisers urged to intercede with their candidate) says he tried to persuade Dukakis "early, a few times" but "didn't persist after a while."

In August and September, Dukakis continually rejected attack ads because they didn't have his positive message in them. He rejected whole scripts, or demanded changes in scripts. He also removed biting sound bites from speeches, and refused to discuss it with his advisers. He argued that any ad attacking Bush had to have his alternative in it. He would ask, "Where's Michael Dukakis in that ad?" He believed that he had a big sell job to do, which was true enough, and he didn't understand the degree to which, in the meantime, Bush's attacks were undermining him. Sometimes the Presidential candidate, enveloped in an entourage, exhaustedly hurtling from city to city and event to event, is the least informed person about what is going on. To Dukakis, the sell job was the offering of programs, and he was happy when a four-point program, with bullets, got on television. He didn't approve all-out negative ads until mid-October, when he realized that nothing else was working.

When, toward the end of the campaign, Dukakis started attacking Bush's attacks, his campaign began to move. By making an issue of the attacks—holding up Republican state-party leaflets that made all sorts of wild charges and dealt in the worst sort of innuendo, and calling them "garbage," and cutting ads attacking Bush's ads as "lies" and "distortions"—Dukakis was able to persuade people that Bush was running the more negative campaign. One Dukakis ad had him snapping off a television set that was playing a misleading Bush ad about his defense positions—and saying to the camera, "I'm fed up." People went from thinking that both campaigns were equally negative to thinking that Bush was running the more negative one. The problem was that Dukakis's negatives remained high nonetheless. The theory behind the attack on the attacks was to get people to stop and take another look at Dukakis, to suggest that he hadn't been able to get his message through because of all the flak. Bush's people were sufficiently concerned with the attack on the attacks that for a couple of days he and his surrogates responded by defending, however tenuously, Bush's attacks. But when people did look at Dukakis again too many still found him wanting. And Bush never let up.

Without question, the issue that was hurting Dukakis the most was the furlough program, along with his opposition to the death penalty and his veto of mandatory sentencing of drug dealers. The Bush campaign drove these issues very hard, especially in California, Texas (where Dukakis's favoring gun control also hurt), and Ohio. Willie Horton had become famous, as the Bush people had said he would, thanks to the work of a supposedly "independent" group—people in the Bush campaign knew all there is to know about the various ways in which an "independent" group can be made helpful to a Presidential campaign. Before it even ran, one Bush campaign official read me the text of the "independent" group's ad featuring Clifford Barnes, one of Horton's victims. The same group's ad with Horton's picture became confused in a lot of people's minds with an ad made by the Bush campaign on the furlough program, which showed prisoners going through a revolving door and was misleading about how many murderers had escaped, and some Bush campaign officials, including Ailes, expressed hurt at the very idea that they would have made the Horton ad. But the Bush campaign never asked the "inde-

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pendent" group to stop running it. The Bush people also expressed indignation that they were charged with playing on racism, but, of course, that is exactly what they were doing. (Atwater said to me in all seriousness that he wished Horton was white. Last June, Atwater told a Republican Unity meeting, "By the time this election is over, Willie Horton will be a household name;" in July, he talked to the press about "a fellow named Willie Horton who for all I know may end up being Dukakis's running mate.") This was not a new thing for Republican Presidential campaigns—Richard Nixon had his "Southern strategy," and Reagan, in Mississippi, in his first appearance after his 1980 nominating Convention, spoke with approbation of "states' rights"—but never had the appeal to racism been so blatant and so raw. Finally, in late October, the Dukakis people went with their own ad, about a convicted drug dealer who had escaped while on a federal furlough and raped and murdered a pregnant mother of two. The murderer, whose picture was shown in the ad, was a Hispanic, and the Dukakis people were aware that it had its own element of racism. (At the suggestion of some Hispanic congressmen who previewed the ad, the man's name was deleted.) The Dukakis people insisted that the point of the ad was to show the Bush campaign's "hypocrisy," but it did nothing to cleanse the atmosphere.

Dukakis was never able to make much of the Iran-Contra scandal, because Reagan had become more popular, and most people had made up their minds about it. Perhaps a more skillful candidate could have more effectively raised questions about Bush's role in it, but this would have entailed a general attack on Bush's character (on other matters as well), which Dukakis ruled out. He harped on the subject of Noriega but was trying to make a connection between Noriega and the nation's drug problem which wasn't realistic or convincing. Neither the Iran-Contra scandal nor Noriega (whom the Reagan Administration is still trying to get out of office) presented the kind of immediate threat to the voters that Willie Horton did. In the final days, Dukakis attacked a comment by Bush that he would consider the foreign-policy implications before retaliating against countries that send illegal drugs to the United States. But Dukakis was engaging in demagoguery; he himself said he would not retaliate against Mexico. Polling for both camps indicated that foreign policy didn't count for much in the minds of the voters, because of the relative stability of the times and the warm relationship Reagan had established with Mikhail Gorbachev. Dukakis also had to be careful about Reagan: it was the accepted view within his camp that taking on the popular President would only cause problems. Thus, when, at the end of July, he said, on the topic of ethics within the Reagan Administration, "The fish rots from the head down," there was consternation within his staff, and Dukakis seemed to realize that he had made a tactical mistake. Neither he nor his advisers wanted to stir up the wrath of Reagan, who could be a dangerous opponent. (It was four days after that that, in the midst of the rumors about Dukakis's mental health —which were in part fanned by the Bush people—Reagan said, "I'm not going to pick on an invalid.") Amid the general mishandling of the defense issue by both Dukakis and his advisers —Dukakis hadn't taken the time to learn enough about it, and he didn't make serious speeches about it until September (whereupon he rode in a tank), because his advisers were divided over whether he should give speeches on the subject, which some argued was Bush's issue—the Dukakis people also managed to miss out on making an issue of the Pentagon procurement scandal. One of his advisers said Dukakis should be "positive" about defense.

THOUGH Dukakis began to draw large and enthusiastic crowds in late October, it was hard to know what to make of this at first. Mondale had drawn large and enthusiastic crowds at the end, and was buried in a landslide. In part, Dukakis's reception had to do with Democrats "coming home," but also involved was the mystical relationship that can develop between a politician and his audience—each feeding the other's enthusiasm and satisfaction. Dukakis had at last come to understand the importance of repetition, and as the race came down to the wire audiences were anticipating his lines, shouting them to him. Appearing in a sports shirt, sleeves rolled up, Dukakis had suddenly become the fiery populist (which he really isn't). He no longer used a teleprompter, which comes between a politician and his audience. But there was a certain antique quality to his populism—he talked about Republicans "popping the champagne corks in their penthouses," and about "Easy Street" versus "Main Street." One Democratic strategist said, "That's how Boston liberals think populists think." And Dukakis was still undisciplined about sticking with his message. He interwove, and interrupted, his "I'm on your side" message with distractions: Watergate, and, in an appeal to women, abortion.

But the most surprising thing Dukakis did, after months of nearly imploring Bush not to use "labels," was to call himself a liberal. By this time, Bush (and Reagan) had turned the word into such a term of opprobrium—with Dukakis colluding by shrinking from the term and allowing Bush to define it—that his owning up to it at that point seemed both astonishing and incompetent. Dukakis's trying to substitute "competence" for "ideology" had given him a very tempting glass chin. The famous line in his acceptance speech grew out of staff concern that if the election was fought on the battleground of ideology Dukakis would lose. So both camps understood this. In fact, this was the first election in which ideology did count for something. Polling done for the Republican National Committee and the Bush campaign by Wirthlin indicated that in this election, for the first time, "liberal" carried a negative connotation and "conservative" a positive one. (In 1980, Wirthlin's analysis did not find ideology to be a factor in the vote.)

All sorts of theories were applied to the consideration of why Dukakis suddenly adopted the liberal mantle on Sunday, October 30th, as he embarked on a daylong whistle-stop tour of California's Central Valley—of what complicated strategy was involved. Speaking from the back of the train, Dukakis said, "I am a liberal in the tradition of

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Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman and John Kennedy." In fact, it was an accident. Dukakis had been discussing with some top aides the idea of reaching out to Democrats by saying that he was a *Democrat* in the *tradition* of Franklin Roosevelt, Harry Truman, and John Kennedy. (And he was, as he said, annoyed that three days earlier Reagan had said, in Missouri, that if Harry Truman were alive today he would be a Republican.) On Saturday, Dukakis had taped a MacNeil/Lehrer interview, to be aired on Monday, in which he said the exact same thing he said the next day in California, but his aides didn't think this was any big deal and didn't consider the possibility that he'd do it again. When Dukakis did do it again, in full view of the world, they were astonished. When he finished speaking, Dukakis sheepishly asked them, "Did I screw up?" The aides decided there was nothing to do at that point but to try to convince the press that the mistake was actually a strategy. They tried to give the impression that there was something they knew from their polling that made this a smart move. And so Dukakis repeated the "liberal" line as he proceeded on his train trip. When he dropped the line in his first appearance the next morning, some reporters told his aides they would say that he was running away from the liberal label again and that his using it the day before had been a mistake. So at his second stop on Monday Dukakis repeated it.

In the closing two weeks of the campaign, the Dukakis people tried also to convince the press that Dukakis had a real shot at winning. Sasso, who joined the road tour for the last couple of weeks, is a very persuasive man, and he succeeded in persuading much of the press that this was possible. He also persuaded Dukakis, and it was this that gave Dukakis the burst of energy and drive he put into the extraordinarily long days of campaigning toward the end—going forty-eight hours straight, back and forth across the country twice, in the last two days—and made him a far better candidate than he had been all fall. Also, if a candidate is "surging," it makes for a better story, and so there was a certain amount of hype—as there often is—in the news stories about the underdog's chances in the closing days. Sasso was aware that Dukakis's chances of winning were remote indeed, but he felt that there was no point in doing what Mondale's aides had done—tell the candidate two weeks before the end that there was no hope. And for both Dukakis and Sasso other things were at stake besides winning: personal pride and dignity were involved; they wanted to do better than previous Democratic losers had (Mondale had lost forty-nine states, and Jimmy Carter had lost forty-four); they wanted to show that the Democrats were on the way back.

But, no matter how much Dukakis had improved, the impressions that had been formed about him—on the basis of his own performance and the job that had been done on him by the Bush campaign—were not easily overcome, and so his negatives remained very high. Bush was winning the contest over who was seen as the stronger leader. Dukakis's performance was still uneven. At rallies, most of the time he turned in a strong performance, connecting with the crowds as never before. He showed a relaxedness, a sense of timing, and even humor; he even

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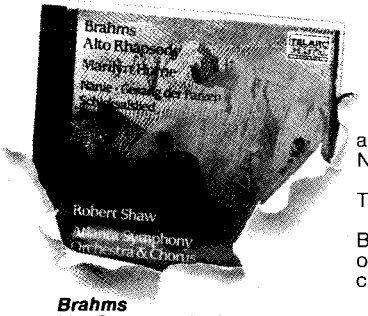

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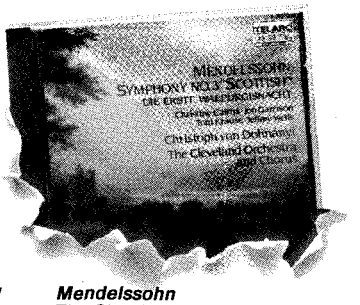

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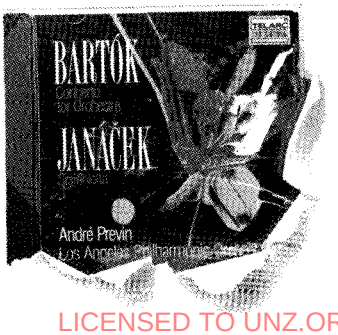

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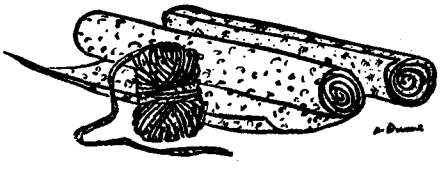
showed that he has a natural smile. He made a large number of appearances on television interview and news programs (neither candidate went on the Sunday interview shows)—to get the exposure and try to demonstrate that he wasn't the left-wing weirdo that Bush had made him out to be, and also to draw the contrast with Bush, who had been wrapped in cotton batting and inaccessible to the press. The hope was to smoke Bush out—that he might accept the challenge to speak in less protected circumstances, and make a mistake. Bush (who said, "It seemed like he appeared on every television show except 'Wheel of Fortune.' You see, he was afraid that Vanna might turn over the 'L' word") did respond by appearing on some morning interview shows and on NBC's Nightly News, but though he had difficulty answering questions about his plans to reduce the deficit, he didn't do anything that gave Dukakis a break. (Bush's vague proposal to balance the budget over four years through a "flexible freeze" and no new taxes doesn't stand up to scrutiny.)

Dukakis, in his appearance on "Nightline" for an hour and a half, with an audience of fourteen million—Bush had turned down an invitation to be on the same program—was strangely listless and passive; he took Ted Koppel's aggressive questioning (which at times amounted to lecturing) meekly. The picture was of a small, unhappy man sitting tightly in a big chair. He made no compelling case for himself. He continued to show naïveté in foreign policy—saying, among other things, that former Central American leaders could have got Noriega out of office—but he was given so little chance of winning that little notice was taken of what he said. His aides said he was extremely tired and had been too heavily scheduled before this appearance. But Presidential candidates don't have the luxury of caving in during key performances. An adviser said to me afterward, with some frustration, "I can't explain it, just as I can't explain the second debate."

Dukakis was still having trouble connecting with blacks. He didn't try very often, since his priority was winning back "Reagan Democrats," and his campaign was with difficulty trying to hold on to the black vote without appearing too sympathetic toward blacks. The Democratic Party's identification with the civil-rights movement complicates life for its Presidential candidates, what with the collapse of the old civil-rights coalition of labor and blacks as the demands of blacks began to be seen as a threat to working-class whites. And the plain fact is that there is a great deal of racial prejudice in this country. Thus, neither party was making much of a case to blacks, who were at best stiffed by the Reagan Administration, at the same time that, according to one study, the gap between the income of whites and blacks is widening. With the Republicans stirring the pot of racial prejudice, and with Jesse Jackson, a polarizer, in the role of the most prominent black Democrat (the Dukakis campaign ignored suggestions that it place other black leaders front and center as well), the Democratic ticket was caught in ugly crosscurrents. (The Dukakis camp at first encouraged some people to charge that Bush was running a "racist" campaign but then backed off, on the theory that this wouldn't win them the support of certain voters.) Dukakis had had little experience with blacks (Massachusetts is less than four per cent black), and had little feel for how to talk to them. His standoffish style didn't move them, and he seemed to have little idea of what might be on their minds or what they had been through. As he tried to clap to the music in a black church in Harlem, in late October, his timing was off and he was never in the music. Six days before the election, he appeared at a black high school in Philadelphia and managed to deflate an audience that had just been pumped up by Jackson. Jackson, smarting from criticism for making little effort to help the ticket, was now travelling around the country, on a plane supplied by the Democratic National Committee, but his enthusiasm for Dukakis was within bounds. Like other prominent Democrats, Jackson stood to gain more from a Dukakis defeat than from a victory. One thing several Democrats (including some who may well run next time) feel they've learned from this year is that the black vote in the primaries should not be ceded to Jackson, as it was this year, thus giving Jackson great power at the Convention. (But he managed to have power over Mondale, who had challenged him for the support of blacks.)



George Bush's campaign for the Presidency was premised on the Republican Party's presumed advantage in the electoral college and on the strategy of keeping control of the agenda—a very big item in the minds of Bush's strategists. James Baker sets great store by controlling both the agenda and the candidate; he was the architect of Reagan's content-free, risk-averting 1984 campaign, and headed virtually the same team then. In the cases of both Reagan and Bush, the campaign team feared letting the candidate out very much on his own, speaking for himself. With Reagan, the worry was that he would engage in rambling detours (as he did in the first debate with Mondale) or display his tentative grip on the facts. With Bush, the concern was that what came to be called his "silly" factor—his propensity for saying odd things—would be on display. There was a certain, perhaps unconscious, condescension in the way Bush's people praised him publicly for "rising to the occasion" when he had to—in his acceptance speech, in the second debate.

The concerted attacks on Dukakis were, of course, a means of keeping the attention off Bush—this is the main reason Bush was never allowed to let up. Toward the end, at a fund-raiser at Bob Hope's home, Bush said, "It's going to be a kinder, gentler finish for this campaign," and the next day he was attacking Dukakis again. Bush, after all, had very high negatives—in the forties—in the early summer, a number that was considered by many to be mortally high (at the time that Dukakis's negatives were in the twenties). Lee Atwater has been working for many years on a doctoral thesis on the danger of high negatives to candidates; he has said that a candidate can't survive negatives above the thirties. A Bush campaign aide who does not wish to be quoted by name said to me after the election, "We always recognized the maxim that if you have high negatives the only way to beat him is to get his negatives higher than yours."

Robert Teeter, Bush's pollster and a major strategist in the campaign, says that the Bush campaign had four im-

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peratives: develop the perception of Bush as a figure in his own right; control the agenda; make sure people saw that there were important differences between Bush and Dukakis, despite Dukakis's attempts to smooth them over; and, because of Bush's high negatives and Dukakis's low ones, "get Bush's down and Dukakis's up." Teeter says, "Everything we did was in line with those objectives." These imperatives were drawn up on the basis of certain givens: that it is hard to elect a party to a third term (so Bush ran on the premise "Don't let them take it away," just as Truman had, and just as Margaret Thatcher did in seeking her third term as Prime Minister); that the Vice-Presidency does have a political undertow; that the conditions of peace and prosperity would work in Bush's favor; that Bush was a known and accepted figure—a major-league player and not a rookie—and Dukakis had too far to go in establishing himself in too short a period of time; that there were things in Dukakis's record that made him vulnerable; and that for the first time in ten years the country was not focussed almost exclusively on economic and foreign-policy issues but was also concerned with such issues as drugs, education, crime, the homeless, and the environment. The very lack of "big picture" issues may have allowed more room for the issues of Dukakis's record. The Bush people felt that if they could draw the comparison between Bush and Dukakis, Bush would be seen to be where the majority of the country was.

Part of the strategy was to have Bush give a speech on the "second level" issues—the environment, and so on—in a well-chosen setting, with a "positive" speech, followed by a speech drawing the "comparison" with Dukakis. Teeter says, "But that wasn't our main concern, which was to convince the press that we were talking issues this fall. We didn't get enough credit for it." The Bush people were defensive all along in the face of criticism of their negative campaigning, and two Sundays before the election Baker, appearing on "Face the Nation," introduced to the world a brand-new, three-hundred-and-forty-seven-page booklet, called "Leadership on the Issues," which supposedly comprised the policy proposals Bush had made in the course of the campaign but also contained speeches Bush had given, including one he made in Nigeria in 1985. By this time, there was much talk about whether Bush, if he won, would have a "mandate" to govern—other than to say the Pledge of Allegiance and not let Willie Horton out of jail. The criticism came not just from Democrats or journalists; a number of Republicans were critical of the campaign Bush was running, and concerned that he was not laying out a program for governing.

Baker himself became defensive about the kind of campaign he was overseeing. Though people tended to attribute the dirty business to Atwater, who has specialized in rough tactics and also cultivates the image of a political terror, anyone who understood how the Bush campaign worked knew that nothing of any significance occurred without Baker's approval. Baker, who favored going at Dukakis hard, undoubtedly understood the weaknesses of his own candidate. Five days before the election, Baker gave a speech to the National Press Club in which he defended the Bush campaign as having made more positive proposals than the news stories had portrayed. He charged, as he had before, and as other Bush supporters had, that the Democrats had started it, at the Convention in Atlanta, with "three days of non-stop ridicule—the most vicious form of personal attack." But surely Baker knows the difference between ridicule, on the one hand, and distortion and smears—questioning an opponent's patriotism, suggesting there is something subversive about belonging to the A.C.L.U.—on the other. Besides, Baker had his chronology wrong, as he must have known. Bush had launched his attacks on Dukakis—on the Pledge, the furlough, the death penalty, national defense, and taxes—in June. Atwater says that it was Bush's three-week "blitz" on these issues that enabled him to nearly close the gap in the polls just before the Democratic Convention.

At times, the Bush campaign seemed caught short by Dukakis's laying out programs for the middle class—and improvised. (Bush's program for subsidized savings, which would amount to a pittance, for buying a house, putting a child through college, or starting a business, disappeared quickly after being mocked by Dukakis.) Fortunately for Bush, Dukakis was not good enough at convincing enough people that he would make a change for the better in their lives with little cost to the federal government. Dukakis's creativity in devising such programs for Massachusetts was one of his strong selling points for the nomination. The Bush people also succeeded, as a campaign official had told me they would, in taking the environmental issue away from Dukakis. Though Dukakis was vulnerable on the matter of delaying the cleanup of Boston Harbor, he had the support of most environmental groups, while Bush was saddled with the poor environmental record of the Reagan Administration, and had himself worked to weaken environmental regulations. A misleading ad about Boston Harbor (including a misleading "radiation hazard" sign) was given heavy duty by the Bush campaign, especially in the environmentally sensitive states of California and New Jersey (as was one about Dukakis's proposal a few years back to dump Massachusetts sewage off New Jersey)—and the Dukakis campaign never caught up. The Boston Harbor ad had originally been designed as an "inoculation" ad, to protect Bush from being too vulnerable on the environment (just as Bush's trip to Boston Harbor had been a preëmptive strike—to which the Dukakis campaign failed to respond effectively), and to take the battle to Dukakis before he took it to Bush. By the end of the campaign, Dukakis was rated (in Republican polling) only two points more of an environmentalist than Bush.

In pushing the "hot button" issues, the Bush campaign was playing on the same social cleavages—over crime, the flag, and race—that Nixon and Reagan had. It successfully played on people's fears, and made Dukakis, not Bush, the issue. It was completely aware of what it was doing in making a black man who had raped a white woman a prominent feature of the election. In late October, Baker disavowed a leaflet, circulated by the Maryland Republican chairman, showing pictures of Dukakis and Horton and saying, "You, your spouse, your children, your parents, and your friends can have the opportunity to receive a visit from someone like Willie Horton if Mike

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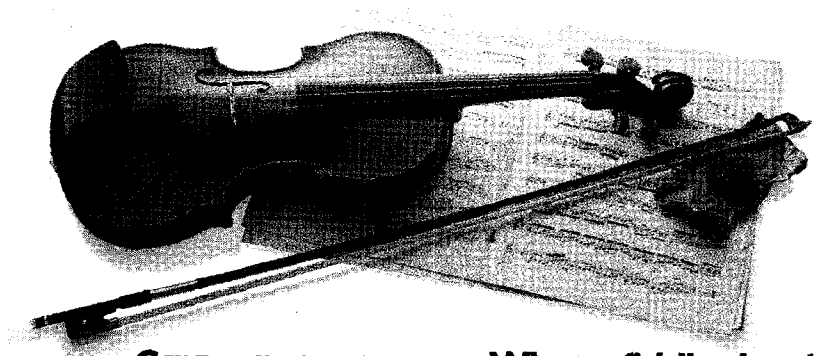

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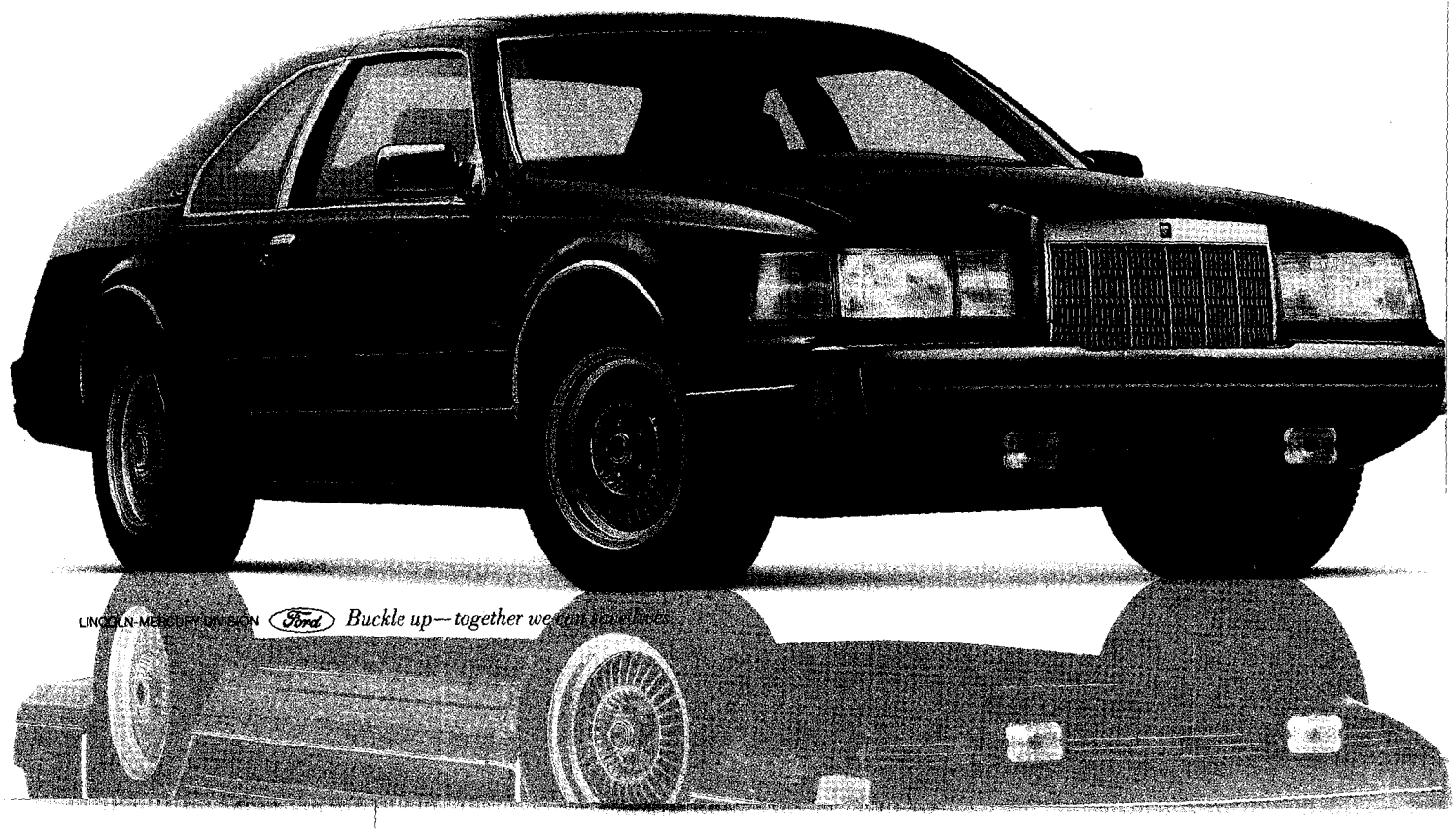

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Dukakis becomes President." It seemed Baker had no choice, but Bush, asked about the leaflet during his interview with Tom Brokaw, on NBC, didn't disavow it. Both Bush and Baker went on to express indignation over a mailing by the California Democratic Party that spoke of "emerging hard evidence of the infiltration of the Bush-Quayle campaign by pro-Nazi activists." (Five days before the election, the chairman of Latvians for Bush resigned in the wake of allegations that he had belonged to the Latvian Legion, which was a unit of the S.S. This followed the resignation of seven others who were alleged to have been involved in pro-Nazi or anti-Semitic activities. Some of these people still serve on the Republican National Committee's Ethnic Heritage Committee.) The Dukakis campaign said it stood by the mailing.

The Bush campaign had made a conscious decision to start emphasizing the furlough issue if Bush "lost" the first debate—otherwise, the issue would not have been featured until later. But since the "spin" on that debate, as Baker saw it, "spun against us," Horton, as part of an onslaught on law and order, was turned to earlier. There is, of course, very little that the federal government has to do with crime, which is essentially a state and local matter, but, according to the polls, crime and drugs were the issues that most voters were concerned about. (Under questioning, Baker finally said toward the end of the campaign that Bush didn't approve of the federal government's furlough program and would review it if he became President.) From the outset, the Bush campaign had stressed the crime issue in California—the state with the most electoral votes, which remained close to the end. Roger Stone, who ran the Bush effort in California, says that the important thing in California was that "we never departed from our game plan—even after the euphoria of the second debate." In fact, the Bush campaign not only kept up the negative television ads but bought what Stone describes as "saturation radio" on the furlough issue and on Dukakis's opposition to the death penalty. (Stone says that the death penalty was at least as strong an issue against Dukakis as the furlough program.) A hitch occurred in California very shortly before the election, when Sheila Tate, Bush's press secretary, explained the cancellation of a stop at Fresno, where in September Bush had been met by dancing people dressed up as raisins, by saying that Bush had said he didn't "want to see those damn dancing raisins again." Stone says, "That cost us a couple of points." The Bush campaign made heavy use of radio as well as television in several states. In Texas, it ran radio ads about crime, school prayer, the Pledge, and defense issues. The National Rifle Association also advertised heavily against Dukakis.

Bush landed on Dukakis's claim to competence whenever he could. On the Wednesday before the election, the Boston *Herald*, a Murdoch tabloid, ran a screaming headline, "WHAT A MESS!"—referring to a state government overdraft of nearly two hundred million dollars. Dukakis in fact had been having fiscal problems in Massachusetts for several months, a matter that worried him and his campaign advisers. On the same day, the federal government announced that the national unemployment rate was 5.3 per cent, the lowest rate in fourteen years. The latest growth rate, 2.2 per cent, announced October 26th, was the smallest quarterly gain in two years, and the third quarter of slower growth than last year. But increasingly people were telling pollsters that they felt the economy was on the right track, or that they were optimistic about their economic future, and they increasingly indicated that though they wanted change, they didn't want much change. Yet, ironically, according to Robert Teeter, the economy never turned out to be a good offensive issue against Dukakis—because the economy seemed so good to so many people. Teeter says, "When we pressed him about how good the economy was, we didn't gain much." When I asked Teeter whether Bush could have won without the attacks, he replied, "I doubt it." He added, "You never know that. It's a terrific debating point, but there is no answer."

THE Bush campaign was constantly calibrating the attacks, deciding when to start or stop emphasizing the various issues Bush was using against Dukakis. Atwater, however, said to me shortly before the election, "I always felt like they were going to be salient issues to the end, because with Reagan Democrats and populist voters those issues would play right through." Others saw these issues as tactical ones—which took hold and went on longer than anticipated, because of the way Dukakis dealt with them, or didn't deal with them. Some campaign officials were aware that the visit to the flag factory had been, as one put it, "a flag too far," and the Pledge issue was rarely heard about again. The Bush campaign never ran an ad about the Pledge; it didn't have to, because so much was made of the issue in the "free media." The Bush people did have an ad about the Pledge "in the can," which some aides wanted to use earlier in the fall but Baker opposed using, on the ground that they had exhausted the issue and were in danger of its coming around to bite them; they fully expected to have another run at the issue at the end, but didn't get to it, and then at the very end, when they saw that Dukakis was closing fast on them, it was too late to get the ad on. (The furlough ad, however, was recycled toward the end.) Teeter, who was continually polling on the impact of issues, says that the times of greatest gains by Bush—whether he was catching up or moving ahead—tended to be when the Bush campaign was focussed on national defense, which reinforced the impression of Dukakis as a liberal, or on the crime/criminal-justice issues. Polling by Wirthlin for the R.N.C. and the Bush campaign in early October showed that three-fourths of the people questioned had heard, seen, or read about the furlough issue, and that of those who knew about it fifty-nine per cent believed that what Bush was saying was true. This told the Bush people that it was worth trying to bring the issue to the attention of the one-fourth who did not know of it. Wirthlin's polling also found that the Pledge issue wasn't affecting voters' attitudes to anywhere near the extent the furlough issue was—which may be the real reason the issue of the Pledge was allowed to fade. The polling also showed that shortly before the election thirty per cent more people identified the phrase "soft on crime" with Dukakis than with Bush—and that only one per cent more identified

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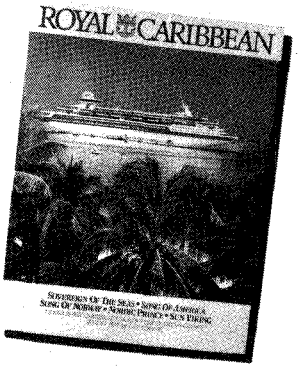

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Dukakis with the phrase "I'm on your side" than they did Bush. In the case of likely voters, Bush was ahead by two points in being seen as on their side. Wirthlin says, "The point is, that was Dukakis's best theme. But if people believe that a candidate is soft on crime, he's not on their side."

Reagan's role in the 1988 election was of incalculable value to Bush. For one thing, Bush was basking in the glow of Reagan's successes, taking credit for being part of the team that was seen by many as having restored America's morale, rebuilt its defenses (the buildup started under Jimmy Carter), tamed inflation, and brought down interest rates. The myths and symbols Reagan had manipulated so well were a gift to Bush. Reagan's failures and embarrassments seemed to fade in people's memories as the year went on, and as he became a nostalgic figure about to leave the scene. (And Bush's opponent was unable to make strong issues of them.) The other way that Reagan helped was in giving his all-out support to Bush. The Reagan White House coöperated with the Bush campaign to an unprecedented extent—in having the President sign or veto bills as deemed helpful to Bush, in making appointments, in putting off unpleasant business until after the election. Following the election, the President pocket vetoed an ethics bill that during the campaign Bush had said he supported; the Justice Department filed a brief asking the Supreme Court to overturn the Roe v. Wade decision on abortion; the Administration moved to make it more difficult for people to appeal decisions affecting their Social Security or welfare benefits; the Labor Department removed the forty-five-year ban on employees in certain industries working at home—unions oppose the change, on the ground that they can't enforce wage and hour laws; the Agriculture Department announced foreclosure on eighty thousand farmers who were delinquent on government loans. Also after the election, Reagan said he wouldn't pardon Oliver North, but at the same time he may have made a trial impossible by refusing to release certain classified documents.

Reagan campaigned hard for Bush and virtually turned the election into a referendum on himself. He told one audience, "I feel a little like I'm on the ballot this year." Though Reagan hadn't been able to be of enough help to Senate candidates he had campaigned for in 1986, the transference to Bush was a more direct one, and of great value. Reagan often appeared before audiences of college students, who were very enthusiastic about him (far more enthusiastic than they were about Bush's young running mate, Dan Quayle). That Reagan is the only President most young people have been aware of has implications for our political future. Reagan does best by far in the approval ratings among those seventeen to twenty years old. He mocked Dukakis's identifying himself with Harry Truman and Franklin Roosevelt, and called him a liberal in the tradition of Jimmy Carter and Walter Mondale (whose names Dukakis had studiously not invoked). At one stop, Reagan said, "If he's Harry Truman, I'm Roger Rabbit." Some Republican strategists question whether Bush would have won California but for Reagan's effort for him there. The Bush camp's polling showed that wherever Reagan went Bush got a substantial boost. So Reagan was brought to San Diego at the close of the campaign, a move that Stone thinks gained the ticket a couple of points. In his final campaign appearance, Reagan was true to form, saying things no other politician could get away with. He said, "If my name isn't on your ballot tomorrow, something more important is: a principle, a legacy." He concluded, "So if I could ask you one last time, tomorrow, when the mountains greet the dawn, will you go out there and win one for the Gipper?"

Quayle remained relegated to the boonies, where he was to cause as little attention to himself as possible. Bush hadn't appeared with him since the day after the first debate, in late September. He was kept off any serious talk shows. Quayle did cause attention to himself over some pronouncements on abortion, on which he takes an even firmer position than Bush does. When an eleven-year-old girl from *Children's Express*, a news service run by young people, asked whether she should be denied an abortion if she became pregnant by her father, Quayle said yes. (Bush would permit abortions in the case of rape or incest or when the life of the mother is at stake.) Later, when Quayle was asked by the press what his position would be if Willie Horton had got the woman pregnant, he appeared

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to make an exception for rape. Getting into a muddled discussion of gynecological procedures, he said the woman should immediately be given a "D. and C.," which he called "a perfectly normal procedure that I would not put into the category of abortion." In reality, a D. and C. isn't performed until later, after the egg has been implanted, and it is, of course, a form of abortion.

IN the final weeks of the election, the Bush campaign did everything it could to keep the pressure on Dukakis, and continued its effort to deny him any chance of an electoral-college victory. Baker says that the first priorities after he became chairman of the Bush campaign, in mid-August, were to keep the Republican base in the South and the West, and to lock up Texas, Ohio, and New Jersey. There were five supposedly Republican states that were causing trouble—Arkansas, South Dakota, Montana, Colorado, and New Mexico—and they had to be worked on, with candidate appearances and media buys, for most of the campaign. (All these states ended up going for Bush.) A lot of effort was put into Texas, in which Bush was far ahead most of the time, and Ohio and New Jersey were virtually carpet bombed with Bush appearances and advertising—and so, for insurance, was Michigan. Bentsen worked Texas hard, and defended Dukakis ("Do you think I'd serve on any ticket with a fella who'd take my shotgun from me?"), but Texas has become alien territory for a Northern liberal, a culture that could not absorb a man like Dukakis. His failure to carry Texas inevitably caused second-guessing of his choosing Bentsen (despite the fact that Bentsen remained the star of the election), and suggestions that he should have gone with John Glenn, who might have helped him carry Ohio. (But Dukakis would have gone with Glenn had his advisers not told him he couldn't, because of some financial questions.)

The Bush camp's strategy of making sure that Bush carried more than the Republicans' base states plus Ohio, Texas, and New Jersey would have yielded them two hundred and seventy-three electoral votes, more than the necessary two hundred and seventy. (Republicans generally win New Jersey, which tends to be less Democratic and less unionized than other Northern states.) Teeter says, "We didn't want to need an inside straight. If you're aiming for two hundred and seventy electoral votes, you should target three hundred and fifty. If you could carry Texas, Ohio, and New Jersey, you could win by carrying California, or Illinois, or Michigan—any one of those pulled the rug out from under Dukakis." Teeter, who is from Michigan, in a decision he says was partly based on the fact that Michigan is less Democratic than it used to be, and partly arbitrary, picked his state as the one to deal the fatal blow to Dukakis.

Toward the end of the campaign, the Bush camp's strategy was, as one official put it, "to shadow the guy—don't let him do anything in the clear—be where he is, get on the air with paid media where he is." So Bush's plane often landed in a state shortly after Dukakis's had left—they were both concentrating on the close states; Bush appeared on television programs; and Bush said, "I'm on your side." The Bush people were conscious of the fact that Dukakis had succeeded in making the case that theirs was the dirtier campaign, and got reports that people were becoming convinced that Dukakis had ended the furlough program. (Thus the Bush surrogates defended the Bush ads, and the furlough ad was recycled.) But the real thing that worried the Bush camp was that all of a sudden Dukakis seemed to be closing on Bush.

THE first sighting of what was referred to as a "surge" by Dukakis came toward the end of the week before the week before the election—around October 27th. In the Bush camp's tracking poll (a poll that is taken nightly, to catch changes quickly), Bush's lead went down from about ten points to six. (A close figure nationally had more serious implications, because Bush was so far ahead in a number of states, including Florida and Texas, which meant that California and the large industrial states were closer.) The Dukakis camp didn't pick up such a change in the national numbers but did notice that the race had become close in some key states. But then, according to the Bush camp's polling, the "surge" stopped after two days. And then, toward the end of the following week, very shortly before the election, both camps' polls showed Dukakis starting to gain ground again. Teeter says, "What we couldn't know

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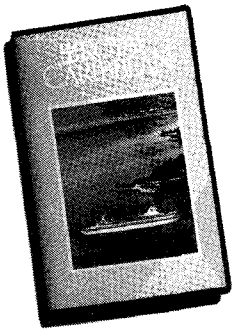

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was whether this was a return to normal, because our leads had been so large, or whether we were in a real decline."

The Dukakis camp realized how much it was up against. It had taken Dukakis ten days after the second debate to recoup the loss as a result of that debate. But he was still about ten points behind—and ten points was a large gap with two weeks left. And shortly after that, the Dukakis poll showed him behind by fifteen points. As Irwin (Tubby) Harrison, Dukakis's pollster, and some other advisers saw it, unless Dukakis was within five points, or even fewer, of Bush by the last week, he couldn't win. On the Friday before the election, both the Dukakis and Bush camps had Bush ahead by eight points. But Dukakis still thought he would win (Sasso was careful in talking to him about numbers), and his campaign still wanted him to finish as strongly as possible—and campaigns as well as candidates can get caught up in the excitement and talk themselves into thinking all sorts of things are possible. The Dukakis campaign had built an elaborate field organization—whose value was questioned by several within the campaign—for getting out the vote, which, it was thought, might count for a point or two. The two camps were considering the various combinations of states that could make it impossible for Dukakis to win, or perhaps give him a far-outside chance of winning. The Bush people figured that if their man won two of the three states of Ohio, Illinois, and Michigan, Dukakis couldn't win. Bush had been ahead in Ohio by double digits for some time. (At one point, the figure dropped to six.) Texas was well beyond Dukakis's reach. On the Friday before the election, Teeter told me, "The advantage we have now is if any one of a dozen things happens we will win, and for him to win, all of a dozen things have to happen." But no one was taking any chances, and, besides, campaign aides get paid to worry.

As the two weary candidates were slugging it out in the final days, both camps were making last-minute scheduling decisions. Bush began to make ominous slips of the tongue, so his schedule was kept as limited as possible. Bush's campaign, reflecting the bifurcation in Bush's own campaigning, ran both attack ads and gauzy positive ads —the granddaughter in the striped dress running into his arms had become a familiar sight. Dukakis made ads in which he looked straight into the camera to tell voters who he was and that he cared about their concerns —but it was a little late for that. Bush, aware of the question of what sort of mandate he could take from this election, said he would have "a mainstream mandate." He said that Dukakis had "socialistic" ideas and was a danger on foreign policy. But while Dukakis, going on optimism and adrenaline and drawing some of his energy from the crowds, became a better and better campaigner, Bush seemed to be getting stale. He had nothing new to say. (But he did have Arnold Schwarzenegger campaigning with him for a day in Ohio and Illinois.) Many of his appearances were before ready-made high-school audiences, which, with their bands, could be counted on to provide the requisite noise. In his final appearance, in Ohio, Bush gave some of his positive arguments for why he should be President and also did a summation of all his arguments against Dukakis. He said, "We need people who are going to have a little more concern for the victims of crime and a little less concern for the criminals themselves." (Bush had been taking around with him and showing off the shield of a policeman who had been killed by drug dealers, and indicating that Dukakis did not feel compassion toward the families of victims of crime. Someone who once worked for Bush says this is the kind of thing he used to think Bush would not do.) Bush listed some things he was for—more spending for the Headstart program; a program for college-tuition savings bonds; more protection of the environment (but against gun control)—and said, "I'm here to talk about the great bright future for an America at work and a world at peace." He said, "Do not go back to where we were in 1980 with the tired tax-and-spend policies that failed us." Looking good and speaking slowly and with strength, chopping the air with his hand (but keeping his eyes glued to his note cards)—and aware that he was about to win the Presidency—he said, "I never felt better in my life. That adrenaline is flowing. The family's together. The country is coming in behind our candidacy, and I want to win this election." He concluded, "I am on your side of the great divide. The mainstream family values are what we need to keep emphasizing."

On the Sunday before the election, Harrison's polling had Dukakis behind (accurately, as it turned out) by eight points. Yet some Dukakis people still entertained the possibility that Dukakis could win—that with very low turnout the field organization could be of great advantage. Just before the election, the public polls (of which there had been too many too often) were showing Dukakis behind by anywhere from five to twelve points—which suggests the degree to which we should rely on them. But the numbers were very tight in several of the big states. At the same time, the Bush people were watching Bush's lead drop from seven or eight points to five or six points. Then, on the morning of the election, November 8th, they got a considerable scare when Teeter's overnight polling showed Bush ahead by only three points. By this time, Bush had been engaged in conversations with his advisers about his plans for the transition, but the low margin over Dukakis put at least a temporary halt to that. The figure made the Bush people particularly nervous because they knew they had a big margin in the Southern states. That afternoon's exit polls taken by the networks were also indicating that it was very close in many of the big states. (The results of these polls are not supposed to be public until the polls are closed in each of the states, but there are ways of finding them out.) Everyone knew that it was only by some extremely remote set of circumstances that Dukakis could win, and the Bush people still thought they would win—but didn't spend a very relaxing day. It was when CBS, at 8 P.M., called Michigan for Bush that both the Bush people and the Dukakis people knew it was over.

Though Bush ended up winning by a margin of eight points (54–46), and an electoral vote of four hundred and twenty-six to a hundred and twelve, a number of states were indeed close. Bush won Illinois, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Vermont by 51–49, and he won California, Missouri, and New Mexico by 52–48. Connecticut, Montana, and South Dakota were won by Bush by 53–47. Democrats took some comfort from the fact that Dukakis had won ten states (New York, Massachu-

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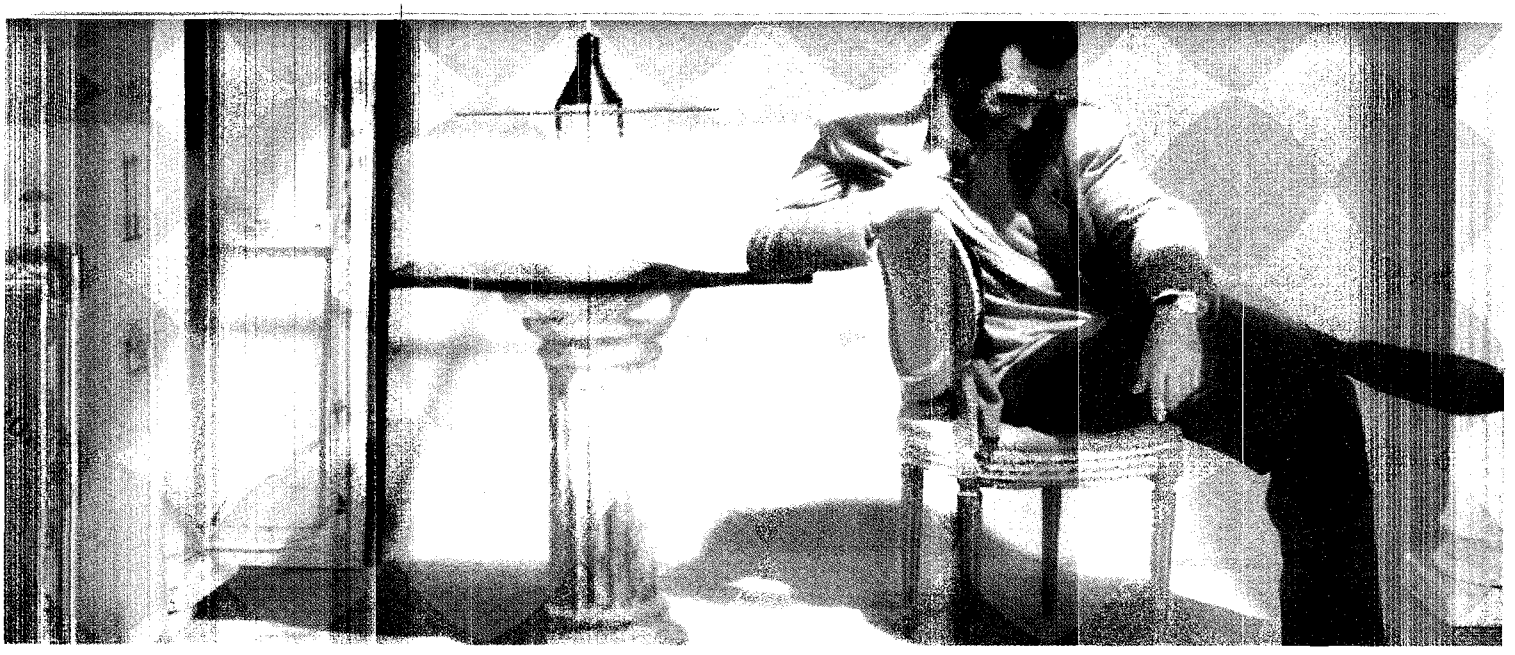

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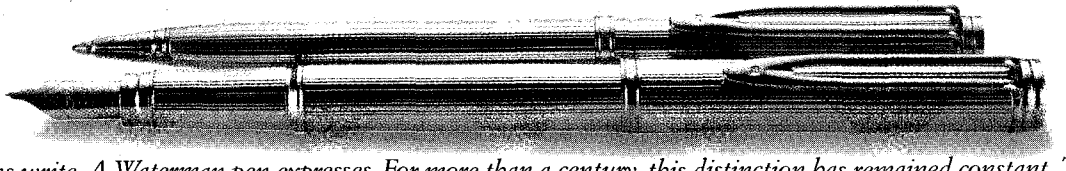

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setts, Rhode Island, West Virginia, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Washington, Oregon, Hawaii) as well as the District of Columbia, and that they had picked up one Senate seat. (Bentsen easily won reëlection to his Senate seat.) Bush was the first President since Kennedy to be elected at the same time the opposing party made gains in both the House and the Senate. (The Democrats also picked up one governorship.) Some analyses say that people deliberately divide their vote between the two parties in order to keep both the President and Congress in check, but that is overintellectualizing their act. They deal with the choices they're handed. The vote for senator and representative is a much more personal one than the one for President—voters are more familiar with Senate candidates, who may have been working the state (as senator or not) for years, and House members have become self-perpetuating all-service outfits, using the tools of their office to guarantee reëlection and wiring their districts and seeing to their constituents' every need. The interest groups tend to favor the known incumbent with their financial contributions. (So, in keeping with the patterns of recent years, 98.5 per cent of those House members who stood for reëlection were reëlected.) Turnout, at fifty per cent, was the lowest since 1924, and more people than ever before told pollsters that they were unhappy about this Presidential campaign, and the candidates. While it is fashionable every four years to complain about the Presidential campaign, this time it was different, and for real.

While the Democrats' showing in the Presidential race was an improvement over the last two elections, and some Democrats took comfort in Dukakis's victories, and near-victories, in the West, the results showed that the Party still has a problem at the Presidential level. Bush won the white vote in all regions of the country, most heavily in the South. Despite all the difficulties, Dukakis won eighty-eight per cent of the black vote. Dukakis won back some of the blue-collar voters who had gone for Reagan, giving him fifty-one per cent of their vote, a two-point lead over Bush. (In 1984, Reagan had won them 55–45.) Among Democrats there are as many analyses of what went wrong as there are long-held points of view; people bring to the analysis what they already thought. A number of Democratic politicians think Dukakis could have won the election if he had run a better campaign; many think another Democrat could have won; others think that there is no way a Northern liberal, especially a Northeastern liberal, can win in the foreseeable future—but all these are unprovable hypotheses. Ideas have already been floated about how to rejigger the nominating process once again. Some possible candidates for 1992 (Joseph Biden, Richard Gephardt, Bill Bradley, and Jesse Jackson) got themselves to Iowa this fall.

At a press conference the morning after the election, Bush was subdued, and acknowledged that he was still absorbing what had happened to him. Dukakis, at his press conference later that day, was gracious. He had already gone back to the Massachusetts statehouse to resume his work as governor; he has some repair work to do in his own state. But it seemed that the enormity of the loss had not yet sunk in on him. With the election over, Bush began to actually define himself. Though he was a successful Presidential candidate, even several Republican analysts believed he had never become a good Presidential candidate—one who has a clear sense of where he wants to take the country, and gets that across.

Since the election, Bush has acquired "winnerness," the mysterious process by which he changes in our eyes as well as his own. Winning the Presidency does wonders for a man's confidence, and Bush is enjoying the line of credit that is given to all new Presidents. In the days since the election, he has shown more confidence and self-possession than he ever has before in his various public roles. His appointments are watched with great interest and are invested with meaning that may or may not be there. His announcement, on the morning after the election, of his choice of Baker as Secretary of State was no surprise—somehow everyone knew that Baker wanted the job, and clearly Bush owed his longtime friend a great deal. His choice of New Hampshire Governor John Sununu as chief of staff, announced on November 17th, was something else: Sununu had certainly helped rescue Bush in New Hampshire, and had spent much of the campaign attacking Dukakis (about whom he seemed to have an obsession). But Sununu is by most accounts, including those of his fellow-governors, an abrasive, difficult man, which can be something of a problem in a chief of staff, who has many dealings with Congress. (This choice could not have pleased Robert Dole, whose candidacy effectively ended in New Hampshire, and who remains bitter toward Bush—notwithstanding the smiling lunch they had together following the election.) Bush has taken several conciliatory steps—including a meeting with Dukakis—but the Democrats in Congress know that they won on their own, and they will not fear Bush the way they feared Reagan, because they do not view Bush as having Reagan's ability to tap strong public support by taking to the airwaves. Some of them resent the campaign that Bush ran, and may remember it at an opportune moment; a few, for the same reason, say they don't plan to make life completely easy for Baker. These feelings may wear off over time, but Bush can't be sure of that. Bush's installation of Atwater as chairman of the Republican National Committee was a sign that hardball politics is now enshrined at the highest level. The talk of Bush's desire to put "fresh faces" throughout the Administration, despite his asking some Cabinet officers to stay on, means that he intends to build his own political power base within the government, and to try to secure his reëlection. His personnel choices suggest that we will continue to see the two sides of Bush we saw throughout his fall campaign: the "kinder and gentler" Bush and the rough and ruthless Bush. We will still be finding out how his inner compass works.

He faces a series of daunting problems. The drop in the stock market and the dollar in the days immediately after his election bespoke a lack of confidence in his ability to reduce the budget deficit—as by law he must. It also

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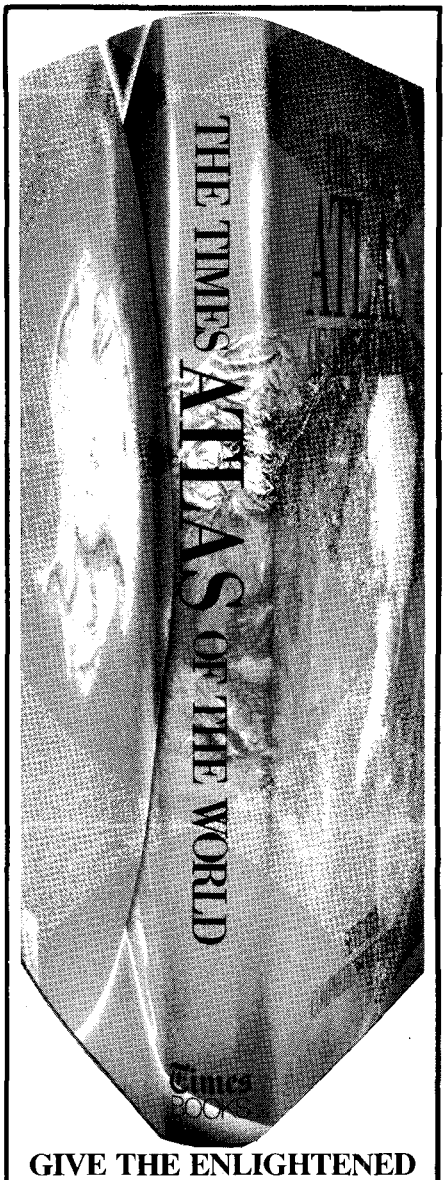

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bespoke the irrationality of the markets, because he was the same man, with the same program, after the election as he was the day before it. His "read my lips" vow to not raise taxes had been with us for quite a while. Many people are waiting to see when, not whether, Bush eventually breaks that vow, but if he does a price could be even deeper cynicism among the electorate. Our national savings rate has decreased dramatically in recent years—we have been living beyond our means and borrowing from abroad to finance our spending spree. As a result, the usual growth in our standard of living and in productivity is seriously threatened. And the willingness of others to keep financing our profligacy may not be infinite. (The decline in the value of the dollar over the past three years is a signal.) Interest rates have already risen since the election. The Pentagon's budget requires some hard decisions, since it is now committed to producing more weapons than can possibly be paid for even if the budget is allowed to grow at the pace of inflation. Life in the inner cities, which Bush said in the campaign he was "haunted" by, won't be much affected by his proposal to send better-off high-school youngsters into them as volunteers to help out. Inner-city schools are a disaster. The education level of this country is an embarrassment. Despite the posturing drug bill passed by Congress this fall, no one has a handle on what to do about the drug culture. Corporate debt, fuelled by manic takeovers, is rising at what many feel is an alarming rate; it will take many tens of billions of dollars to bail out the savings-and-loan industry. Fixing the safety, environmental, and management problems at the plants that make nuclear-weapons material—for some reason, the longstanding problems didn't come to light until this fall—will be very costly. Unknown challenges lie overseas. The continuing Third World-debt problem, the spread of nuclear weapons and of the capability for producing chemical weapons on the part of a number of countries (including Libya) are just some of the things to be considered.

After a long struggle, to which he gave a lot and for which he paid a price, George Bush has realized his life's dream of becoming President. Now he has to govern.

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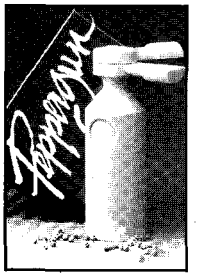

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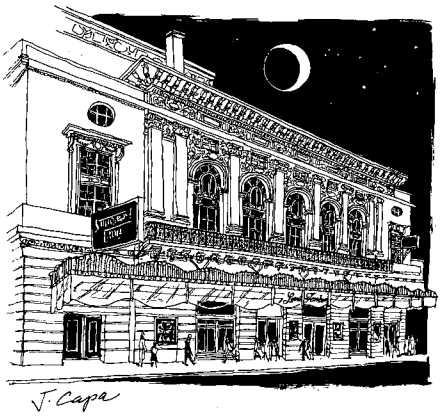
Director's Tragedy

"CORIOLANUS" is Shakespeare's play about Caius Marcius, the Roman general who, having won a glorious victory over the Volscians at Corioli, and feeling misprized by the Senate and the people of Rome, turned his back on them and led the Volscians in an attack against his own city. It shares with "Richard II" and "King Lear" the dubious distinction of having been adapted by Nahum Tate, who became Poet Laureate in 1692. Tate's "Coriolanus" was called "The Ingratitude of a Commonwealth," but Tate (whose version of "Lear" restored the old King to his throne) was notoriously bad at understanding Shakespeare. "Coriolanus" isn't about the ingratitude of a commonwealth any more than "King Lear" is about the ingratitude of a youngest daughter. Both plays raise the question of exactly what is due the virtuous man, and they use the figure of the disgruntled autocrat to explore it.

The production of "Coriolanus" that opened Thanksgiving week at the Public Theatre is the sixth in Joseph Papp's ongoing presentation of all Shakespeare's plays. It was bound to be interesting, first as a chance to see Irene Worth's Volumnia (she performed the role to great acclaim in London recently), and second as a chance to see Christopher Walken in the title role. Unlike many of the actors Papp has cast in major Shakespearean roles, Walken combines classical experience with a faultless sense of contemporary mannerism and gesture—the very qualities needed to bring a somewhat obscure tragic hero to life. And Coriolanus needs all the help he can get. A sulker, a turncoat, a despiser of the common people, he is one of the most immediately objectionable of Shakespeare's heroes—not least because he is first and last a soldier. True, we have been taught to accept valor as a manifest sign of moral virtue. But what appeals to us in Henry V is his ability to talk to the common man; in Othello, his ability to tell stories. We are drawn to Macbeth for his habit of metaphor and to Richard III for his Machiavellian wit. In each case, Shakespeare gives us some *theatrical* reason for valuing the hero. Coriolanus isn't a showman with words; that's the whole point. He really *is* the character that Richard pretends to be: a man who "cannot flatter and look fair," to whom pretense—whether for social or political ends—would be as insupportable as cowardly flight. So when the monster mother who created Coriolanus entreats him to speak politicly to the people, she is asking him to go against his own nature—just as surely as she is when later she begs him to spare Rome.

If Shakespeare's challenge in "Coriolanus" is to make us care about an unsympathetic character, the current production hardly gives him a chance to prove himself. Steven Berkoff, the left-wing British playwright and actor whom Papp brought in to direct the play, has his own agenda. In general, Mr. Berkoff's view of the play is similar to that of Kenneth Tynan, who had little use for either "Coriolanus" or its hero. Reviewing Olivier in the 1959 Stratford production, directed by Peter Hall, Tynan pronounced Coriolanus a "titanic fool," but even Tynan acknowledged that "what spurs him to betray Rome is not pride but a loathing of false servility." Mr. Berkoff sees nothing good in Coriolanus, and he makes certain that nobody else will, either. Every scene or speech or line that might possibly serve to redeem Coriolanus in our eyes is either dropped or else edited and staged in such a way as to alter its meaning. Every value is distorted and every device that might lead us to care about Coriolanus dismantled. The two corrupt tribunes, Sicinius Velutus and Junius Brutus, become genuine populist reformers. (This is achieved by trimming or obfuscating with comic business all the scenes that establish the demagogues' lack of scruples.) The silly, empty-headed Valeria, there to serve as a foil for Coriolanus' sober, Penelope-like wife, Virgilia, is made to seem Virgilia's equal in grace and wisdom. (This is achieved by the simple expedient of cutting all the lines that effect a contrast between the two women.) Mr. Berkoff reduces all aspects of Coriolanus' character to a Rambo-like arrogance and machismo; everything he does or says is made to seem laughable or disingenuous.



As a result, this "Coriolanus" bears about as much resemblance to Shakespeare's play as most Disney animations bear to the works they're based on. All the same, the production is seductive: elegant, sophisticated, and expertly acted almost across the board. Part of its interest lies in its very Englishness. Mr. Berkoff, trained in the modern British/European tradition of Shakespeare production, which is highly stylized and conceptual, uses mime, music (a percussion score, composed and performed by Larry Spivak), multiple casting, and nonrealistic staging to hammer home his point. (A chorus of nine men performs all the soldier-citizen-messenger roles.) The production is clad almost entirely in blacks, whites, and grays, with a minimalist set (designed by Loren Sherman) that proves hospitable to props and clothing from different periods. Martin Pakledinaz's costumes are eclectic and ambiguously timeless: the double-breasted jackets, pin-striped suits, fedoras, and oversize raglan coats seem as fashionably "retro" as they are reminiscent of the eras they evoke. There are instances of historical specificity: Aufidius wears an urban-guerrilla outfit, Menenius a coat with a twenties-style fur collar (perhaps, like Mr. Berkoff's expressionist lighting, an allusion to the rise of Fascism). Mostly, though, the production seeks to bridge the gap, visually, between now and forever.

This is, in itself, a European idea. That Shakespeare's plays need not be exclusively either "modern dress" or costume drama—need not adhere to any one time—goes without saying in London, where stagecraft and theatrical design are more strongly influenced by Brecht and his precursors than by the realism of Belasco and Stanislavsky. To us, accustomed to Public Theatre Shakespeare, it comes as a surprise that actors in a single scene can speak

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or move or be dressed with varying degrees of realism or stylization. (This is partly because to Papp "concept" means something that promises box-office draw: a gimmick—setting "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in Brazil—or a star.) At its best, nonrealistic staging can expand and embellish our reading of a play. Berkoff uses it to reduce the play to one notion.

Since Coriolanus-in-action is not an idea that Mr. Berkoff permits us to take seriously, the central figure is reduced to a largely passive role, and Walken has his work cut out for him. Robbed of the opportunity to make military prowess complex, or even respectable, Walken concentrates on the psychology behind it, using his gift for gestural burlesque to lampoon male narcissism. It's here, if anywhere, that the play's tension is reasserted: Walken endears Coriolanus to us by endowing him with an opera-buffa variety of physical charm. He shrugs and sulks and struts with such precision that occasionally we find ourselves liking Coriolanus through him. Thanks to Miss Worth, Volumnia survives Mr. Berkoff's attempt to turn her into an indictment of British home-front values. (The idea seems to be to suggest the ferocity that lurks below the surface of Mrs. Miniver. Make of that what you will.) Here all the mother's fierceness and Roman *virtus* are transmuted into a notion of gentility; they're not lost, exactly—just diverted. Instead of an explanation of why Coriolanus is the way he is, we get a comment on what's wrong with England.

Mr. Berkoff has surrounded Mr. Walken and Miss Worth with a company of more than usually fine players. The ensemble work, particularly, surpasses all expectation. What a relief to hear Shakespeare's bit parts performed by actors who understand the import of their lines, and how exhilarating to see principal roles undertaken by actors of intelligence: Paul Hecht (as Menenius Agrippa, Coriolanus' friend and chief adviser), Keith David (as Aufidius the Volscian, his arch-enemy and rival), Larry Bryggman and André Braugher (as the two tribunes), Moses Gunn (as the eternally bland general Cominius). Of the principals, only Ashley Crow is disappointing. In the role of Virgilia, she demonstrates a useful talent for weeping copiously on cue but no knowledge of how to speak verse. Some members of the cast are put in a tight spot by Mr. Berkoff's version of the text and by his direction: Mr. David, by playing his role straight, gives us an Aufidius whose nobility dwarfs that of Walken's mock-epic hero. It's not his fault, any more than it's Sharon Washington's fault that her Valeria makes Virgilia look a fool. Mr. Hecht, who best of all the company achieves that marriage between feeling and idea which makes for good Shakespeare, does what he can to embody all the values that have been eliminated from his part. Waving a hand in farewell to the departing Coriolanus just before intermission, he seems to conjure up Shakespeare's hero, not the one we have been given.

That Mr. Berkoff's production seems as good as it does is partly a tribute to the theatrical prowess of Mr. Walken and Miss Worth, who succeed in creating drama from an emasculated text. But it's also a function of the theatrical naïveté that the New York Shakespeare Festival has fostered in us. What enables us to be wowed by Steven Berkoff's "Coriolanus," and what enables the press to react excitedly to Ingmar Bergman's nonrealistic "Hamlet" at BAM, is Papp's failure through the years to keep up with Shakespeare as it is produced elsewhere in the world.

There is an irony in all this. The idea of *Gesamtkunstwerk* as applied to Shakespeare really got started only when Peter Hall took over the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford, in 1960. In demanding that all elements of a production—music, lighting, scenery—unite to suggest a play's themes and subtexts, he and his colleagues were chiefly rebelling against the herocentric approach that had characterized Old Vic Shakespeare, that last vestige of the despotic actor-manager tradition in which the performance of an Olivier, a Richardson, a Gielgud was everything. By making all aspects of a production equally important, Hall managed to make Shakespeare both more literate and more democratic. The irony is that Steven Berkoff and Joe Papp have, between them, returned Shakespeare to a benighted kind of despotism. The new tyrant is the auteur-director. If, like the old tyrants, he does but slenderly know himself, it may be because he's too busy censoring the old plays to read them. —MIMI KRAMER

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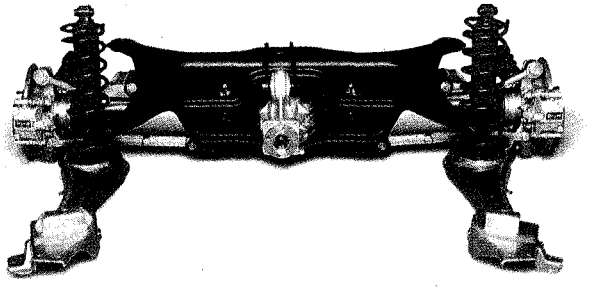

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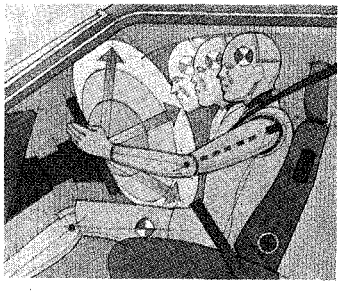

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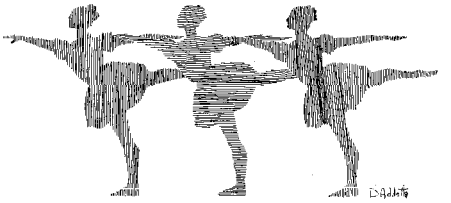
DANCING

Absent Balanchine

THERE is a new phenomenon on the dance scene—the found ballet. This is "Le Sacre du Printemps" in its historic 1913 staging; this is the bit of esoteric Balanchine or the fragment of early Graham that is suddenly recovered after several generations out of sight and, presumably, mind; this is the revival that can pass for a première. "Symphonie Concertante," revived from notation thirty years after it was last danced, gave American Ballet Theatre a première of sorts in 1983. Though the choreographer was still alive, "Symphonie Concertante" was Balanchine without Balanchine, and it anticipated a trend. Last year, Tulsa Ballet Theatre actually did have a Balanchine première: its reconstruction of "Concierto de Mozart" introduced to North America a work that Balanchine had made in 1942 for the ballet company of the Teatro Colón in Buenos Aires and had never produced anyplace else. Not long before that, the "Divertimento" of 1947, to music by Alexei Haieff, was restored by the State Ballet of Missouri, under Todd Bolender. (Strangely enough, although Balanchine created it in New York, for Ballet Society, this "Divertimento" has not been seen here.) October brought us the Tulsa company in "Concierto de Mozart," at Brooklyn College, and, at the City Center, the Joffrey in "Cotillon," the illustrious ballroom ballet of the thirties. Both of these improbable presentations were carried out with the best of intentions; nobody was trying to exploit the name of Balanchine. But found ballets are by definition suspect; at most, they can never be more than relics, and the idea of repertory as reliquary challenges the very foundation of ballet as an art. If ballet is to have a revivable past, it must be indistinguishable from the present; "Swan Lake" must happen now, tonight. The new historicism in dance wants every detail exactly as it was on opening night; it assumes that opening nights are self-perpetuating and can be summoned up on demand. And it delivers a product, often a highly interesting one. The problem is that there's no way to present the product apart from presenting it as a ballet. "Concierto de Mozart" and "Cotillon"—the one unheard of, the other wreathed in legend—aroused different expectations and evoked different reactions, but their common denominator was confusion. We were parched for exciting new work, and we were getting two old Balanchine ballets we had never seen before—surely that was the next-best thing, wasn't it?

"Cotillon" was originally produced in 1932, for the first season of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, successor to Diaghilev's troupe. It reunited Balanchine, then twenty-eight, with Diaghilev's librettist, Boris Kochno. Working with orchestrated piano pieces by Chabrier (six of the "Dix Pièces Pittoresques" and the third of the "Trois Valses Romantiques"), the two men envisioned something akin to their "Le Bal," which Diaghilev had produced in his last year. In "Le Bal," which was basically a divertissement taking place at a masked ball, a mood of Hoffmannesque Surrealism prevailed. The central character, danced by Alexandra Danilova, had a dual identity—beauty and hag. In "Cotillon," the idea of doubleness was intensified—nothing was quite what it seemed—and the ambiguity extended to time and place. The cotillion was a hunt ball, a microcosm of life in a great château. The hunt ball was also a ballet: Christian Bérard's ballroom was ringed with loges that suggested a little theatre. The period was either 1820 or 1880 or 1932, or all three eras glimpsed simultaneously, the past impinging constantly on the present. Early and late Romanticism, Hoffmann's spirit and Chabrier's, were inextricably mixed together with a binding element that observers of the time recognized as modern decadence, and all of it flickered marvellously, presenting now one aspect or mood, now another: now fresh uninhibited gaiety, now strange and turbulent dreams. The characters—Bright Young Things—frolicked among ghosts in the ballroom primeval.



It became Balanchine's most loved ballet and eventually the most regretted of his discards. Any piece of found Balanchiniana must make its way against the fact of its creator's neglect. The argument that Balanchine could afford to discriminate, and we can't, overlooks the many instances in which he did recycle old work. "Cotillon" came back translated into "La Sonnambula" (1946); it was definitively refurbished as "La Valse" (1951); it appeared, wistfully and tenderly recollected, in the second movement of "Bourrée Fantasque" (1949); it cropped up again in the third waltz of "Trois Valses Romantiques" (1967); it is present in ballets as different as "Serenade," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "The Nutcracker." The reconstruction of the ballet behind the ballets cannot fail to fascinate any Balanchine fan. But in "Cotillon," the sense of past and present interacting was end-stopped: the thirties—the poetic thirties—perished in the war. In 1940, Balanchine rehearsed "Cotillon" for the last time. By the mid-forties, when it was retired, it was a memorial for a lost generation of dancers—second-generation émigrées, most of them, who hadn't danced for Diaghilev, and who were, like Balanchine himself, to settle in America, where their fame, their prewar glamour, and all their theatrical secrets were gradually extinguished. Balanchine paid them formal homage—they are the ghosts of "La Valse." These girls—and in 1932 the three principals of "Cotillon" *were* girls, between twelve and sixteen years of age—were not the technical wizards that today's dancers are, but they had strong backs and feet and big, beautiful movie-star faces. (Tamara Toumanova, for whom "Cotillon" was created, eventually went into the movies.) In the two film fragments that served the Joffrey for this revival—segments of performances filmed in the thirties—you see exotic energy in the pliant waists and backs; you see lovely heads turned with care, not just to shift a sightline but to expose a profile, a throat, to imply a fan against a shoulder or a breastline sparkling with diamonds. As for the arms—the white-gloved arms of "Cotillon" were emblematic; like the voices of sirens, they remained when every-

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thing else fell away, and echoed down the decades.

We see them in the very first scene. The curtain rises at the start of the quiet interlude in the "Menuet Pompeux," and there is the daughter of the house, the Young Girl, the Toumanova character, standing on her stool and gazing into her hand mirror. A Friend kneels at her side and fluffs her skirt with the long trailing decorative gestures that will recur constantly at the ball. A young man runs in and dips the Friend deeply backward in an embrace. The Girl catches sight of him in her mirror and reacts as if in shock—she pulls the mirror jerkily toward her. Now it is she whom the man powerfully embraces, but the Friend comes between them. The two women rush off together, and the man vaults into the wings.

The fanfares of the "Menuet Pompeux" are heard again, and the ballroom fills with women in gauzy sorbet-colored gowns cut like Romantic-ballet tutus. They greet men who wear hunting tailcoats with eighteenth-century black satin knee breeches. The Mistress of Ceremonies is an imposing blonde in a bright-yellow gown with black appliqués in the shape of musical notes. She carries a flail wand, possibly a more discreet version of the horsewhip seen in one of Bérard's sketches. As the guests are introducing one another and choosing partners, the men put several gilt chairs together, and the Mistress of Ceremonies reclines across them. Perhaps people really did this at country balls. Perhaps the man in the first scene wasn't really there.

To the music of "Tourbillon," the Master of Ceremonies enters late and in a rush. Exuberantly, he races about, bowing, kissing hands, keeling over backward, and, in between, executing larky little jumps. The role was made for the dervishlike Woizikowsky, and probably it had a streak of diabolism (as in Victor Castelli's gigue in "Mozartiana"), preparing one for the devil's-ball atmosphere in the finale.

Kochno's title for the next section is "The Pleasure Garden," but his program proposes only that "the Master and Mistress of Ceremonies demonstrate the figures of the first dance, which are repeated by all the guests." And that is literally what happens, at least in this revival. A purely formal ballroom-dance number, to "Mauresque," ends with the women sinking to the floor in a curtsy.

The air of inconsequentiality lingers on in the "Scherzo-Valse," encompassing the divertissement portion of the ballet. As the other guests watch from the loges, three sets of three dancers perform theme dances—Harlequin, Jockey, Spanish. It is all very jolly. In a recurrent figure, one girl places herself spoonlike against another; they grip a boy's hands opposite, and all three pull hard, two girls against one boy, scuffling their feet. Toumanova, danced by the Joffrey's Tina LeBlanc, is subtly set off from the rest in this section. First, she moves, the inner spoon, against her friend while both of them hold a guitar. Then, by herself, she holds the guitar over her head and jumps softly in place on both points. Along with props—guitars, tambourines—the dancers keep changing headgear. (The number is entitled "Dance of Hats.") This is the part of the ballet that we may suppose was most like "Le Bal," but then comes the famous part of "Cotillon"—the dance directly inspired by the "loathly lady" of "Le Bal."

"The Hand of Fate." The music that is unforgettably joined to this passage is "Idylle." A curtain is carried onstage by two men. White-gloved hands pop up behind it. A young man —not the Young Man of the first scene —approaches to choose a partner. He reaches for a hand, but before he can take one his is suddenly seized by a hand gloved in black. Fate stands revealed, a beautiful dark woman in black chiffon with a crescent-moon ornament in her hair. The pas de deux that follows is filled with serpentine figures and great wheeling ronds de jambe and pivots in which the woman is promenaded in arabesque penchée. The forerunner of the Coquette pas de deux in "La Sonnambula," it can also be glimpsed in the "Orpheus" pas de deux and in the climactic waltz of the prologue to "La Valse." It was a dance of seduction, one of Balanchine's most important. The Joffrey version is an almost complete misfire. No seduction takes place—the dancers (Beatriz Rodriguez and Glenn Edgerton) are too busy dancing too far apart. The magic, for which one has so far waited in vain, doesn't begin to gather until the music for "The Magic Lantern" begins—music like the striking of clocks. It is the third "Valse Romantique."

Fate may have left the stage, but we are under her spell. Now the men carry on two folding screens and place them upstage left and right. All the women participate in the waltz, and they tend to do so in large units with unison steps and gestures. They wave their white-gloved arms on high, they link arms and step together in a circle, they part ranks and walk like somnambulists, or glide in waltz time, or run. They are as close to us as the women of "Serenade" and as far away as the Wilis of "Giselle." Gautier once plotted the Wilis' destruction in ballroom dances. Here when the Mistress of Ceremonies runs to the front of the formation she is Myrtha. Giselle plucked petals to tell her fortune; here the Young Girl reads palms. Running down the line of women, she peers into many hands, a seeress whose own fate is implied in what she sees there. One palm horrifies her. She grasps its owner's wrist and looks for escape—there is none. The Young Man appears upstage, a glass of champagne in his hand. He is dazed, bemused, or sightless. The Girl, rushing toward him, slides to the floor, her arms lifted imploringly. She is too late. The men shut him up in one of the screens. The "Hand of Fate" duo suddenly reappears in a new and terrible aspect. She has spread her vampire batwings and appears ready to devour him. All this time, the unwearying round of the women's dance is going on and on. At last, the rite is completed. The women compose a double diagonal line leading to the other screen, and the Girl runs down it, pushing them aside two at a time as she goes right up to the screen and, to music like ice sliding down your neck, is shut away inside it.

"Grand Rond and End of Cotillion" brings the entire cast back in a romp, as if nothing had happened. And maybe nothing has: the screens are opened and packed up and taken away; nobody is inside. The "Danse Villageoise," allegro vivo all the way, may seem

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fatuous nonsense or it may seem feverish and driven—it flips sides while you watch. During it, the time frame of the ballet opens all the way back to the seventeenth century and its rustic dances. César Franck called this music "a bridge between our own epoch and that of Couperin and Rameau." Balanchine is explicit: the rustic dances imitated animals; his final image is a stampeding herd circling the heroine as she is whirling in the center of the stage.

Was "Cotillon" a secret-compartment ballet—one peek into the depths and then normalcy returns? Or was it a cabinet of covert horrors waiting for a key to unlock it? As in "La Valse," we are given several young people to watch for the story of the ballet until one—the heroine—turns the key. The essence of Balanchinian spectacle as we have known it is fluidity. Surfaces shift second by second, and we don't know the ultimate truth of things until the final second that brings down the curtain. Even then, we don't know it for sure. "Cotillon" may have been the first time Balanchine achieved this steady unpredictable progression with an ensemble instead of with just two, three, or four dancers. And, to judge from contemporary opinion (the revival doesn't show this), he kept it going from end to end of the ballet. The critic B. H. Haggin was watching those last rehearsals, in 1940. Today, we take Balanchine continuity so much for granted that we may think it makes itself, but, as Haggin testifies (in his memoir "Discovering Balanchine"), it was the continuity that broke down after eight years in repertory and that Balanchine and the dancers had to "search their memories" for and "piece together." And Haggin also recalls that Balanchine had such dancers to work with as "the enchanting Riabouchinska who, as the Mistress of Ceremonies, had spread a personal radiance over the entire stage," as in the moment of "the men bending over the gilt chairs they had placed together for [her] to recline on languorously, as on a luxurious sofa, and receive their homage." Leslie Carothers, with her high-bridged nose and her rolled blond hair, makes a very pretty Riabouchinska in the revival, but the moment of the "sofa" speeds by without our noticing anything other than a slightly untoward incident. In "Cotillon," as in "La Valse" and "La Sonnambula," Balanchine evokes a pretty world and undermines it at the same time. The "Cotillon" we see on the Joffrey stage is quaint rather than pretty. Everything about it—the mansion ballroom, with its loges and screens and its rituals involving masquerade and the occult, the somehow too innocent choreography, and, most disappointing, the costumes—hints at an underlying meaning we've lost sight of. How could this charming little party ballet have been the event that startled a generation? Cecil Beaton, another warm admirer of the ballet, took photographs that show stricken cavaliers tending gowned women who point at the sky; he gave us heightened images of the ballet rather than single moments. But he conveyed its high-fashion Surrealism better than any performance could convey it now. It's not that the Joffrey is surfacy; it's that it's not surfacy enough. The veneer of fashion is eroded; nothing comes between the cracks but a puff of stale face powder. The fashion sensibility of the thirties, could we but call it back through the flak of the Calvin Klein ads, would probably look and feel inadmissibly tacky, but it was what Balanchine was playing up to and playing against.

What one can say for the "Cotillon" reconstruction is that it holds the stage. The steps are recognizably Balanchine's, and they are on the music. In the Joffrey version of the Nijinsky version of "Le Sacre du Printemps," only the Roerich costumes and scenery are convincing. The team responsible for the exhumation of "Le Sacre," Millicent Hodson (steps) and Kenneth Archer (décor), had reverse luck with "Cotillon." Hodson was able to consult such key observers as Kochno, Vittorio Rieti, who made the original orchestrations (and was the composer of "Le Bal"), and the conductor Antal Dorati. Some eighteen surviving cast members, including Toumanova and Riabouchinska, passed on what they remembered of the choreography. But poor Bérard! His subtleties have vanished along with the world of fashion he knew so well.

"Concierto de Mozart" has affinities with "Symphonie Concertante," but it resembles Balanchine's other Mozart ballets rather less than it does his other big-corps, big-opera-house ballets, particularly two that he originally made with stages or com-

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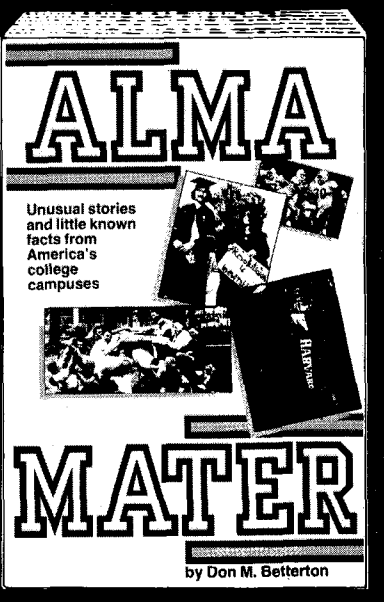

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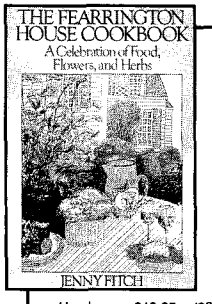

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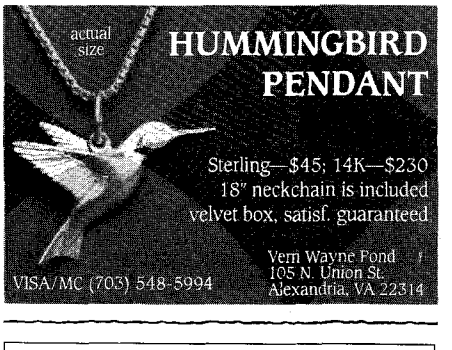

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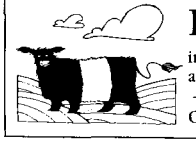

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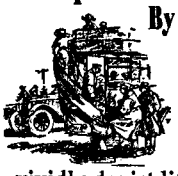
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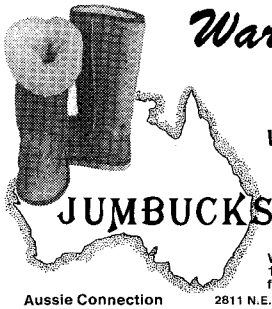
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panies other than his own in mind—"Ballet Imperial" and "Gounod Symphony." How touching it is to see, through "Ballet Imperial," the Balanchine of 1941 projecting his little American Ballet Caravan onto the vast stage of the Colón—the company was assembled and the ballet created for a South American tour—and then to see in "Concierto de Mozart" bits of "Ballet Imperial" transplanted to that same stage. The year after the tour, Balanchine came back to Buenos Aires to be guest choreographer at the Colón for five months. He staged his "Apollo," with décor by Pavel Tchelitchew. Probably, he would have liked to stage "Ballet Imperial" as well—American Ballet Caravan had folded, and the ballet was without a home—but the Colón appears to have lacked a strong enough corps de ballet. To judge from "Mozart Violin Concerto" (as Tulsa calls its revival), it was the kind of company in which nobody can pirouette but the ballerina. But it was big.

"Concierto de Mozart" was to fill out a bill devoted mainly to "Mârouf," Henry Rabaud's "lyric comedy." Evidently, Balanchine chose the Violin Concerto No. 5 in A (K. 219) because its rousing "Turkish" dance in the final movement provided him with a rhyme for the harem ballet that he had contributed to the second act of "Mârouf." Tchelitchew designed a set combining various ideas which he described as "a fourth-dimensional ballroom," "a basilica of the fourth century (Byzantian)," and "a Crystal Palace." The choreographer was reportedly delighted.

He had to make up in numbers what the company lacked in strength. In the first movement, after a brief solo statement by the ballerina, he brings on group after group—two trios, a quartet, then another trio. He brings back the ballerina, with her cavalier and an honor guard of six men. The rest of the movement is Balanchine shuffling dancers, keeping them coming and going. At one point, he makes a joke. In the middle of one of the ballerina's cadenzas, everybody suddenly leaves, and it's a while before she becomes aware that she's alone. But it's all right: she's a grand-duchess "Ballet Imperial" type of ballerina, and she goes right on dancing. At least, I *think* it's a joke; Kimberly Smiley's actions were too vague for me to be sure. And I *think* it's Balanchine. There are times in this ballet when he doesn't seem to be there at all. The pas de deux in the second movement has uncharacteristically long, uninteresting unison passages, and there's a lack of integration throughout, as if the choreographer had had to work separately with the principals and the corps. The brightest part of the ballet is the third movement, which begins with an elegant minuet for corps couples, then for women in cross and wedge formations. As the women kneel, a man appears, bringing candelabras and turning a long sequence of pirouettes in passé. (I wonder who it was originally. He literally danced rings around the women.) Then more dancers enter, with tambourines and long angel trumpets—to go with Tchelitchew's basilica—and burst into their Turkish episode. The third-movement ballerina (in Brooklyn, Lisa Slagle) performs some virtuoso toework. The music doesn't end; it evaporates. As the company files off, the ballerina poses, surrounded by lit candelabras in the dark.

The ballet remained in the Colón repertory until 1968, without Balanchine's ever seeing it again. The Tulsa revival was staged by Esmeralda Agoglia, a member of the original corps, who later danced the principal role in each movement. Though the scenery, a graceful set of arches by Jay Depenbrock, does not reproduce Tchelitchew, the movements of the "Concerto" bear titles—"Sunrise," "Sunset," "Twilight Night"—that Balanchine did not give them and that may derive from Tchelitchew's lighting. The corps's entrance in single file at the start of "Sunset," styled after the Entrance of the Shades in "La Bayadère," is something to see, coming from Balanchine, but the sequence of steps struck me as incorrectly phrased in relation to the music. In general, though, the corps was less inclined to go musically astray than the principals. The "Concerto" is marginal Balanchine, a pièce d'occasion that tells us more about its place of origin than about its creator. It was a shame to watch Tulsa Ballet Theatre having to cram it all onto the inadequate stage of Whitman Hall at Brooklyn College. At home, the company performs the ballet in Chapman Hall, which has a stage wider than the Met's.

—Arlene Croce

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Children's Books for Christmas

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN: His stories are often referred to as "beloved by children." I wonder about that. They fascinated me, and I wanted them read to me many times, but I don't think I loved them. They described a dangerous world, in which children, unprotected and alone, had to struggle to stay alive—a world that was filled with magic and strange powers, and where there were no limits to what was possible. Sorrow and joy succeeded each other swiftly. Good was pitted against bad while God watched and sometimes intervened. Animals and inanimate objects spoke their minds. I found the stories vivid and unsettling. In due course, I discovered that magic isn't really true, and that the world is a more sober and more stable place than fairy stories would lead one to believe. I put the stories on the shelf and moved on.

Andersen is, of course, one of the founding fathers of modern literature for children. The children's book as we know it has been in existence for only about a hundred and fifty years. Almost everything written for children before that was religious and moralistic, and is no longer read. In the mid-nineteenth century, the fairy stories of Andersen and the folktales of the Grimms, Jacob and Wilhelm, suddenly became popular, and both are still current; there is no counting the millions of minds they have touched. Andersen and the Grimms were contemporaries, but he and they worked in very different veins. The Grimms were scholars, interested in recovering, through folklore, Germany's cultural heritage. Andersen was a novelist and playwright, seeking to make a living and find a place in literature. None of them began their work with children in mind.

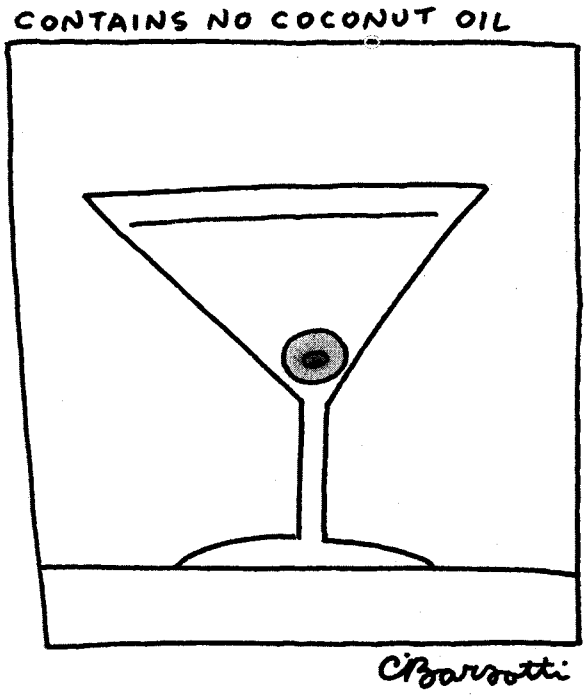
A statue in Central Park shows Andersen as a benevolent old man, a book on his knee, a duckling at his feet (to remind us of his poignant self-portrait), and that is how I thought of him until recently, when I came across his autobiography, "The Story of My Life." I can never resist a chance to look behind the scenes and see what went into the creation of the books of my childhood, so I sat down with his book. Because children's writers often find their stories in their own early memories, it was in Andersen's childhood that I looked for clues.

Andersen was born in Odense, a small town in Denmark, in 1805, the only child of poor, working-class parents, who loved him and sheltered him as best they could from the harsh, capricious world outside their door. His mother was illiterate, but his father, a shoemaker, had once aspired to education and could read. When Andersen was very young, his father introduced him to the world of the imagination: he made him puppet theatres and other fascinating toys; he read aloud from books he himself liked—"The Arabian Nights" and the works of Holberg, a popular Danish playwright. Hans Christian fell in love with fantasy and he remained in love with it for the rest of his life.

In Andersen's childhood, Odense was a hundred years behind the times. Its houses were very old—made of stone and heavy timbers, and ornamented with fanciful carvings. Its streets were thronged with Bruegelesque characters wearing costumes that had disappeared from more cosmopolitan places. Ancient customs were still observed. As a small child, Andersen watched the pageantry of guildsmen parading with banners and led by a Harlequin wearing bells. In Lent, the butchers led an ox adorned with flowers through the streets; on its back rode a boy in a white shirt wearing wings. Fishermen and sailors staged a wrestling match on a gangplank stretched over icy water. "All these scenes compose my earliest and most vivid memories," Andersen wrote. "It seems as though I had lived in a much more distant time."

Ideas from the Middle Ages survived, too. On Easter morning, Hans Christian and his mother were in the crowd of "simple people" waiting for dawn, when, they believed, the sun would dance for joy at Christ's resurrection. In 1811, a great comet dazzled Europe. Hans Christian was nearly six. Holding his mother's hand, he stood in St. Knud's churchyard and watched "the frightful and mighty fire-ball with its large, shining tail" while the awestruck spectators "talked about the signs of evil and the day of Doom." In the evening, the little boy listened as his mother and grandmother talked together. "I sat in her lap . . . and expected every moment that the comet would rush down."

Andersen describes himself as growing up steeped in superstition and religious awe. The Devil was a real presence. God was also close at hand; often He was the only defense against the dangers and brutalities that beset the poor. One of Andersen's early memories is of going with his mother to join the peasants gleaning in outlying fields. Suddenly, a bailiff, "of a rude and savage disposition," bore down upon them. "We saw him coming with a huge whip in his hand, and my mother and all the others ran away. I had wooden shoes on my bare feet, and in my haste I lost these, and then the thorns pricked me so that I could not run, and thus I was left behind and alone. The man came up



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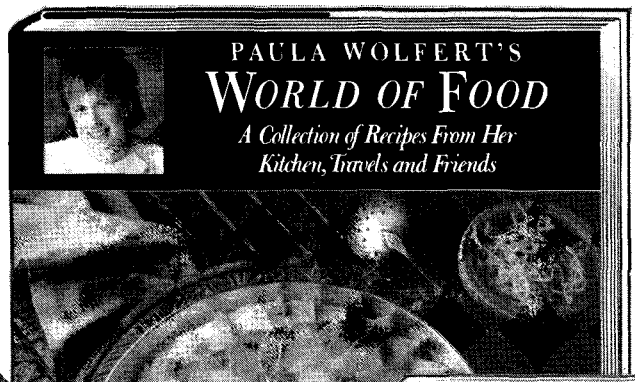

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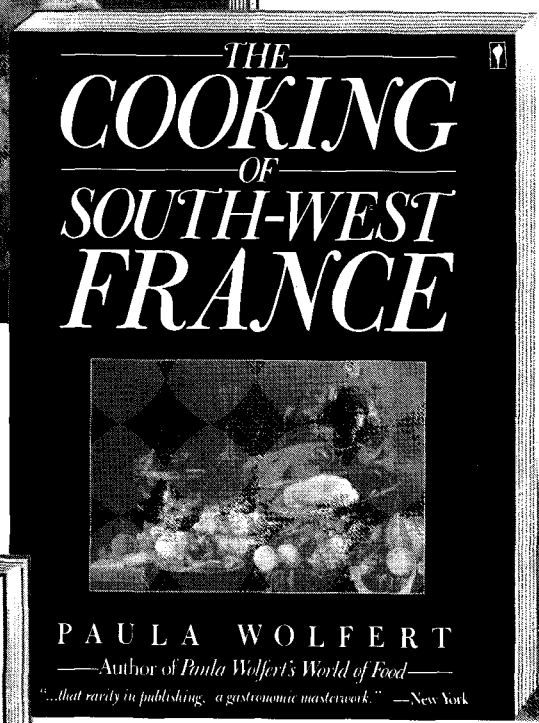

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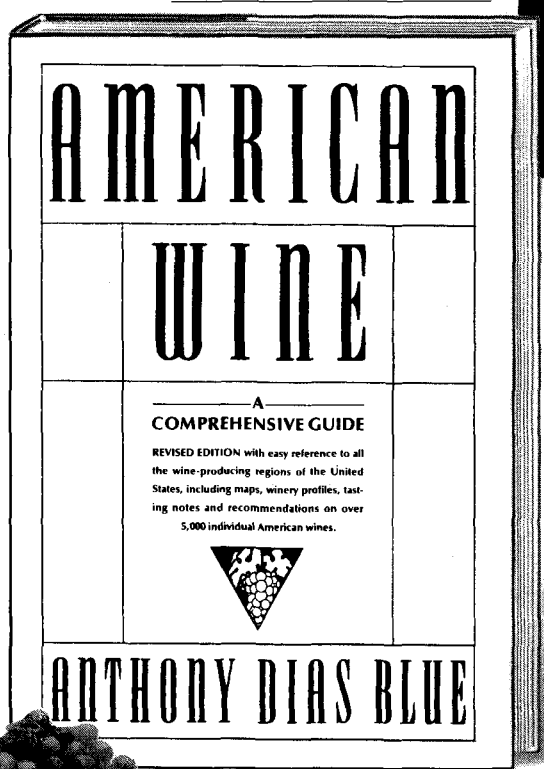

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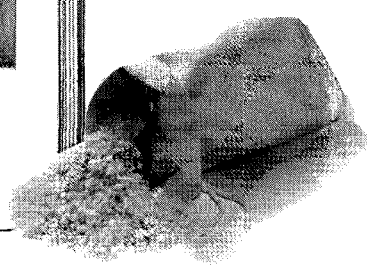

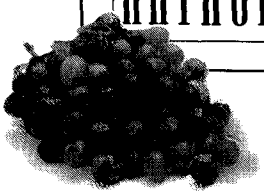

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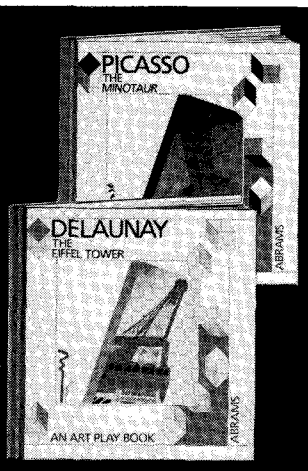

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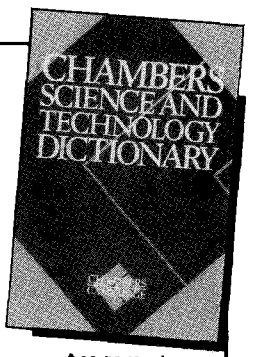

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and lifted his whip to strike me, when I looked him in the face and involuntarily exclaimed, 'How dare you strike me when God can see it?' " Disarmed, the man dropped his whip and gave the boy a coin. "He is a strange child, my Hans Christian," his mother said.

Andersen's mother was deeply superstitious. His more educated father was inclined to be skeptical. The boy was aware of their conflicting ideas, and they frightened him. One day, his father closed the Bible and said, "Christ was a man like us, but an extraordinary man!" "These words horrified my mother and she burst into tears. In my distress I prayed to God that He would forgive this fearful blasphemy." One morning, his father awoke and found scratches on his arm. Hans Christian's mother declared them to be a sign that the Devil had visited him in the night. His father scoffed; the child believed his mother.

The family was hard pressed by poverty, but Andersen, in his memoir, does not complain of having been cold or hungry or ragged. Instead, he remembers his parents' love and the coziness of the little house they lived in. It consisted of a single room, which contained his father's workbench, his parents' bed, a folding bed for the child, and a kitchen corner full of shining plates and pans. A ladder led to the roof, where his mother grew vegetables in "a chest of soil." Her garden, he tells us, bloomed again in "The Snow Queen." He remembers that he was extremely spoiled. "My father gratified me in all my wishes. I possessed his whole heart; he lived for me." His mother indulged him, too, but often told him he was better off than she herself had been as a child. She told him how, when she was very small, "she . . . had been driven out by her parents to beg, and once when she was not able to do it, she had sat for a whole day under a bridge and wept." The pain of her childhood is commemorated in his bitter story "The Little Match Girl," over which I remember weeping.

For the poor, life was infinitely precarious. Happiness or despair could hang on a slight turn of fortune—a pair of slippers, for instance. Andersen's father applied for a position as shoemaker at a manor house in a nearby village. The position would provide everything their hearts desired —a free house, a garden, pasture for a cow, the joy of living in the country. But first his father must make a pair of dancing slippers on trial. "All our talk . . . turned upon these shoes; I longed so much for the little garden where we could have flowers and shrubs . . . I prayed very fervently to God . . . The shoes were at last finished; we looked on them with a solemn feeling, for they were to decide our future." The shoes were rejected. The haughty lady did not even deign to try them on. Years later, Andersen revenged himself on that lady, in his story of the red shoes that destroy a vain girl.

As far back as he could remember, Andersen felt alien and apart from other children. One reason may have been that his grandfather was insane and was a source of shame. The old man seldom spoke, and spent his days carving strange figures—men with beasts' heads, or beasts with wings—and Hans Christian was much afraid of him. "One day . . . I heard the boys in the street shouting after him; I hid myself behind a flight of steps in terror, for I knew that I was of his flesh and blood."

His grandmother, on the other hand, was a benign figure: "She loved me with her whole soul. I knew it, and I understood it." The old woman worked in the garden at a nearby insane asylum, and sometimes she took Hans Christian there. He enjoyed playing amid the flowers and eating a heartier meal than he got at home. Once, however, the asylum was the scene of a moment of sheer terror. The little boy wandered down a long passage to the cells where "dangerous lunatics" were confined. Curiosity drew him irresistibly, and he lay down on the floor and peeped through the crack under a door. "I saw within a lady almost naked, lying on her straw bed; her hair hung down over her shoulders and she sang with a very beautiful voice. All at once she sprang up and threw herself against the door where I lay; the little valve through which she received her food burst open; she stared down upon me, and stretched out her long arm toward me. I screamed for terror—I felt the tips of her fingers touching my clothes . . . That sight and that

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feeling remained within my soul."

At the asylum, there was a room where poor old women spent their days spinning, and Hans Christian loved to go there. They made him a favorite, and he discovered that he had a gift for entertaining them with his talk: "When with these people I found myself possessed of an eloquence that filled them with astonishment." In return, they told him tales, "and thus a world as rich as that of the Thousand and One Nights was revealed to me." Later, though, the memory of the stories, and of the insane people he had seen, frightened him so much that he was afraid to leave the house after dark. His parents allowed him to take refuge in their curtained bed, where he lay "in a waking dream, as if the actual world did not concern me."

When Hans Christian was about eight, his father joined Napoleon's Army. "On the morning the corps was to march I heard my father singing and talking merrily, but his heart was deeply agitated; I observed that by the passionate manner in which he kissed me when he took his leave. I lay sick of the measles and alone in the room, when the drums beat, and my mother accompanied my father, weeping, to the city gate. . . . That was the first day of real sorrow that I remember."

His father returned quite soon, but his health was impaired, and when Hans Christian was eleven his father fell gravely ill. His mother sent the boy to get help from a wise-woman. She "made extraordinary signs" and sent him home with the warning that if he met a ghost on the way it would mean that his father's death was imminent. "My anxiety and distress may be imagined," Andersen writes. He met no ghost, but three days later his father died. "His corpse lay on the bed; I therefore slept with my mother. A cricket chirped the whole night through. 'He is dead,' said my mother, addressing it. 'Thou needest not call him. The Ice Maiden has fetched him.' " The winter before, his father had pointed to ice crystals on the windowpane which made a shape like that of a maiden with outstretched arms. "She is come to fetch me," his father had said in jest. "And now, when he lay dead on the bed, my mother remembered this, and it occupied my thoughts also."

After his father's death, his mother went to work, washing clothes, and the boy was left to himself. "I sat alone at home with my little theatre, made dolls' clothes, and read plays." An educated lady, the widow of a clergyman, lived in the neighborhood, and somehow Hans Christian made her acquaintance. In her house, he heard the word "poet" spoken with reverence, and it made a profound impression. He was introduced to Shakespeare—"the heroic incidents, witches and ghosts were exactly to my taste"—and began to write dramas in a similar vein, full of kings and queens who spoke in a special royal language, which he invented. In those days, theatre was a tremendously popular entertainment. Hans Christian could not often go; instead, he got playbills from the man who distributed them. "With this I seated myself in a corner and imagined an entire play." No wonder his stories are filled with dialogue that unrolls as easily as silk from a spool.

Among his peers Hans Christian remained an ugly duckling. He was big for his age. His hair was "long, bright, and almost yellow." His eyes were "like green peas," he once said, and he was homely and ungraceful. He had no friends his own age. In school, he did not apply himself but spent much of his time "dreaming and gazing at the variegated wall." He told his schoolmates "curious stories in which I was always the chief person," and they teased him for it. So did "the street lads." "One day I was pursued by a wild crowd of them, who shouted after me derisively, 'There runs the playwriter!' I hid myself at home in a corner, wept and prayed to God."

As children who are scorned often do, Hans Christian solaced himself with fantasies of future greatness, and seized every chance to show off his talents. He sought not friends but an audience. He read his poems and plays aloud to the neighbors. Proud of possessing a beautiful soprano voice, he stood on a stone in the river and sang "with all my might the songs I knew, and sometimes there was neither meaning nor melody in them, but still I sang

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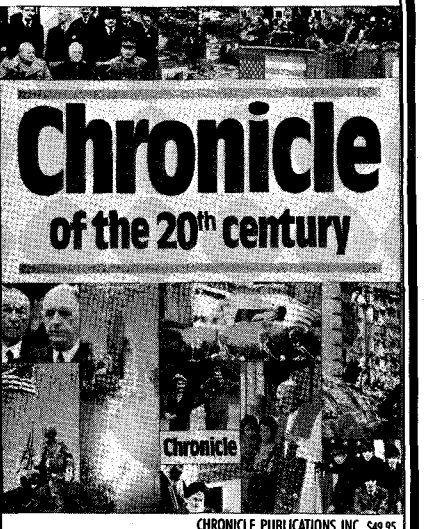

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my own self-made tunes." People stopped to listen, and there were predictions that his voice would bring him luck in the world. "I often meditated how this luck should come, and as the wonderful has always been truth for me, so I expected the most marvelous things to happen."

His mother began to talk about his learning a trade, and since he loved to make costumes for his puppets she proposed to apprentice him to a tailor. Hans Christian flatly refused. He could envision himself only in the theatre. He begged her leave to go to Copenhagen. "What wilt thou do there?" she asked. "I will be famous," he replied, and he set off to seek his fortune. He was fourteen. Sixteen years later, after struggles that would have destroyed a lesser ego, he found his highest destiny in his fairy tales. He had failed to get a foothold in the theatre but had carved out a modest niche for himself as a writer. He had published poems, plays, and novels but still found it difficult to earn a living. In 1835, he published a book of short stories, of which one was original and three were remembered from childhood. He considered them "trifles" and chose to tell them in the everyday language in which "they still sounded in my ears." He foresaw that this departure from the flowery rhetoric of the day would draw censure from the critics. To quiet them, he called the book "Wonder Stories Told for Children," though he hoped that it would be read by adults, too. The book did well, and he was encouraged to write others like it. His third book of tales contained an original story, "The Little Mermaid," that was a solid hit with all ages. Andersen had at last found an audience that loved him wholeheartedly, and a literary form suited to his particular genius, into which he could pour his whole heart.

Seven years after publishing the first wonder story, he wrote "The Ugly Duckling," celebrating his own transformation. He went on writing not only fairy tales but novels and plays for the next thirty-three years. It was the fairy stories, however, that brought him the honor and affection he so ardently desired. Though he often expressed his longing for a wife, he never married. His love life, it seems, was all fantasy, too: he fell in love several times, always with someone not quite attainable. His biographers agree that he was not homosexual. Because he regarded sex outside marriage as sinful, he remained celibate all his life. Perhaps this state of idealized passion, forever arrested on the brink of realization, subtly contributed to the tension and excitement in his stories.

Now I understand the stories better. They are poetic fantasies derived from Andersen's own experience, and the world in which they took place—one that could tilt from grief to joy and back at the touch of God's little finger—once existed in the minds of the old women in the spinning room at the asylum. I see Andersen as a conduit between us, in the twentieth century, and the thoughts and feelings of people who lived hundreds of years ago. The dreams and fears as well as the realities of life in the Middle Ages survived in the beliefs of his mother and grandmother. Andersen's father, who had moved into a new age, gave his son the literacy that enabled him to preserve these ideas in the amber of the written word. There is a certain symmetry in giving children literature derived from

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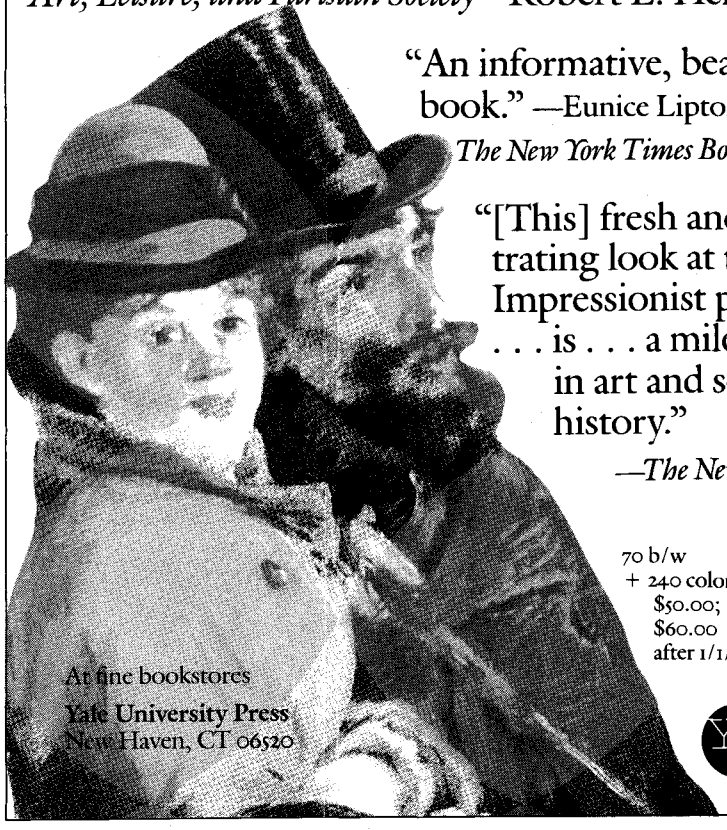

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the childhood of their culture, but what they make of it I have no idea. I am not sure what I made of it at an early age, but I am sure that in some way this literature is stored in the collection of concepts which constitutes my mind.

Andersen, of course, did more than retell old wives' tales and incidents of his boyhood. If that had been all, we wouldn't still be reading him. Thanks to his literary genius, he was able to transmute such realities as sorrow, fear, and loss into wish-fulfilling fantasies of triumph. In "The Snow Queen," Death, the cruel Ice Maiden who took his father, is cheated of her prey. In "The Little Match Girl" he sets right the wrong done to his mother; the pitiful child doesn't die in the cold but ascends to the warmth of Heaven in a burst of glory. In almost every Andersen story it is the same: flowers grow from the dunghill; victory arises from defeat. As for Andersen himself, I no longer picture him as a benign old storyteller. This image has been replaced by that of a little boy, his head full of wonder and terror, gripping his mother's hand as he waits to see if the great comet will annihilate the earth.

ONCE again, I've sampled the children's books published this year, and, with the usual regret that I have to omit so many good ones, I offer a list of those I especially like. Suggesting the age level for which they are suitable reading is an inexact business, but I have arranged the list chronologically, beginning with books for the youngest.

WORMS WIGGLE, by David Pelham and Michael Foreman (Simon & Schuster; $8.95). A pop-up book for babies that is guaranteed to be a smash hit until it's worn out. Every page has something that wiggles or creeps or leaps. The survival of these creatures depends, of course, on close supervision.

FIRST THINGS FIRST: A BABY'S COMPANION, by Charlotte Voake (Joy Street/Little, Brown; $12.95). A grab bag of pretty odds and ends: numbers, rhymes, beguiling animals, including bugs and birds, presented with rare freshness and humor. Elegant entertainment for a short attention span.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD, by John S. Goodall (McElderry; $14.95). Another marvel of wordless storytelling from the master of the genre, who is also renowned as a serious art-

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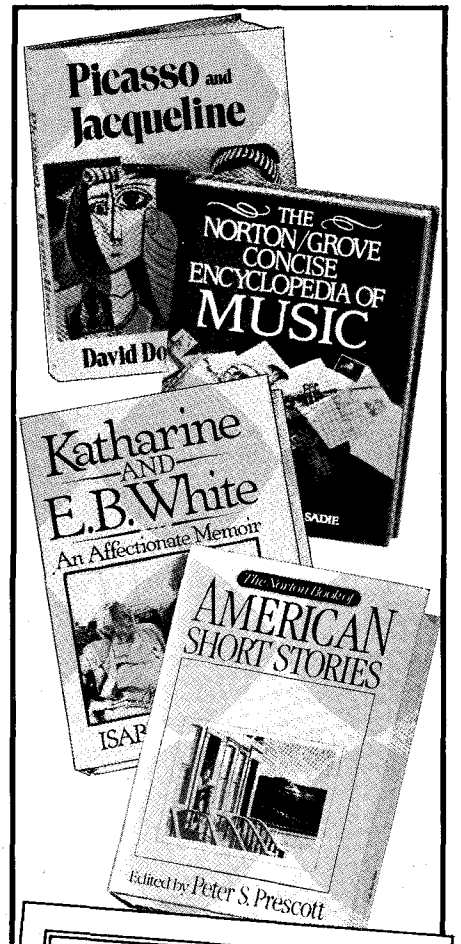

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ist. In this enchanting version, Little Red Riding Hood is a mouse. Demure and vulnerable, she is the sweetest morsel a wolf could dream of. The drama is played out with a richness of character and detail that really does make it work for a reader of any age.

DEAR MILI, by Wilhelm Grimm, illustrated by Maurice Sendak (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $16.95). In 1983, a previously unknown story by Grimm was discovered in a letter written to a child named Mili, who had lost her mother. It is a religious fantasy, full of mysterious symbols, and is meant to be consoling but hardly seems so in a less pious age. Young readers are more likely to find it baffling and scary. It has, however, been given a magnificent production. Sendak's beautiful, brooding illustrations are full of power and glory.

JOHN PATRICK NORMAN MCHENNESSY—THE BOY WHO WAS ALWAYS LATE, by John Burningham (Crown; $12.95). John Patrick is a reluctant scholar, and every day something beyond his control, like a crocodile leaping out of a sewer, or a tidal wave, delays him on the road to school. His excuses cause near apoplexy in the schoolmaster until the fine day when the tables turn in a smashingly satisfying manner. Mr. Burningham tells this funny fable in big, splashy, colorful pictures.

PETER AND THE NORTH WIND, by Freya Littledale, illustrated by Troy Howell (Scholastic; $12.95). This is the old Norse tale of the lad who boldly confronts the North Wind. Freya Littledale's narrative is simple and strong, as are Troy Howell's attractive illustrations. They give Peter's adventures just the right mixture of the magical and the real.

THE FIRST DOG, by Jan Brett (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $13.95). As Kip, a cave boy, trudges home across an Ice Age landscape that he shares with aurochs, cave bears, and mammoths, a paleowolf follows him, drawn by the good smell of grilled rhino ribs in Kip's bag, and soon a partnership is formed. A nice bit of imagining, and no one can say it didn't happen.

WHERE THE FOREST MEETS THE SEA, by Jeannie Baker (Greenwillow; $11.95). Using collage illustrations that give a remarkable illusion of depth to scenes of seashore and forest, and only a few words, the artist takes her

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young hero into the interior of an ancient Australian rain forest. Shadowy images representing the spirits of animals and aborigines now gone can be dimly seen. The trip ends with a troubling question: Must the forest itself go, giving way to modern man's needs and pleasures? The question may be premature for some young readers, but the book is a fascinating one for any age.

SIR DANA: A KNIGHT, AS TOLD BY HIS TRUSTY ARMOR, by Dana Fradon (Dutton; $13.95). Viewing a suit of armor in a museum, the children wonder about the knight who wore it. Was he scared? Was it hot in there? The cartoonist Dana Fradon answers these questions and more in a lighthearted but factual account of the life of a fourteenth-century knight—an amusing twist on an ever-trusty subject.

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE: HIS DARING DEEDS, by Roy Gerrard (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $12.95). Once again, Mr. Gerrard gives his own peculiar turn to history in narrative verses that gallop amiably along. Drake's adventures include a variety of shipwrecks and battles, which the author makes seem quite jolly, but it is the illustrations, in his strange, extraordinarily intricate style, that are the main show.

TYRANNOSAURUS WAS A BEAST: DINOSAUR POEMS, by Jack Prelutsky, illustrated by Arnold Lobel (Greenwillow; $11.95). Fourteen kinds of dinosaur are described in witty verses and engaging portraits. Both writer and artist are in top form, working with vigor, fun, and grace. This ranks high in the vast and ever-growing mythology of extinct creatures.

FROM ME TO YOU, by Paul Rogers, illustrated by Jane Johnson (Orchard; $12.95). As a grandmother tells the story of her life to a little girl, the connecting thread is a piece of lace that trimmed Grandmother's christening dress eighty years ago and has been handed down. A gentle and genuine portrayal of youth, growing up, age, and what links us to our families' past.

SING A SONG OF POPCORN: EVERY CHILD'S BOOK OF POEMS, illustrated by Marcia Brown, Leo and Diane Dillon, Richard Egielski, Trina Schart Hyman, Arnold Lobel, Maurice Sendak, Marc Simont, and Margot Zemach (Scholastic; $16.95). A truly wonderful collection of a hundred and twenty-eight poems by topnotch poets

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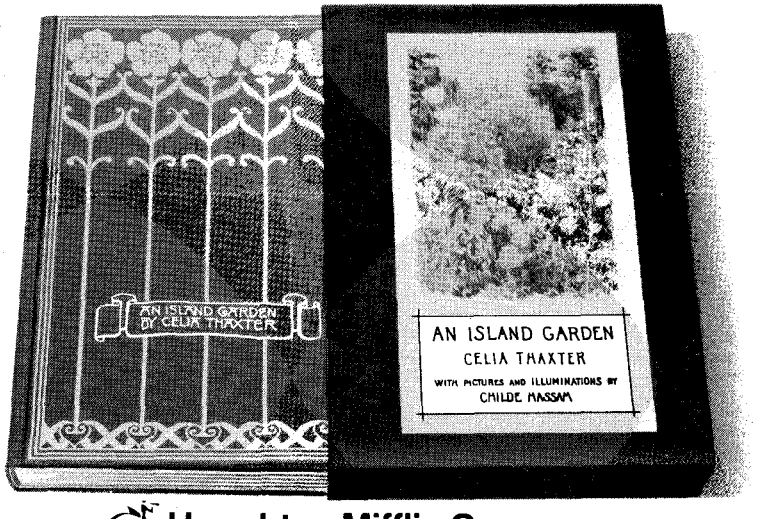

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THE STORY OF DOCTOR DOLITTLE, by Hugh Lofting (Delacorte; $13.95). It is a pleasure to welcome back the good Doctor and his animal friends. Lofting's wonderful books have been out of print because in one or two episodes they caricatured blacks. What must have seemed harmless in 1920, when the first book was published, became clearly unacceptable in the nineteen-seventies. Tactful editing has solved the problem. What looks better than ever is Lofting's real message of kindness and respect for all creatures. There are ten additional titles in the series.

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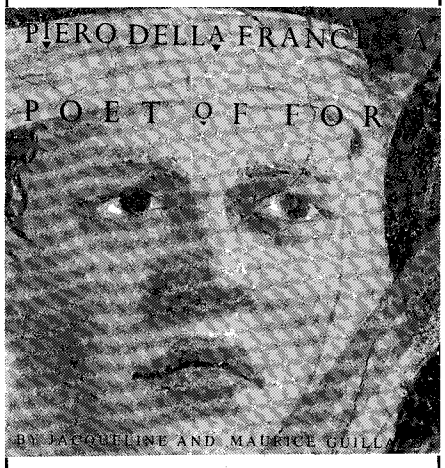

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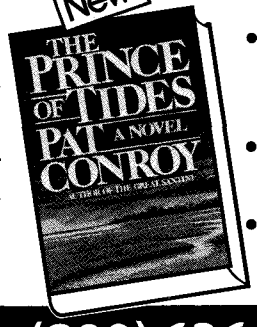

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TALES, selected, translated, and adapted by Barbara Cohen, illustrated by Trina Schart Hyman (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard; $17.95). Of these two books, the adaptation by Selina Hastings is the simpler and the better choice for younger readers. It offers seven tales, pared down to the essentials. They are vivid and fun to read, and Reg Cartwright's illustrations are stylized and handsome. Barbara Cohen's version of the "Tales" consists of only four stories, but they retain considerably more of the detail and digression of the originals. Trina Schart Hyman's brilliant portraits are full of character and medieval spirit.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PLACE IN THE WORLD, by Ann Cameron, illustrated by Thomas B. Allen (Knopf; $10.95). Juan's story is about the self-reliance and courage that even a seven-year-old can summon up if need be. When his parents abandon him, he lives precariously with his grandmother, earning his own way and dreaming of the education that could free both of them from poverty. Juan lives in the mountains of Guatemala, but the setting could be among the poor anywhere. Genuine and touching, the book has much to tell readers who are acquainted only with a land of plenty.

MATILDA, by Roald Dahl, illustrated by Quentin Blake (Viking Kestrel; $13.95). By dint of the wildest exaggeration, Dahl brings off a novel about a very small girl with a colossal I.Q., her horrible parents, and an indescribably horrible headmistress, who torments the poor child but is utterly crushed in the end. Much of Dahl's humor is of the exploding-cigar variety; nevertheless, this is a tour de force that kids will undoubtedly love.

THE FAIRY REBEL, by Lynne Reid Banks, illustrated by William Geldart (Doubleday; $12.95). A lighthearted fantasy about a childless couple who enlist the help of a fairy to get them a baby—a dangerous entanglement that brings down the wrath of the Fairy Queen. Even readers who have outgrown ordinary fairy tales will be carried along by the charm and fun of this beguiling novel.

A GIRL FROM YAMHILL: A MEMOIR, by Beverly Cleary (Morrow; $14.95). Beverly Cleary is well known for her funny, convincing stories about average kids, such as Henry Huggins and Ramona Quimby. Now she recalls her own childhood, in Oregon in the

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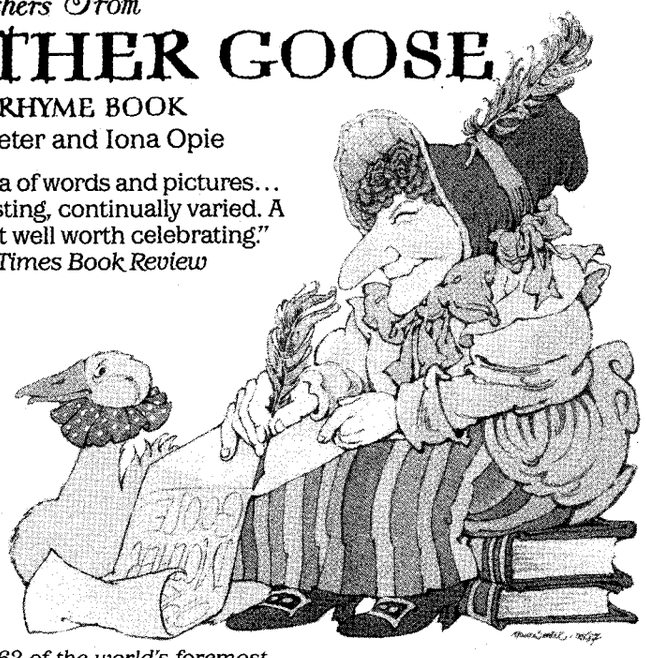

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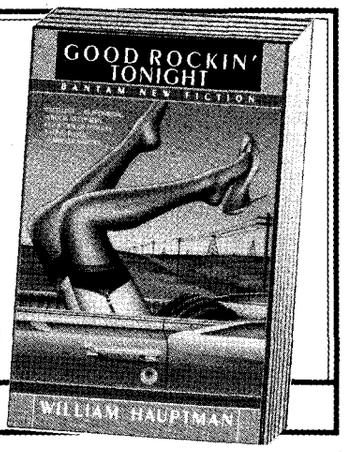

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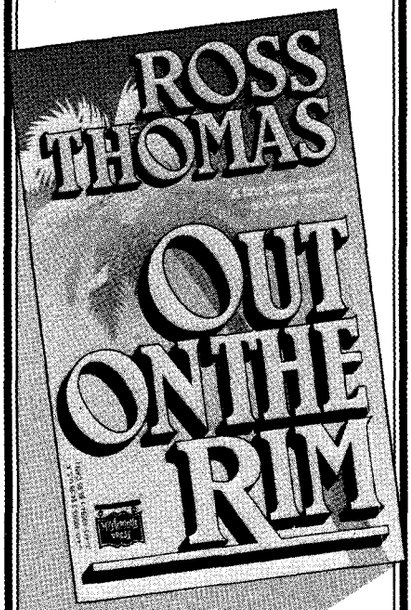

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LILI: A GIANT PANDA OF SICHUAN, by Robert M. McClung, illustrated by Irene Brady (Morrow; $11.95). This account of the life of a giant panda and her cub in the highlands of China's Sichuan Province gives the reader a sense of the reality of these intriguing animals, in contrast to the stuffed-toy image we get from TV. Mr. McClung's writing is quiet and honest, and Irene Brady's black-and-white illustrations are lovely.

KENNETH LILLY'S ANIMALS, with text by Joyce Pope (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard; $16.95). Kenneth Lilly, a talented British artist specializing in animals, has grouped portraits of more than sixty species according to the animals' habitats. This arrangement shows how animals adapt in different ways to the demands of forests, seas, grasslands, and so on. The paintings are realistic and beautiful. Joyce Pope's text gives the essential information about each species.

GALAXIES, by Seymour Simon (Morrow; $12.95). Having dealt with the solar system in previous books, Mr. Simon introduces readers to the Milky Way—our galaxy—and goes on to offer an inkling of the relationship between this tiny neighborhood in space and the immensities beyond. His brief, clearly written text gives meaning to fascinating photographs that show the darkness of the universe sprinkled with the bright dust of stars.

ROUND BUILDINGS, SQUARE BUILDINGS & BUILDINGS THAT WIGGLE LIKE A FISH, by Philip M. Isaacson, with photographs by the author (Knopf; $14.95). The puzzling title doesn't do justice to a wonderful book, but the book *is* difficult to describe. Basically, it is a collection of photographs that show us the elements of architectural design, matched with a text discussing why the various shapes work as they do. The photographs are marvellous and the text clear and interesting. This is for a reader old enough to respond to the beauty of abstract forms.

EXPLORING THE TITANIC, by Robert D. Ballard, illustrated by Ken Marschall (Scholastic/Madison; $14.95). When the Titanic sank, in 1912, fifteen hundred people died, but enough survived to describe the ship's final moments. Now there is a postscript. Three years ago, a diving expedition located the ship's hull on the seafloor and brought back eerie photographs of her remains. Both the sinking and the exploration are vividly described here, and they make exciting reading, but the tragic story is too real and grim to be suitable for the very young.

THE WAY THINGS WORK, by David Macaulay (Houghton Mifflin; $24.95). An extraordinary compendium of mechanical knowledge, which explains everything from the zipper to the building of the Pyramids. Mr. Macaulay deals with basic principles, to show how the concept behind one mechanism—the lever, for instance—can be used to make things as different as, say, a bathroom scale and a grand piano. He approaches the subject with great good humor, lots of amusing sketches, and sublime confidence in the reader's intelligence. A wonderful book for anyone, of any age, who really wants to know. —FAITH MCNULTY

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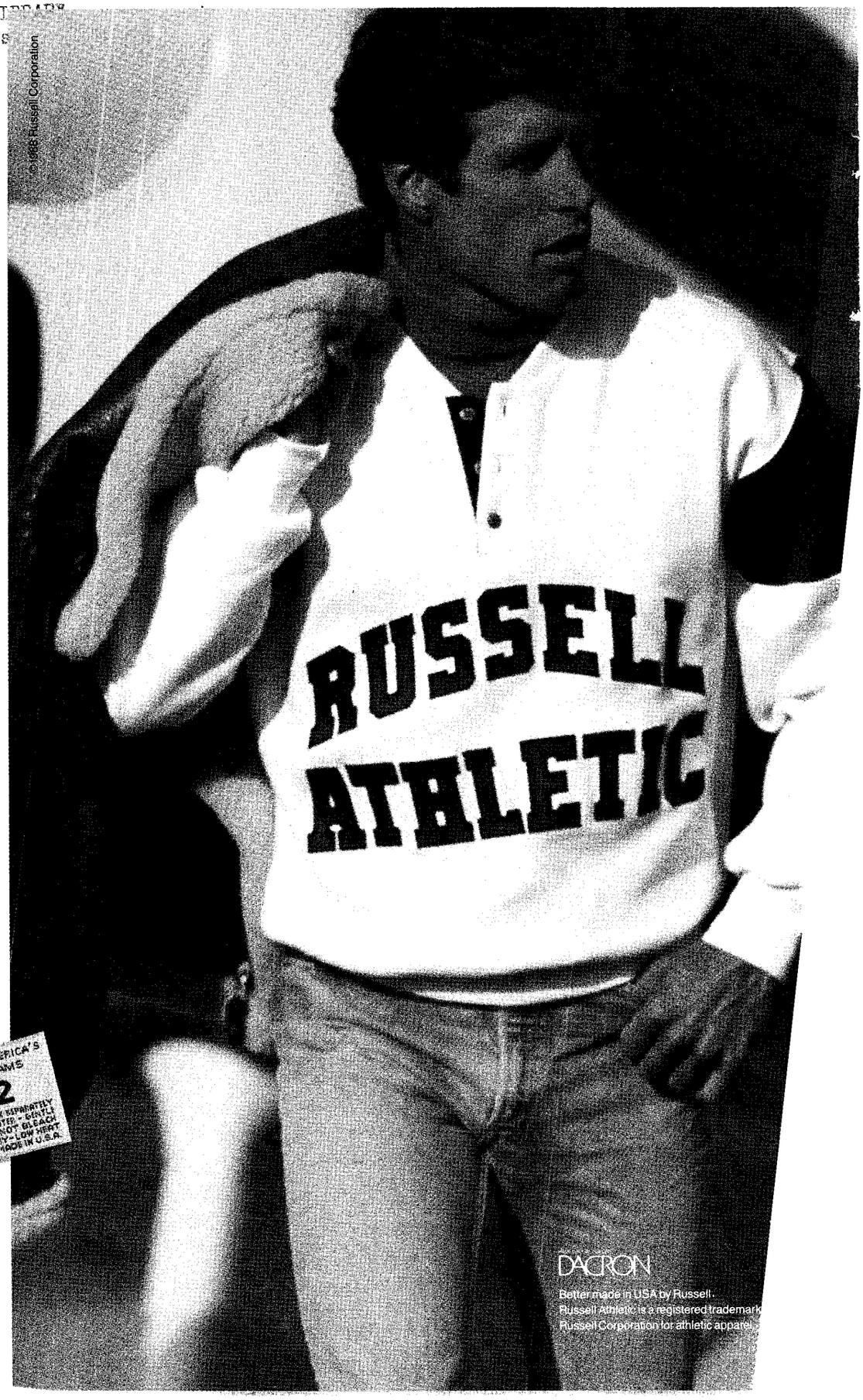

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